EXCUSE

BY WILLIAM DALY, JR.

There is abroad a nice, comforting philosophy which seeks to justify poverty. The reasoning runs something like this:

Poverty is necessary. It kills off the weak and the unfit, and thus enables this world's goods to go around—to the competent.

Poverty is inevitable. Only the fittest can survive. This is a "natural law," and therefore futile to combat.

So what's the use of reforming things? You can't, anyway; and it wouldn't be good if you could.

But isn't this begging the question? You can't prove that the world is not big enough for all men to live in comfortably. Man's capacity for producing is great enough; it's his system of distribution that is bad.

When the child laborer emerges from the mill and begins an uninterrupted march from bum to criminal, shall we say in our arrogance that he is weak, that he has had a chance to be strong?

When a man, underfed and uneducated, remains a "hand" all his life, shall we call him incompetent?

And, finally, shall those who are on top, whether through the efforts of their grandfathers or themselves, be permitted to make their success an excuse for the oppression of others?

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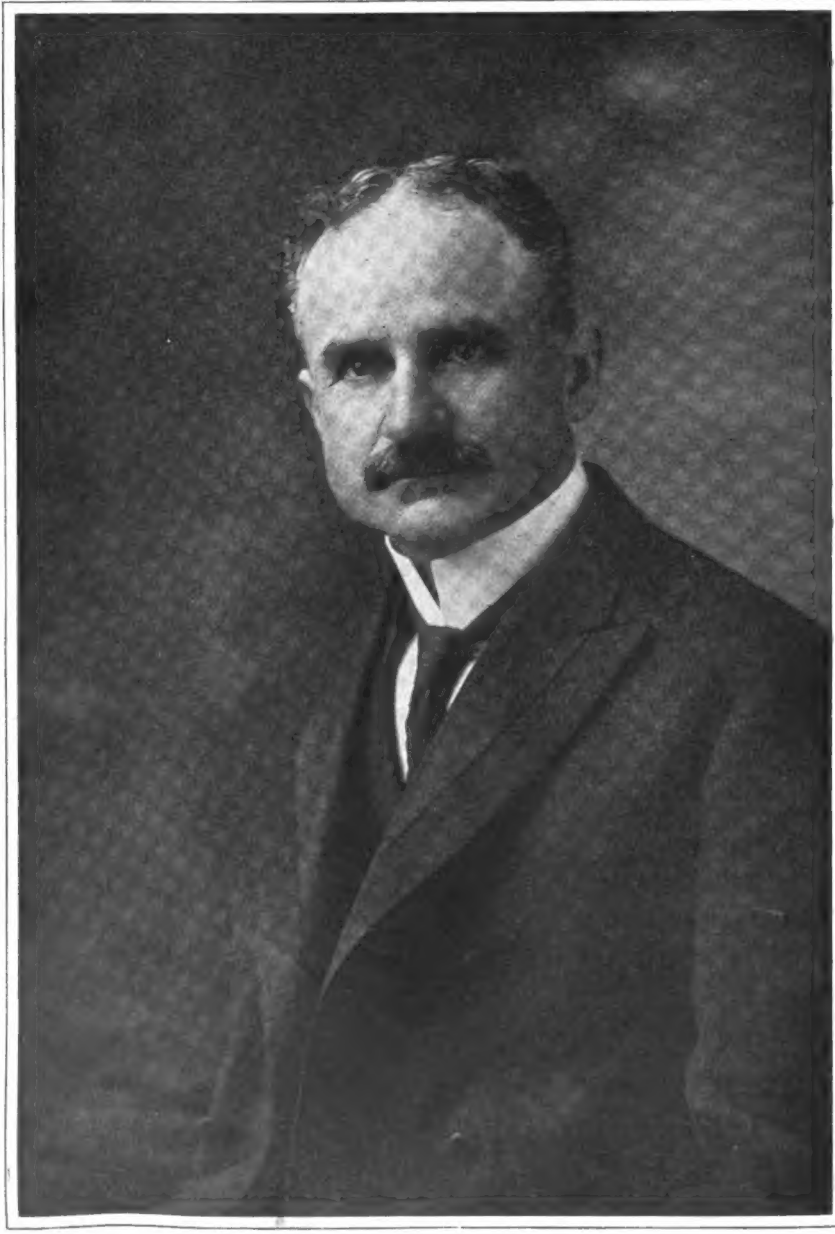

C. P. CONNOLLY

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VOL. XXVI
FEBRUARY

Everybody's Magazine

No. 2
1912

BIG BUSINESS AND THE BENCH

How Courts have been Invaded and Judges Swayed by the Powers of Corruption

BY C·P·CONNOLLY

Editor's Note—About two years ago one of the six biggest men in the United States told us that we could do a real service by publishing the truth about corrupt judges. The series beginning below is the outcome of that suggestion. In the two years that we have spent investigating, we have found many examples of justice miscarried, of incompetency and corruption. We have found that these conditions were undermining the people's respect for their courts.

This series is presented as the first step in the important work of making conditions wholesome enough to restore the people's confidence. It is our hope that the publication of the truth will lead to that reform of the judiciary which is necessary to remove the causes of discontent. Because we respect judges as a class, we insist upon exposing those who are bringing them into discredit.

In seeking for the best man to do the work of research, we were fortunate in finding that Mr. C. P. Connolly, on whom our choice fell, had himself been assembling material along the same line for several years. Mr. Connolly is a lawyer of long practise and wide experience, and for years has specialized on subjects that required high literary and legal ability. Among his published results are the "Story of Montana," which ran for several months in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, *and his report of the Haywood-Moyer trials in Boise; also his story, in* COLLIER'S WEEKLY, *of the Alaskan situation that revolved around Pinchot and Ballinger. The outcome of Mr. Connolly's years of exhaustive study of the judiciary justifies our belief that this series is one of the most significant in the history of American magazines.*

FOREWORD:

WE LIVE in honest times. The exposures that ring through the land are a sign that we are better, not worse, than we were. If we are a little sad that things are not altogether as we imagined them; if great names are tarnished and old boasts hollow, we have today the prouder boast that we have seen the truth about ourselves face to face, and have not shirked.

From policemen to presidents, from aldermen to senators, there has been no office so exalted that we have spared it the daylight. One institution alone has escaped. One in-

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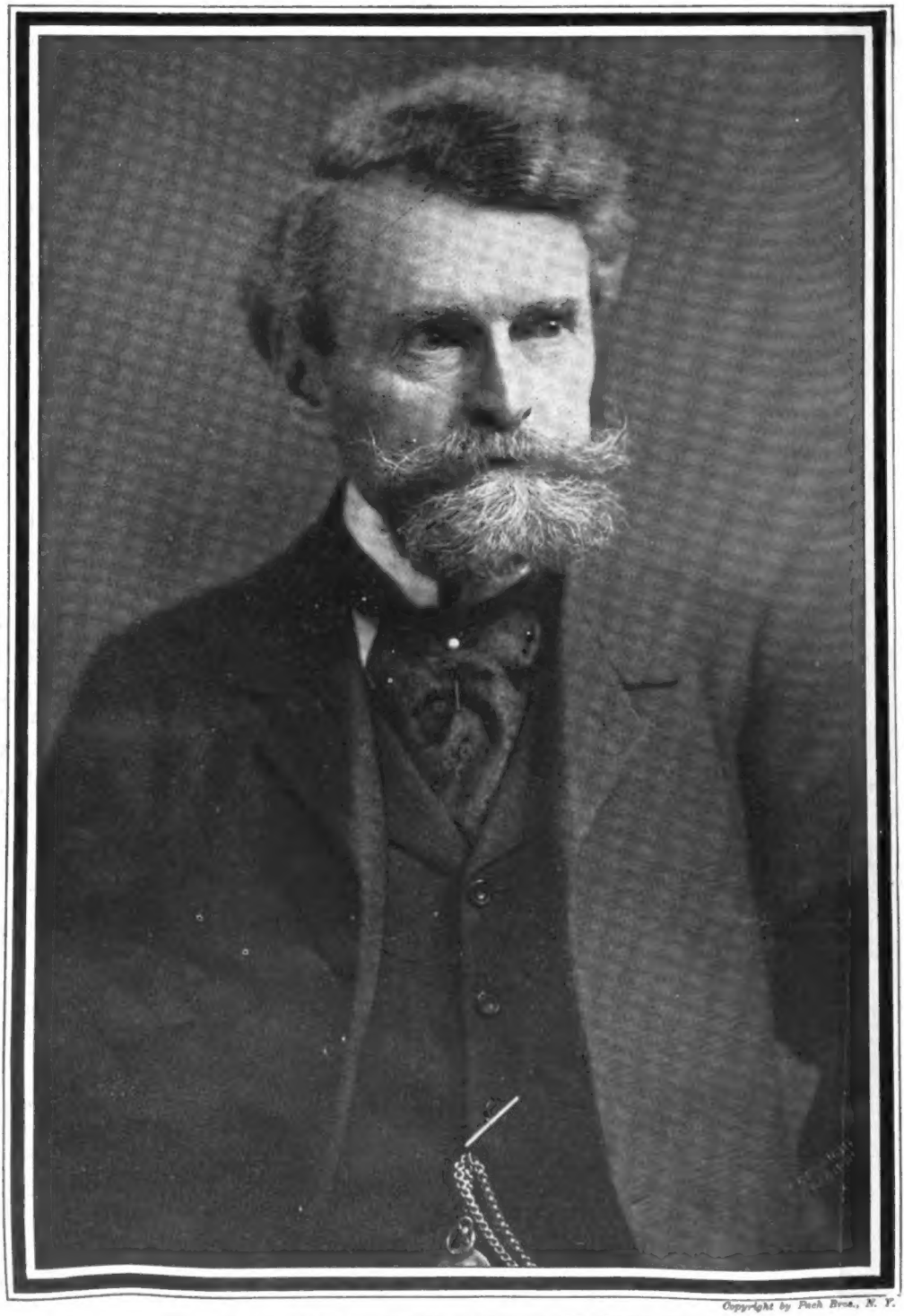

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W. A. CLARK, FORMERLY UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM MONTANA.

These powerful individuals and corporations won or lost their judges on election day, and decided their litigations on the turn of the ballot-box.

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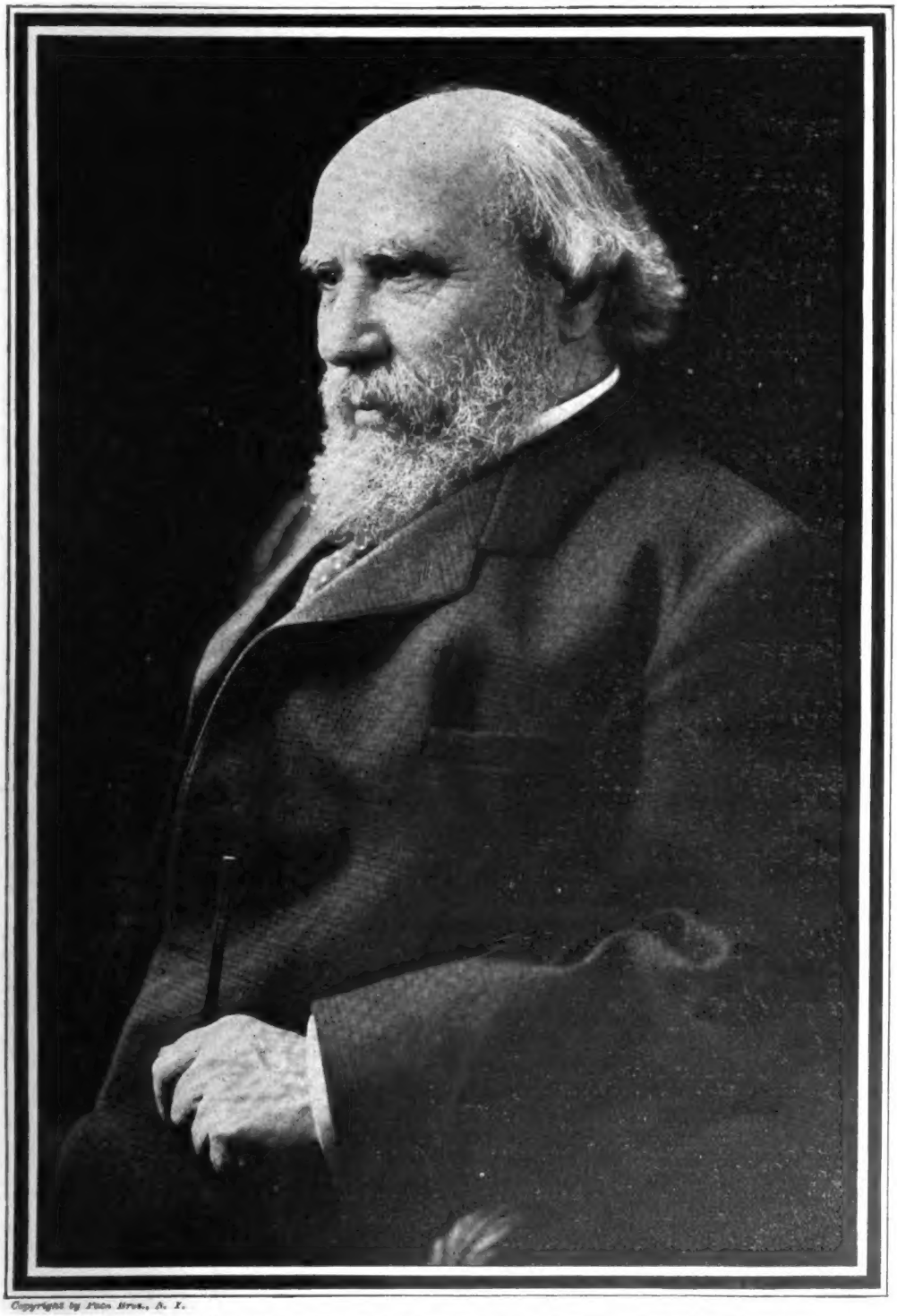

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JAMES J. HILL, HEAD OF THE GREAT NORTHERN AND NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAYS.
The Great Northern used its influence to block an investigation which sought to show that it had supplied its attorney with large sums for judicial corruption.

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stitution alone we have believed infallible. Judges alone have we treated as if they were lifted above human frailty. Only the judiciary have we veiled in mystery and approached with awe.

But while we have been giving to judges a reverence that men once gave to kings, the forces that corrupt every other branch of public life have been no more reverent to judges than to aldermen. While we worshiped they corrupted.

"The Interests have retreated into the courts," said a statesman who died recently after a lifetime of fighting for the people. "Beaten in legislatures, councils, and executive offices, they are going to make their last stand behind the judiciary."

MILO A. ROOT.
AS JUDGE OF THE WASHINGTON SUPREME COURT, HE PERMITTED GORDON TO WRITE AN OPINION FAVORING THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

The series of articles beginning below is the result of two years' constant investigation—investigation that has carried me into almost every state in the Union, into the records of both state and federal courts, high and low. What I have unearthed is an astounding tale of judicial perversion and malpractise. A state of affairs exists which, unless checked, can not but be a serious menace to the country.

If there be those optimists who believe that the betterments visible elsewhere have automatically extended to the judiciary, they are deluding themselves. The notion that publicity has touched the consciences of political and financial leaders and given them warning which they are heeding, is not applicable to all judges in high places. In the general movement of reform too many of them have been lookers-on, aloof and arrogant, without thought for the cleanliness of their own household.

In this series I shall prove that when the highest courts of certain states have rendered their final decisions, in some cases unanimously, powerful political leaders, such as Foraker in Ohio and Quay in Pennsylvania; and powerful political bosses, such as Cox in Ohio, Clardy in Missouri, Herrin in California, Evans and the Guggenheim interests in Colorado, have, either in person or by attorney, made their entrance into court; and that thereupon the judges, like puppets at the end of a string, have in matters of vital importance turned complete and undignified somersaults, reversing their previous decisions.

I shall show that courts have been packed in order to render decisions favorable to certain corporations—not once, but so often that the resulting danger has become too great to ignore. Indeed, the things that are oppressive in the tariff, in freight rates, in financial trusts and industrial monopolies, in the private exploitation of public service, and in the seizure of privilege, are in large measure due to the courts' obedience to the will of powerful interests.

I shall prove that judicial opinions of our highest courts have been written in the offices of legal departments of railroads and other corporations.

I shall show federal judges so corrupt that long since their impeachment should have been called for—if that were not an impotent and hopeless remedy. I shall show

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M. J. GORDON.
FORMERLY CHIEF JUSTICE OF THE SUPREME COURT OF WASHINGTON; LATER, ATTORNEY OF THE GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY.

them using the power of their great office to loot prosperous concerns to the financial advantage of judicial rings. I shall show them constantly hearing the cases of corporations in which their sons and nephews hold salaried positions.

I shall picture a parade of ten thousand citizens made in protest of decisions as dangerous to liberty as were the judgments of Jeffreys; lawyers gray in the service of courts addressing mobs and denouncing judicial decisions; a judge sitting in judgment who himself is under indictment for embezzlement; judges who, having written the law, have as citizens asked the same court to reverse these decisions; judges, refusing to obey the mandates of corporations, returned to private life.

I shall show that many judges are obsessed with the notion that they are high priests of the temple and sincerely believe all criticism of courts unholy and heretical. I shall show that many of them are political henchmen with whom the matter of public morals has become a cynic jest; that many of them believe, with Mr. Baer, that the resources of the earth are the trusteeship of a favored few; and that they have pared and twisted the law for the protection of this class.

I shall prove that this corruption of our courts by the corporations is not confined to any one community; that it pervades every section of the country from ocean to ocean, and that the puppets of corporations sit upon the bench, east and west alike.

I shall show that the law is not keeping pace with contemporary life; that the old lumber stored in our judicial garrets is being brought out to do service in the structure of to-day; that while every other line of human activity is on the automobile and Twentieth-Century-Limited level, the courts are lumbering and creaking along after jaded horses in an ancient stage-coach, with the hoopskirt and poke bonnet still a part of the apparel of justice.

I shall show that the law, as at present administered, has outlived its usefulness; that because of its interminable delays and absurd technicalities the business man is discarding it in the settlement of disputes and setting up tribunals of his own. If my neighbor owes me a thousand dollars, I am compelled to accept half the sum, because my debtor knows, and I know, that the final judgment of courts at the end of years of delay is an uncertain quantity. The litigant not only has his day in court, but he has too many days in court.

I shall prove that it is becoming more and more difficult for the poor and uninfluential litigant, even if his claim be just, to get a decision against a large corporation.

I shall show that the day of the independent lawyer is past — that the influence of corporation lawyers over courts has demoralized the profession.

I shall show that every attempt to investigate the courts has been mysteriously hushed.

And because this is true, I shall show how all these corrupt decisions, creeping gradually into the law, have become part and par-

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cel of it; and in some communities, held up as the sole rule of conduct, have poisoned the entire judicial system. Fifty per cent., if not more, of our government by law to-day is government by judicial decision. Every judge of our higher courts who writes an opinion has that opinion printed at public expense, and lawyers are supposed to read, and laymen to follow, it. He lays down law that becomes a part of our very life.

In order to prove my allegations I shall not delve into the ancient history of the depravity of our courts. I shall speak of to-day. Here and there I choose a case that had its beginnings many years ago, but only because it better illustrates my text. The law changes slowly, whether the change be for or against the public interest, and the movement for the control of the courts began long since. But it has progressed with the greatest speed within the past fifteen years, and the extent of this control has been coincident with the growth and dominance of our large industrial corporations.

If I do not prove all that I have promised to prove, I shall lay myself open to the severest censure of every fair-minded man, and shall grossly violate the oath I took as a lawyer. I do not expect to have the commendation of the profession. Some are deaf to the voice of conscience, and some are fearful of the power of the courts.

They fulfil the words of Luke: "Woe unto you, lawyers, for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye hindered."

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SENATOR SAMUEL H. PILES, OF WASHINGTON, WHOSE LAW FIRM WAS THE PRINCIPAL AGENCY IN PROLONGING THE NOTORIOUS SULLIVAN CASE.

I

I had an early ambition for the law. When the Wall Street banking house in which I was employed failed in the panic of 1884 I determined to go West and take up that profession. I studied law in Montana in the office of one of the best types of men and of lawyers I have ever known. I looked upon my profession not only as a science, but as the most important arm of a government whose aim, I supposed, was the happiness and contentment of the people. I thought the courts were forums to which men repaired in perfect confidence that their quarrels would be adjusted and their rights protected. There came a time, slowly dawning, as dim lights that grow gradually clear, when I realized that the law began in ideals and ended in deals.

As a practising lawyer, as a candidate for office, and as prosecuting attorney of Butte, I saw the inside workings of political machinery and knew the forces behind judicial nominations. Time and again I saw party conventions packed and judges named in the interest of the largest litigant in my state. I had myself been one of the pawns in this game of chess. Yet I did not comprehend that this was but an episode in a larger situation, nor realize its part in weaving the fabric of the law.

I read decisions which puzzled me with their floundering logic hidden under pages of flourishing rhetoric. I did not know at first—what I knew later—that those decisions were bought and paid for in the mar-

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ket-place, though I knew that they were rendering justice constantly more difficult by reason of the precedents they established. I made up my mind reluctantly that our own early American law writers, like Chancellor Kent, to whose principles my own conscience paid tribute, were either exalted characters who had associated little with men or with lawyers, or else that the science and sources of law were much purer in their day than in mine.

I saw fifteen thousand wage-earners thrown out of employment on the eve of winter in order to force the public into an attitude of consent to the sway of local judges by a great corporation. I saw a run started on the most prosperous banking institution in Montana, its credit undermined and its resources gutted in the effort to unnerve the iron will of the opposition and to force a favorable judicial decision.

I once represented a corporation which controlled a judge before whom one of my cases was tried, and secured rulings so favorable that I easily won a doubtful case. These rulings would have been refused me had I represented any other client, and I knew that I had won unfairly. I felt that I was a cheat in the one game of all others that should be played fairly. I felt as guilty as though I were that kenneled judge.

I knew of a judge being trailed at night like a beast or a felon, and finally trapped in a hotel room, where from midnight until six o'clock the following morning he was beset by the bribe squad of a corporation, with $250,000 finally offered him, in a bootless attempt to buy him. In an adjoining room watchers waited around a table spread with meat and drink, and men came and went, hanging upon the opening of that door for some word or nod of success from the judge's keepers.

It was not only the actual corruption of some courts and the constant temptations which beset others that discouraged my outlook; it was the deference of courts to powerful litigants. Judges for whom I had the highest respect, and whom I still believe to have been honest, faced about and shifted front as soon as the lawyer for a powerful corporation appeared in their chambers or court-room. The high type of lawyer who represented precedent and learning in the law was relegated to the rear and his place taken by those whose principal knowledge was of the foibles and fellowships of judges.

I was at one time attorney in a suit involving title to certain mining ground. Among our opponents, as an undisclosed actor, was the Amalgamated Copper Company. When the evidence was in, the court instructed the jury, on a question of law, to return a verdict against my client. When the judge rendered his decision he was intoxicated. Two hours later, still in the same condition, he threw his arm about me and told me that he knew I was right in my contention—that he had had a similar case in his own practise—but that "there were too many strings" on him and he *had* to decide against me. The Supreme Court sustained the judge's *street* verdict, and reversed his judgment rendered from the bench.

"CLIENTS SHUN AN HONEST LAWYER"

These were concrete things. They shocked me at the time, but I did not see beyond them. Indeed, they blurred rather than cleared my vision, and my disillusionment was slow. Not from one nor a dozen episodes did I realize the interweaving of interests.

As prosecuting attorney it fell to me to hear the plea of a distracted Swede who had been robbed of $2,000 in a crooked gambling-joint. I determined to punish this flagrant case by closing up the joint. The sheriff, the chief of police, and the mayor refusing to molest the gamblers, I found a willing constable and a gun and made the raid myself.

I do not wish to seem to write harshly. Any one who has lived in the Far West knows that many of the old-time gamblers were men whose human qualities, outside their business, were admirable. There was the square, and there was the crooked, gambler. But after this raid, the gamblers, finding threats of personal violence unavailing, ransacked banks and business houses for possible obligations which they might purchase and make embarrassing to me. This failing, they sent from a distant city a flag of truce in the person of an old friend of mine.

I remember how that night we walked the streets on the outskirts of the city, I not only arguing the impropriety of my turning traitor to my state, but urging also from the view-point of policy that no business man would care to employ as his attorney one whose integrity was under sus-

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picion. Many times since have I smiled when I have thought of that night and of the virgin enthusiasm with which I talked scornfully of the crime of dishonoring myself.

When I had finished, the emissary of the Greeks, a man of mature years and experience, told me quietly that I could not hope to build a practise on such sentiments as these. "Don't ever let any one hear you talk that way again!" he said. "The older you grow the more you will be convinced that clients shun a lawyer with a name for integrity. It is the lawyer with the reputation for controlling judges and fixing juries that builds the palace on the avenue."

Thus, gradually, my ideals of the law in matters of professional honor were breaking down. But that was not all. I felt that there was a growing respect for technicalities to the exclusion of the essence of justice. There was what seemed to me an utter inefficiency in the administration of justice, and there were the interminable and discouraging delays of the law.

In 1895 sixty people had been killed and three hundred maimed in Butte by an explosion of giant powder stored contrary to law. After years of litigation no redress, civil or criminal, had been secured by these victims or their heirs.

I had known of a well-to-do man despoiled of property amounting to $100,000 by a Supreme Court decision which dismissed his appeal because his lawyers had failed to comply with a rule of court in the preparation of their brief. It seemed to me that reason called for the punishment of the lawyers whom the Supreme Court had licensed, rather than for the punishment of the innocent litigant. The pathetic part of this incident was that the man had been a member of the legislature which elected W. A. Clark to the United States Senate at the cost price of $1,000,000, and that, while his case was pending, he had been assured that if he would vote for Clark he would win. He had answered that he had a just cause, that he had faith in the courts, and that he would not vote for Clark. He lost.

In a certain murder case the Montana Supreme Court had reversed the judgment of conviction in the lower court, for one reason, among others, that a certain instruction was erroneous. It was found that the judge who wrote the opinion had himself, while a judge of the lower court in which the conviction was obtained, given this same instruction, word for word, in four different murder cases!

It must not be thought, because I briefly sum up these grievances now, that they were personal, or that I looked upon them as incorrigible faults. I offer them in this form to show the progression of events that has finally led me to years of work in the study of the judicial system. The situation had its serious aspects for me. I knew that thousands of young men were looking toward the law with the same hopes and ambitions that I had cherished, and there were times when I wished that I could in some way warn them of the mockery of it all. But the practise of the law was not itself disagreeable to me. The study and preparation of cases, the application of the law to the facts, the thrill of intellectual combat in the court-room, all had a fascination.

THE BOSSES OF BUTTE'S COURTS

It was the introduction of certain other phases of experience into my professional life that caused me to turn my work into its present channels, rather than stay and fight manfully, from the inside, such evils as these of which I have spoken. I had always taken some interest in politics. It was the era of those titanic political struggles between W. A. Clark and Marcus Daly, and between F. Augustus Heinze and the Amalgamated Copper Company. I suppose that nowhere in the political history of the United States has there been a more desperate hand-to-hand conflict of political forces. As for keeping out of politics in Montana, one might as well have tried to hide somewhere on shipboard where the roll of the sea would not reach him.

When Clark was elected to the United States Senate, a libel suit was brought against the Butte *Miner*, his newspaper, by Fred Whiteside, the man who exposed Clark's use of money. The paper had published certain statements charging Whiteside with conspiracy and Daly with the ownership of the $30,000 which Clark's agents had paid to Whiteside. This suit was made the vehicle by which was secured the evidence of unwilling witnesses to be used before the Committee on Privileges and Elections of the United States Senate in the contest over Clark's seat. I was one of Whiteside's attorneys. I had gone about

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the state, putting members of the legislature on the stand, and forcing reluctant admissions of guilt from their lips. Clark himself had been placed on the stand, and when he refused to answer I had argued before the court for his commitment to prison.

My professional and political activities against Senator Clark brought upon me his small vengeance. When Marcus Daly died, Clark made a compact with his enemy, the Amalgamated Copper Company, against his former ally, F. Augustus Heinze. As a fragment of this bargain it was said that certain men obnoxious to Clark, of whom I was one, were to be shut out from any future professional or political career in the state. This sentence was passed on others, and the execution of it can be traced through various grievous instances.

The courts of Butte were monopolized by these powerful individuals and corporations to the exclusion of practically all other business. They won or lost their judges on election day, and decided their litigations on the turn of the ballot-box. The courts were, therefore, the strategic points in these political and commercial wars. When a friend high in the councils of the Amalgamated brought to me confidentially the ukase of these powers who controlled the social, political, and judicial life of the community of seventy thousand people, and advised me to go rather than await my punishment, I was prepared for what lay ahead, though I foolishly determined for a while to struggle against these forces.

A SPREADING TAINT

When I gave up the struggle, I gave up the practise of my profession. I had been twenty years at it, and I knew its ramifications. For years I had attempted to cherish the delusion that the local conditions which were so shocking were but manifestations of evil in one sole community, exceptional and sporadic, throwing no light, and having no bearing, upon the state of the profession elsewhere. Gradually, however, it had been forced upon my consciousness that this was not the case. Legal journeys into other jurisdictions throughout the country had brought me in contact with conditions elsewhere—perhaps less crude and gross, but infinitely more insidious in their harm because of the very refinement of methods in more highly organized society. So I turned myself toward the accumulation of material bearing on the general situation, determined to devote myself to an attempt to remedy some of the manifest evils.

This was the chain of circumstances that made me welcome the opportunity to make this study for EVERYBODY'S MAGAZINE.

THE POISON OF EVIL DECISIONS

The evil of unjust decisions and court corruption can not be so localized, so sporadic, as to be of no consequence to the country at large. Evil decisions by the higher courts of any state do not poison the stream of law in that state alone; they flow from commonwealth to commonwealth, corrupting the entire legal system of the country. Once out of its environment, there is no suspicion that behind any decision was a foul influence. If, as a lawyer, I should represent a litigant in a similar case, I would go into the courts of my state with the volume containing this decision, and ask my courts to adopt it. And it would be likely to be adopted, unless decisions to the contrary existed and were brought to the attention of the courts.

Thus a decision would gather authority. When a large majority of the state courts adopts an interpretation, only a judicial revolution can change the law. It is practically beyond the reach of the popular will. These decisions govern the successors of the judges who render them, for judges are bound, no matter what their individual opinions, by the previous decisions of their courts. A judge can, of course, overturn decisions and stand out against all of the citations of former cases, but he will not do so unless for most urgent reasons. For if you upset the law as long interpreted and published, you upset the affairs of men who make such decisions their reference and guide in daily business.

Let me illustrate the situation by a glance at certain cases in recent judicial history, choosing first that prosperous and well-taught commonwealth, the state of Washington. The Supreme Court reports of that state are widely and constantly used in the citation of decisions in an immense body of litigation throughout the Northwest.

M. J. Gordon was the Chief Justice of the state of Washington. While on the

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bench Gordon wrote many opinions that grossly favored the railroads and other corporations. Lawyers elsewhere, who read these opinions as they were published in the Washington reports, were deceived into the belief that they were honest opinions with legal values behind them.

One of these decisions was this: A law passed by the legislature provided that when the death of a person was caused by the wrongful act or neglect of another, "his heirs or personal representative"—that is, the heirs or personal representative of the person so killed—might maintain an action for damages against the person causing the death. Now, the heirs of a person are those who by law inherit from the deceased. The personal representative is the executor or administrator, appointed by the will, as in the case of the executor, or appointed by the court, as in the case of the administrator. Lawyers and judges may differ as to who are heirs; it is impossible to differ honestly as to the meaning in law of the words "personal representative," as they were intended in this law. The personal representative stands in the dead man's shoes.

BLACKLIST FOR MARRIED MEN

In the face of this statute, Chief Justice Gordon decided that no one but the widow and children of a deceased person could recover damages for his death. The dead man might have been the sole support of a widowed mother, or of an invalid sister, but such relatives were without redress. This decision gave immunity from damages for the death of a person, no matter how criminally responsbile the employer or other person or corporation might be, provided the deceased had been a single man. To be a married man, under this decision, was to be blacklisted and refused employment by the railroads and industrial concerns. The decision was a blow at the home, the very foundation of all government.

Chief Justice Gordon later resigned his office to accept the attorneyship of the Great Northern Railway Company at Spokane, and the story of his activities is illuminating. The Great Northern, with its transcontinental line and its great volume of business in Washington and adjacent states, is a frequent litigant, and sometimes a case intrinsically small throws a direct spot-light on the methods and relations of corporation counsel and courts.

There was a man named W. A. Harris who had some household goods wrecked in transit on the Great Northern Railway between Somers, Montana, and Spokane, Washington. Harris sued the railroad company for eleven hundred dollars, the value of the goods. He recovered judgment in the lower court at Spokane. The case was appealed by the railroad company to the Supreme Court of the state, which, by a vote of four to three, sustained the judgment.

Most courts of last resort have a practise known as a motion for a rehearing. After a case has been decided by the higher courts, counsel may move to reopen it on the ground that the court committed an error of law or misapprehended some vital fact in the case. In this instance the Great Northern had paid Harris's judgment, and this fact, of itself, put the case practically out of jurisdiction of the court. Nevertheless, a rehearing was sought.

Neither Gordon, who was the attorney for the railroad, nor the railroad company, cared for the eleven hundred dollars. But they did want the law as announced by the Supreme Court changed to favor the railroad in future cases, for the decisions of the Supreme Court are controlling on the trial courts. So Gordon spoke to Milo A. Root, one of the judges, and his close friend; and Root, who had written the opinion in the case, consented to change his vote and grant a rehearing. Root afterward said he did not know at this time that Harris's judgment had been paid. Gordon said he did.

Root sent a copy of the second opinion to Gordon before it was filed in court. Gordon, thinking the corrected opinion had been filed, was annoyed because it did not state the law as he wanted it, and he wrote Root to that effect. Root answered that the opinion had not yet been handed down, and urged Gordon to meet him in Seattle. At this conference, Root told Gordon to prepare the opinion himself.

Gordon prepared the opinion, and sent it by mail to W. R. Begg, chief counsel of the Great Northern at St. Paul, telling Begg he had prepared it himself, and asked Begg, if the opinion was satisfactory, to telegraph the single word "Satisfactory." In his letter, Gordon told Begg that the opinion would be "of utmost value to us in future cases of like import," and that it "was espe-

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cially important in a case of considerable magnitude which is set for trial on the 9th that we get the law on this question settled in advance." Begg telegraphed "Satisfactory."

The opinion was then sent by Gordon to Root, and, with the change of one immaterial word (the word "rate" was changed to "basis"), appears in the Supreme Court reports of the State of Washington, and may be found in volume 96 of the *Pacific Reporter*, at page 224, exactly as Gordon wrote it and as Begg viséd it.

In the course of time, rumor said that Gordon was short in his attorneyship accounts some eighty thousand dollars and that he had been threatened by his employers with prosecution. He had gone off for rest and quiet, leaving in possession of his attorneys certain correspondence and documents which showed, according to these rumors, that Gordon had carried on a systematic traffic in judicial decisions with judges of the highest courts. These rumors came simultaneously from different sources to the ears of two judges of the State Supreme Court. A demand was made on the full court that a committee of the State Bar Association be appointed to investigate these charges. There are those lawyers in Washington who say that this was the now well-known political ruse of putting a stop to ugly charges by having them whitewashed. If this was true, the scheme, instead of addling the egg, hatched a monster.

Root protested that his course in allowing Gordon to write the opinion was merely "an indiscretion of friendship." There was, however, among the documents discovered, this letter from Root to Gordon, written some five weeks after this decision was put on record:

Olympia, Wash., Aug 1, 1908.

DEAR JUDGE:

Am sick, and have been for two weeks—part of the time very serious—blood poisoning in arm. Doctor says I am out of danger now. Hope to be out next week. Am anxious about our friends. Am exceedingly embarrassed by promises made on assurances received. I hate to bother you, as I know your position; but if they can be "jogged up" a little, it would wonderfully help this situation. Begging pardon for annoying you, which I would [not] have done only because of my extremity, I beg to remain, as ever,

Very truly yours,
MILO A. ROOT.

This seems to have been answered, for it was evidently followed by another letter, undated, from Root to Gordon, as follows:

Explanation satisfactory. However, crowd them a little when convenient, because I am quite embarrassed by promises made by reason of assurances received.

Judge Root explained these letters by stating that they referred to a political campaign fund which some business men of Spokane were to raise in his behalf, he being a candidate to succeed himself on the bench. The election was held in November, three months after these appeals.

Such documents as the investigating committee secured were reluctantly given up by Gordon's attorneys. When these lawyers were questioned concerning statements made by Gordon regarding certain large amounts of money said to have been paid by him for decisions rendered ($20,000 in a tax case and $18,000 in a railway company's case)—statements which had been made by one of the attorneys to other witnesses—they neither denied nor affirmed, claiming their professional privilege as attorneys for Gordon, and refusing to answer. One of Gordon's attorneys told a brother lawyer, who testified, that the Great Northern had supplied Gordon with large sums of money for judicial corruption, and could not prosecute Gordon without itself becoming involved.

A grand jury was convened in Spokane on March 18, 1909, and made its report the following October, bringing in eight indictments against Gordon. It reported that though Gordon had embezzled at least seventy thousand dollars from the company, and had in addition given worthless checks amounting to over fifty-eight thousand dollars in payment of claims owed by the railroad company, an arrangement had been entered into by the company whereby it was agreed that Gordon should not be prosecuted. This "arrangement" was clearly evident in the refusal to furnish evidence.

The grand jury endeavored to serve subpœnas on two railroad officials in Washington and on the former stenographer of Gordon, but failed because these witnesses left the state and thus evaded the jurisdiction of the grand jury. In their report the grand jury declared that these individuals were kept beyond the border of the state through the influence of the Great Northern Railway Company. One of the two

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railroad officials, while the grand jury was in session, temporarily transacted the business of the road in British Columbia, and the other in Idaho.

On the night of June 3, 1909, a subpœna was served on James J. Hill, the real head of the Great Northern, as he was passing through Spokane on his way East. Mr. Hill's bust had been unveiled at the Seattle Exposition, and he had gone to Seattle to be present on the occasion. Mr. Hill appeared before the grand jury and stated that he had no personal knowledge on the subject of Gordon's alleged shortage, or on the subject of Gordon's or the company's alleged dealings with Judge Milo A. Root. He pledged his word under oath that he would arrange for a meeting of his board of directors immediately upon his arrival at St. Paul, and would personally urge them to grant the request of the grand jury for the desired documents. Upon Mr. Hill's arrival in St. Paul, his directors refused to comply with the request.

Gordon was acquitted under each of the eight indictments brought against him in Spokane—not acquitted after a trial, for because of the refusal of the Great Northern Railway Company to furnish evidence against him, the prosecuting attorney announced that he was unable to proceed. Evidently in order to give Gordon a clean bill of health, a jury was impaneled in each case. According to the minutes of the court, "the prosecuting attorney not introducing any evidence, the jury, upon the suggestion of the defendant, was instructed to return a verdict of not guilty, and a verdict of not guilty was thereupon rendered by the jury."

The court in its judgment also decreed "that the said defendant, M. J. Gordon, is not guilty of the crime charged in the indictment." Gordon was thus doubly shrived, and resumed the practise of his profession at Tacoma. Root is still practising law at Seattle.

To make a case showing that it behooves us to begin a judicial housecleaning, it is not necessary to prove that Gordon paid money to a judge or to judges of the Supreme Court of the state of Washington for their decisions. These articles will show some astounding cases of the deflection of justice where, I believe, nothing more than political or social influence has controlled—the most dangerous because the most insidious form of bribery. "Why should a saddle of mutton blind you, or a turbot and lobster sauce shut your mouth forever?" wrote Thackeray. But we know by sad experience that these are often the only instruments of corporation bribery in the case of judges.

I shall close this chapter with another incident from the state of Washington, because that will illustrate better than any other in my docket, the shuttlecock of the law and the power of political influence over courts.

WITH THE HELP OF THE GRAVEYARD

John Sullivan was a sailor on a foreign bark that was wrecked between Victoria, British Columbia, and Port Townsend, Washington. His feet were frozen as a result of his long hours in the waters of Puget Sound, and were partly amputated. In course of time, Sullivan opened a little store in Seattle, and made money selling tobacco and notions to the loggers. He invested his savings in a lot in Seattle and in lands adjoining the city. After the Seattle fire, he built on his lot what is now known as the Sullivan Block. That block became the center of the Seattle business district. When Sullivan died his estate was valued at over a million dollars.

Sullivan had repeatedly declared that there was not a human being living that was kin to him. When he died he was engaged to be married to a Marie Carrau, a French teacher who eked out a living by embroidering church vestments. When he was suddenly stricken, he had not time to make a written will, but was said, according to several witnesses, to have expressed the wish that Marie Carrau should come into his estate.

Terence O'Brien was appointed administrator of Sullivan's estate. O'Brien claims that shortly after his appointment he was approached by Samuel H. Piles, afterward a senator of the United States, who said to O'Brien that relatives of some kind could be found; that it was a large estate; and that some money could be made out of it if O'Brien would "stand in." O'Brien did not "stand in," but Piles sent to Ireland John B. Wright, a clerk in the office of his law firm, a man of unsavory reputation. On Wright's return to Seattle, he claimed to have discovered a niece and a nephew of John Sullivan in the persons of Hannah Cal-

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laghan and Edward Corcoran, children of two putative sisters of John Sullivan's mother. He brought with him photographs of the breastplates from coffins alleged to have been found in the Sullivan mortuary plot in Ireland. Wright also brought back from Ireland, as a companion piece to the breastplates, a contract by which Hannah Callaghan and Edward Corcoran each conveyed half of their interest in the estate to Samuel H. Piles.

While Wright was in Ireland, Marie Carrau had pushed in the state court her claim under Sullivan's alleged nuncupative will. Piles, Donworth & Howe, Senator Piles's law firm, got the federal court to assume jurisdiction, and that court issued an injunction restraining the state court from further control of the estate. Judge C. H. Hanford of the federal court entered a decree against Marie Carrau, and decided that Hannah Callaghan and Edward Corcoran were the rightful heirs of John Sullivan. The case was carried to the court of appeals at San Francisco, and thence to the Supreme Court of the United States, and Judge Hanford's decision was reversed. The appellate courts held that he had no jurisdiction.

Piles, Donworth & Howe went back to the state courts and sought to contest the alleged will which gave the estate to Marie Carrau. The Superior Court decided they were too late; but the State Supreme Court said that the Superior Court was wrong, and the case was sent back to that court for trial on its merits. The case was now tried before Judge J. W. Frater, who decided that Marie Carrau had no interest in John Sullivan's property, and barred her from any further contest.

Marie Carrau sought to appeal from this decision. Her chief counsel, J. W. Robinson, a former judge, lived at the time at Olympia, the state capital. Robinson sent the transcript on appeal, partly completed, to his associate, W. R. Bell, to be completed and filed in Judge Frater's court in Seattle. Bell swore that he completed the transcript and sent the papers to the court by his clerk, Anthony Jurich, and that subsequently he had seen them in the clerk's office. Jurich made affidavit that he had delivered the papers at the clerk's office. But the records of the court failed to show that any transcript had been received, and Judge Frater decided that none was filed.

Piles, Donworth & Howe made a motion in the Supreme Court to dismiss the appeal of Marie Carrau. Then the missing transcript turned up. It was enclosed in an old newspaper and was received through the mail by one of Judge Frater's associates. The judge's address was pieced out on the wrapper in printed characters cut out of a newspaper. An enclosed note, pieced out in the same way, read: "I took these papers from the courthouse intending to destroy them, but felt it would be doing somebody an injury and therefore turn them over to you." The transcript bore the reception stamp of the clerk of the court as of the date when it was supposed to have been filed. This, the clerk declared, was a forgery. The court decided that the transcript was too late, and Marie Carrau lost her appeal and John Sullivan's fortune.

The dismissal of the appeal on this technical ground made the Supreme Court of the state of Washington the court of last resort.

PLAIN TALK TO THE JUDGES

When the Supreme Court dismissed Marie Carrau's appeal, her chief counsel filed in that court a motion for a rehearing. In this petition Robinson stated that it was common property on the streets of Seattle, in the hotels, and in every social gathering —"in the mouths of the uneducated bootblack and bell-boy, as well as in the mouths of the best business and professional people" —that four of the members of the Supreme Court of Washington, "for political reasons, were to dismiss this appeal, involving an estate worth more than a million dollars, one-half of which, as shown upon the records in this court for years past, belonged or would belong to the political ring which has controlled the politics of this state for years, and under whose influence and direction it was stated certain members of this honorable court were nominated to their present exalted positions, and the head of which ring was in position to control, with the President of the United States, the federal patronage of the state of Washington, which included in the very near future the position of one circuit and two United States district judges, for which positions members of this court had been agreed upon." (Piles had organized a corporation composed of Seattle politicians and others, to which he

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had conveyed his interest in John Sullivan's estate.)

The Supreme Court cited Robinson to show cause why he should not be disbarred for contempt. It had before held that it had the right to assume jurisdiction in such cases; again it had decided that it had not the right. Now, in order to reach Robinson, it once more changed its mind, and Robinson was suspended from practise.

If Marie Carrau's claim were not bona fide, and if there were no lawful heirs of John Sullivan, then the million dollars would escheat to the state for the benefit of the school fund. But by this time the breath of this scandal had gone abroad, and six different groups of heirs had appeared. The fight between these different groups of heirs and the state of Washington came on before Judge Arthur E. Griffin.

The contest narrowed down to three: the heirs represented by Senator Piles's firm; an alleged brother of John Sullivan; and the state. In this contest, bones and skulls chased each other under graves and over hedges and headstones in a mad scramble for the Sullivan Block. Skeletons were piled before cameras and the photographs produced in the Seattle court-room. There was a mass of contradiction which extinguished in the mind of the average impartial man the claims of Hannah Callaghan and Edward Corcoran. In the graveyard chase, the bones of John Sullivan's ancestors landed in the wrong coffins. One witness testified that he had heard one of Sullivan's relatives read a letter from Sullivan in which the dead man had written that Seattle was a fine railroad town. He at first said this letter was written in 1853; later he changed the date to 1873. There was no railroad in Seattle until after 1880.

Late one afternoon, on the back of a torn and soiled envelope, Judge Griffin wrote his decision, giving the number of the case and stating merely that the only heirs of John Sullivan were Hannah Callaghan and Edward Corcoran. He filed it among the archives of the case. Then he left town. He was gone four weeks.

The Supreme Court of Washington sustained Judge Griffin's torn-envelope decision. In his motion for a rehearing in the Supreme Court, Robert W. Prigmore, attorney for the state, charged that the opinion of the Supreme Court made the state appear to admit the vital facts upon the denial of which the state's case absolutely rested.

The case had been in the courts ten years. In 1911, Edward Corcoran was found in Ireland, living in poverty in a squalid lodging-house, and was haled before the registrar in lunacy and declared insane. Timothy Healy, the Irish barrister, stated that "American lawyers had secured for themselves the greater part of the Sullivan estate to which Corcoran was entitled," and that all Corcoran received from the estate was about six thousand dollars. Hannah Callaghan died during the progress of the litigation, refusing to make a will, to all appearances repentant of her share in a gross fraud.

The lower house of the Washington legislature appointed a committee to investigate certain public officials. One of the matters on the carpet was the Sullivan estate. It was one of those legislative comedies that have become a part of our political system. But it got serious toward the end. Then the committee suddenly adjourned *sine die*. Chairman E. E. Halsey of the committee said it appeared strange that those who insisted that the Supreme Court was pure should take such energetic measures to prevent the truth from becoming known. "Our work was stopped," he said, "just as we were getting close to something of a very startling nature."

Milo A. Root had been a member of a law firm that had represented certain phases of the Sullivan litigation. He was one of the judges sitting on the Supreme Court when the case was finally decided, but claimed not to have participated in the deliberations of the court. Another member of that same law firm sat as a trial judge in the case. Another member of the same firm sat on the investigating committee that "investigated" the case.

So much for the state of Washington, and its courts, which I shall show to be typical rather than individual, in the instances they furnish of malpractise and corruption. I shall prove, by the selection of states here and there throughout the Union, that it is a *national* housecleaning of the judiciary we need—and that we need it *now*.

The next instalment of **"Big Business and the Bench"** will appear in the March number.

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"Monsieur X"

Donaque, the detective, turns chauffeur and leads in a wild race to Paris

By Arthur Train

Author of "TRUE STORIES OF CRIME," "THE CONFESSIONS OF ARTEMAS QUIBBLE," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE WRIGHT

"*EN GARDE, m'sieu!*"

Donaque leaped broad awake from his iron cot, to which he had retired but three hours before, and, seizing a fencing saber from Dupré, his assistant, threw himself into position in the center of the room.

Outside, Paris was just graying with the dawn of an autumn day. Inside, the apartment, flooded with light from the cornices, resembled the evening school of a *maître d'armes*. For a moment the two men—the master short, wiry, alert; the assistant tall, lithe, and agile—faced each other tensely; then like a flash of light Donaque's saber feinted a *figure à droite*, drew the other's parry, and cut a *banderole* across his opponent's chest.

"*Touche*," murmured Dupré. "*En garde, encore, m'sieu!*"

Again their sabers' whirling filled the air as with a shower of sunlit spray, and the walls rattled to the uninterrupted clash of steel against steel. But this time Donaque made no *touche;* faster and faster flew the swords; the assistant steamed with sweat, and his breath hissed with each unsuccessful *riposte*.

"*Nom de diable!*" he gasped.

"*Eh bien—assez!*" replied Donaque, tossing his saber upon the cot, while Dupré, panting, threw open an iron door and turned on a set of electric lights, which disclosed a double shower-bath in a tiled room. The next instant both were blowing and sputtering under a small deluge of icy water. A few moments more and Donaque had slipped into his clothes and entered his study, ready for his day's work. Although his veins throbbed with the violence of the bout just concluded, he had not lost breath, and he was as fresh as if newly arisen from a ten hours' sleep. In point of fact, he had just returned on the Oriental Express from Constantinople, where he had been sent as a secret emissary from the Minister of War to the leaders of the Young Turks, and he had remained at his desk almost until daylight, completing his report.

Now as he glanced around his study, with its huge map of the world, its wireless apparatus, its shelves filled with tiny vials, its rows of electric buttons and the collection of telephones upon his desk, he had as warm a sense of having returned home as if he had come back to a cozy sitting-room in which a wife awaited him and a child played upon the hearth. For to Donaque his profession was his life.

René Donaque, described in the reports of the French Secret Service only by the impersonal number A124, had no friends. His identity, hidden under a hundred aliases, was known only to Dupré, his assistant, an ex-officer of the Légion Etrangère and his companion in a thousand adventures. Those who had the pleasure of his acquaintance knew him only as M. Clément, wine merchant of the Porte d'Aubervilliers; as Professor Otto Snitzler, psychologist; as Hans Blatt, Münchener student at the Sorbonne, or as Dr. Katz, of

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DUPRÉ, SITTING LIKE A TAILOR CROSS-LEGGED BENEATH THE COUNTER, SAW THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE THE FINE ABRASION WHERE THE ALTERATION HAD BEEN MADE.

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Leipsic. But, had these various friends ever had the opportunity of an interchange of ideas concerning these various personalities, they would all have agreed that their M. Clément, their Professor Snitzler, their Hans Blatt, and their Dr. Katz were the most irreconcilably different persons in the world.

It was only with Dupré that Donaque reduced himself to his lowest terms. He never laughed, and yet Dupré knew that each thought of his master's was touched with a glow of elfin humor. He rarely spoke, and yet his silence was charged with almost audible thought. He ate little, slept little, drank little, smoked not at all, read enormously, and each week frequented the Deutscher Verein, the Scuola di Garibaldi, and the Café de l'Hôtel Continental to keep pure his flawless German, Italian, and English.

"Bah!" Dupré would say to himself. "He is no man—he is a machine! Like that at the Banque du Commerce—*l'Amêricain* adder—*Oui, l'*adder!"

Yet even if in his mental processes he was cold as wire drawn from steel, Dupré knew that Donaque loved him like a brother, for when in one of their bouts a sharp *coup de pointe* had broken a button and the unprotected blade had gashed deep into the assistant's breast, Donaque for three weeks had never left his side—sitting beside his bed while a grand duke was blown to atoms in the Avenue du Trocadero, a *bordereau* stolen from the Ministry of War, and a priceless railroad concession given away to the Germans by the Shah of Persia.

The astounding success of Donaque lay entirely in his simplicity, for his thoughts were never complicated by emotion or clouded by self-interest. He considered his intellectual equipment much as he would have regarded a typewriter or a theodolite. Of it he required a certain amount of work and an absolute accuracy of result. He discarded all else and used the residuum known as common sense—that is to say, pure logic. Thus he had no illusions, but, in their place, a perspicacity that seemed at times like clairvoyance.

More than any one else he was like Pasteur, and he brought to bear on the problems presented to him the same broad powers of analysis, the same calm judgment, the same cold reason and endless patience that characterized that greatest of scientists, who applied to the most complex of difficulties the simplest methods of deduction. "If A is B, and B is C, then A is C"—and, despite appearances to the contrary, Donaque would affirm the A-ity of C until its truth was demonstrated.

Thus, although he was nominally attached only to the Ministry of the Interior, gradually all the bureaus had come by various means of indirection to seek his aid. The blue slips that might send him flying to Vladivostok or Valparaiso would drop from the pneumatic tube upon his desk, reading, "By application of His Excellency the Minister of War, and with the approval of Monsieur the President, you are respectfully requested"—to find out what would kill brown-tailed moths, perhaps, or why the Seine was so high that year, or why so much forgery was going on. In the end Donaque wrote ironically to the Minister of Finance, his most frequent annoyer, as follows:

YOUR EXCELLENCY:

Much of my time has been occupied recently in investigating isolated cases of forgery in different parts of France, at your request, with the approval of the President. This is in addition to my regular duties. It would be an economy of my time if you would permit me to assume charge of the investigation of all forgeries of importance throughout the country. A haphazard inquiry of disconnected cases has no ultimate or permanent value. The subject should be studied *as a whole* and the relation of apparently unrelated crimes established. I shall be glad to relieve you of this task, and on receiving the proper authority will establish under my personal supervision a Central Bureau of Forgeries.

Now the Minister of Finance, seeing no reflection upon his official capacity in this communication, welcomed with open arms a proposition which relieved him of so great a responsibility. So Donaque duly organized in his official residence, in its unobtrusive location behind the Rue Montesquieu, a bureau of his own which, by the simplest method in the world, and by the aid of a single expert assistant, actually did, without any apparent difficulty, tabulate, investigate, and study all the forgeries committed in France that in any way baffled the abilities of the local police.

Donaque's reasoning was childishly simple—to Donaque. So long as, for example, the police of Valence ran down one crime and those of Mont-de-Marsan another,

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the facts elicited by the first were not available to the second. Whereas, were all these cases reported to one central bureau, it would be a comparatively easy matter to make a profitable use in new cases, as they arose, of the information theretofore obtained in others. Donaque assumed, and assumed correctly, that the skilful professional forgers were few and moved rapidly from place to place, the better to accomplish their ends. By a careful study of the methods pursued in different instances, the peculiarities of the perpetrators could be recognized and proper means taken for their identification and capture.

As soon as a forgery of significance occurred in any part of France, the police of that particular department forwarded the document itself to Paris with a detailed statement of the facts surrounding the crime, and the name of the perpetrator, if known or suspected. These were immediately transmitted to Donaque's assistant, M. Bazac, who undertook an analytical study of each case, made an enlarged photograph of the forgery itself, and compared it with other forgeries of similar general character in other localities. Thus Donaque created, as it were, a "clearing-house" where the information from different departments could be compared and utilized. Strange that no one else had conceived so simple an idea, yet one so far-reaching and effective! It was simply the doctrine of centralization applied to the detection of crime.

Seating himself at his desk, which in truth, with its telephones and electric signals, was more like a conning-tower than the office of a detective, Donaque opened a small drawer and rapidly turned the edges of the cards within until he came to one bearing the date on which the story opens. It bore but three entries:

Nov. 7, 190–.
Lect. rad. Sorb. 8.
M. W. 12.
B. F. "X" Bordeaux (?).

Properly interpreted, these symbols indicated that Donaque (under the name of Hans Blatt) planned to attend a lecture upon radium to be given at eight o'clock by Mme. Curie; that he had an appointment with the Minister of War at noon, and that the Bureau of Forgeries demanded his attention to "X," with possible reference to Bordeaux. By "X," otherwise known as "Monsieur X," Donaque referred to an extraordinarily skilful band of forgers whose fine work had recently shown itself in various cities and large towns of the republic. The perpetration of these forgeries had been marked by certain idiosyncrasies which indicated that they had their origin in one master mind.

The little traveling clock on the desk pointed to seven o'clock. Donaque closed the drawer, just as Dupré appeared bearing a tray of steaming coffee and smoking crescent rolls.

"Is Bazac ready to report?" inquired the detective abruptly, as he poured out a fragrant cup and disposed of a couple of the rolls.

"He is outside," answered Dupré.

"Let him come in."

A door to the right opened, and a young man in spectacles, with a bundle of papers in his hand, entered and bowed stiffly.

"What have you got?" asked Donaque over the edge of his cup.

Bazac blinked deprecatingly and, coming forward, unrolled what seemed not unlike a chart with a Mercatorial projection.

"Since my last report eleven weeks ago," he began, "'X' has appeared in Bordeaux, Clermont-Ferrand, and Grenoble. In each case the method was the same—raising the figures to larger amounts—ninety francs to nine thousand francs, sixteen francs to one hundred and sixty thousand francs, eight francs to eight thousand francs. At Bordeaux the check was passed by a young girl, at Clermont-Ferrand by a tall man with a black beard, at Grenoble by a middle-aged woman. The figures were painted, not written, and the microscope at six hundred and forty diameters indicates that the same brush was used—presumably of camel's-hair. In every instance the original figures were erased with chemicals. They all respond to the litmus-paper test and that of iodine vapor. A distinct odor of chlorinated lime is also apparent. And the original figures respond to the fumes of ammonia sulphide."

He paused respectfully.

"Very good," remarked Donaque, crushing another crescent roll into his mouth and drinking half a cup of his coffee. "How many cities have been covered?"

"I have prepared a little chart," replied Bazac, "showing the dates and places where 'Monsieur X' has operated. The

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"I AM COMPELLED TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU ARE NOW THE PRISONER OF THE SECRET SERVICE BUREAU OF FRANCE."

only towns of any size where nothing has been done are Le Havre and Lyons."

"And the last?" asked Donaque.

"Grenoble—two weeks ago."

"That would put them in Le Havre next week."

Bazac nodded. "Exactly, m'sieu. Unless they go to Lyons. The cities are a long distance apart."

"Permit me to examine your diagram," said Donaque, finishing his coffee and pushing aside the cup in order that Bazac might have more room to display his handiwork.

Dupré, who was smoking a cigarette and looking on, uttered a grim laugh.

"Monsieur X," remarked he, after a glance at the chart, "has traveled across the whole of France. He is like the flea, eh? You put the finger here and—*pst!* he is away again! Now you see him, and then again you do not!"

"But there are only two more places

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where he can safely jump," eagerly interrupted Bazac. "Three—if you add Paris."

"He will not jump to Paris," commented Donaque.

"Then it is between Le Havre and Lyons," announced Dupré. "But one can not be in both at the same time."

"True, but 'Monsieur X' can be forced to select," said Donaque quietly.

They glanced at him, expectant.

"Were it not for the fact," continued the detective, "that I must be in Zanzibar in January, I would wait for him to choose for himself. But Lyons is much more comfortable than Le Havre. The trains are better. Let us try to have him select Lyons. Dupré, insert to-day in all the newspapers of Le Havre the announcement that a forged draft for seventy thousand francs was cashed there upon a well-known house, the name of which is for the present withheld. Under the assumption that the police of Le Havre for the next week or so will be looking for forgers, he will probably avoid it. Now give me Blatt's clothes."

An hour later Herr Hans Blatt, Münchener student at the Sorbonne (carrying his books in a water-proof satchel and his lunch in a paper bag), attended a lecture on radium by Mme. Curie.

Two days afterward, acting upon the explicit orders of Donaque, Dupré took the train to Lyons and introduced himself at the Banque du Commerce. The night before they had gone over the matter in detail.

"We are reasonably sure that Lyons will be the scene of the next attempt," Donaque had said. "We may be wrong. If so, no harm is done. We shall have lost a little time, that is all. It is always the largest and richest bank that is attacked—in Lyons, naturally, the Banque du Commerce. Go there and arrange to see every check presented in amount over five thousand francs. If the forgery is offered—you will detect it by Microscope No. 17 (second shelf), which you will take with you—one hundred and fifty diameters—instruct the clerk to pay over the money, first telephoning to me at—" Donaque threw open a lower drawer and selected a card marked "Lyons" from his catalogue "—at the house of M. Paul Valentin, 16 Place de Lille," he continued.

"*Bien*, m'sieu," answered Dupré. "But the bank may not desire to pay over so large a sum to a criminal, fearing not to get it back."

"In the third drawer of my chiffonier, in a leather wallet, you will find notes for two hundred thousand francs," said Donaque. "Delay the payment (under pretext that the vault will have to be opened to procure so large an amount of ready money) until six minutes have elapsed. You will then take the microscope and return to Paris. This card will serve to introduce you at the bank. I shall need Valise No. 11, and Pocket Case No. 2; see also that my *pistolet pratique* is in good order."

Dupré had done as he had been told, and now for five days had sat on an improvised seat beneath the paying teller's counter at the Banque du Commerce of Lyons, with Microscope No. 17 between his legs. His position was cramped, to be sure, but he was kept moderately busy thrusting the various checks, as they were presented, beneath the lens and applying the litmus-paper test (in which he had been instructed by Bazac), so that he had little time to think of discomfort. This good soldier was as enthusiastic in his campaign against crime under his Général Donaque as he had been while an officer of the Légion Etrangère in leading sorties against the Arabs of Fez. But for five days no check had appeared at the bank that had aroused his suspicion. Mechanically, every quarter of an hour or so, he went through the same performance. There would be a scuffling on the marble floor outside and a voice would say:

"*Bon jour*, m'sieu. Will you be so amiable as to cash for me this check?"

"*Certainement*, m'sieu!" the cashier would reply. Down would come a hand behind the counter. Whist! Dupré had the check under the microscope. There would be no sign of an erasure. Out again with it, while the cashier counted over the notes, and once more to his interrupted perusal of "Soddy on the Interpretation of Radium," —a study required of him by Donaque, who saw in this new element of the Curies a key to the mysteries of the universe.

The day following the arrival of Dupré at the Banque du Commerce, there had emerged out of a third-class compartment of the accommodation train from Paris a little brown-faced man whose French had an unmistakable Italian accent. He was clad in the dusty clothes of an artisan, and carried a small hand satchel. After apply-

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"IF THAT IS SO," GASPED LAZAIRE, "THEN THE FERRET IS DEAD! HIS CHARRED BONES UNDER A HEAP OF IRON!"

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ing at the principal garage for work as a mechanic and making a tour of such others as were attached to the hotels, including that of the Parnasse, he had concluded his journey by entering, after nightfall, the mansion of M. Paul Valentin, No. 16 Place de Lille, only a stone's throw from the Banque du Commerce. Here he patiently waited in an upper chamber until Dupré should summon him.

But in the five days of this enforced idleness, and with the aid of M. Valentin, who was incidentally an agent of the Ministry of War, besides being an optician of local eminence, he gained a comprehensive knowledge of the aristocracy living in the neighborhood, and incidentally, on his own account, read and digested a work on astronomical mathematics by an English barrister, a monograph on "Questioned Documents," by Albert S. Osborn of Rochester, U. S. A., a history of Poland, and two novels by H. G. Wells.

Donaque had known for nearly a year that one day or other he would be waiting for the ringing of a telephone in No. 16 Place de Lille or some similar place of concealment. When the bell eventually did ring, it found him in the middle of the sixteenth chapter of "Tono Bungay," and at the signal he carefully marked the place, put the book in his pocket, and, taking his little black satchel, walked across to the Banque du Commerce.

Henri Lazaire, otherwise known as "The Lizard," was the son of an innkeeper in Brussels whose father had been a Jew named Lazarus, engaged in the occupation of selling trinkets and souvenirs to the lady visitors at Ostend. Lazarus *père* had starved himself that his son might prosper, and the latter, with due filial appreciation, had immediately upon his father's death changed his name and married the lady cashier at the Café de Paris. In due course they had been blessed with Henri, who combined the cleverness of his grandfather with the practical grasp of affairs belonging to his father and mother. He was educated at some expense, graduated from the Lycée Louis-le-Grand, entered the National Polytechnic School of France, graduated with honors, entered the Application School of Military Engineers at Fontainebleau, seduced the daughter of the local blacksmith, stole five thousand francs from his colonel to buy her silence, forged a fifteen-thousand-franc draft to pay back the colonel—and entered upon a career of crime.

Distinguished in appearance, well read, a linguist, of polished manners, he habitually posed as a scion of the old *noblesse*, and, as M. le Comte de Parmentier, a supposed protégé of his Eminence the Archbishop of Autun, from whom he had presented letters of introduction, he had made a profound impression upon the Duc de Château-Mailly, who resided in the environs of Lyons. As they were about to mount one morning to follow the hounds, Parmentier suddenly drew an open envelope from the pocket of his hunting jacket.

"*Sapristi!*" he muttered. "I had entirely forgotten! My old dependent in Paris will have to wait for his monthly rent stipend unless—could your Grace oblige me with a check for forty francs?"

What nobleman would have refused a request so simple of fulfilment? Lazaire enclosed the check in the envelope and handed it to his valet for immediate mailing. He could now, he averred with a smile of grateful appreciation, go to the hunt with a clear conscience. His old servitor would know that he had not been forgotten. The next day in Paris the "*vieux serviteur*"—"Papa" Tessier—neatly raised the check to forty thousand francs and mailed it back to le Comte de Parmentier at the Hôtel du Parnasse.

A week before, Château-Mailly had paused for a moment at the Banque du Commerce and there introduced his distinguished friend, le Comte de Parmentier. Since then the distinguished friend had cashed many drafts upon Paris for large amounts—and all of them as good as gold. But the day the telephone rang in No. 16 Place de Lille, Donaque had already made his acquaintance, by hearsay, through M. Paul Valentin.

It was at 11 A.M.—a gentleman's hour—that Lazaire, in a green Alpine hat with a red cock's feather and a long gray ulster, had sauntered into the bank and presented, with a truly aristocratic hauteur, his draft bearing the name of Château-Mailly. Poor Dupré, sitting like a tailor cross-legged beneath the counter, saw through the microscope the fine abrasion where the alteration had been made, and watched with a leap of the heart his litmus paper grow from white to red. A pinch

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of the cashier's leg and he heard the latter say deferentially:

"Pardon, m'sieu, but I shall have to open the vault for so large a sum. May I ask you to wait for a few moments?"

Crawling along under the counter, Dupré gained the telephone and then assisted the cashier in counting out the notes furnished by Donaque and brought from Paris for the express purpose. Lazaire, puffing a cigarette, carelessly ran his fingers over them, thanked the cashier, and folded them leisurely into his wallet. Then Dupré tiptoed to the window and watched Donaque slowly follow the count down the street. Lazaire turned out of the Place de Lille and made for the garage of the Hôtel du Parnasse with the detective a couple of hundred feet in his wake; but once the latter had made sure of his quarry's destination he doubled, and by brisk running reached the garage from the rear several minutes before the count appeared. A large touring-car was throbbing in the doorway, and the chauffeur loitered inside out of reach of the wind.

"Good morning, comrade," mumbled Donaque to the latter. "A fine day for a run, eh? You are off presently? Yes? Let me tell you a secret!" He laughed a little tipsily. "My brother's wife had twins yesterday! How is that? Two fine boys! So I am taking a day off. What do you say to a glass of champagne? Think how the wind will whistle through your collar in a few moments! A drop of wine will make you nice and warm inside!"

He threw an arm around the chauffeur and drew him toward the adjoining café. The other, glad of a chance to drink at some one else's expense, heard, with crafty amusement, Donaque order a quart of Pommery, and pledged the health of "the twins" in a sparkling bumper. Five minutes later he stumbled across the floor of the garage, and fell helpless over the fender of the car just as Lazaire entered the doorway.

Donaque stepped briskly forward and touched his cap.

"The poor fellow has been drinking," he apologized sorrowfully. "He is not to be blamed. It is cold weather for driving."

Lazaire gave one white look at the unconscious man and kicked him to the floor.

"I must start at once for Paris!" he cried with an oath. "Is there no chauffeur here that I can hire to take me to Paris in the place of this drunken dog?"

"If m'sieu would condescend to engage me—I ran the Fiala in the races—" said Donaque tentatively.

"Get in!" ordered Lazaire, leaping in behind. "Fifty francs for you, if you make Paris by midnight!"

Donaque needed no second invitation. The chauffeur would be unconscious for at least an hour, and, even should he suspect the trick which had been played upon him, could hardly overtake them. Throwing in the clutch, Donaque shot out of the garage, turned sharp to the right, and in a moment more was whirring along the military road that leads to Roanne. It was now possible, if fortune favored, by following his passenger until the latter communicated with his associates, to bag the whole covey. They hurtled through the country for a hundred kilometers in silence; then the man in the rear seat began to show signs of impatience.

"Faster!" he urged. "Faster! At this rate we shall never reach Paris to-night!"

Donaque smiled to himself and pushed the gas. So far as he was concerned, they could reach Paris none too soon. The Crown Princess Elizabeth of Mechlen-Trauberg was to pass through the city the following day, and Donaque had been directed to act as the special guardian of her person. He would have been compelled to leave Lyons that night in any event. Things had shaped themselves well!

They ripped across the cobblestones of Travoux at half after one and took the highway through the open country beyond at a spinning gait. Donaque was half frozen, for in the excitement of the departure he had forgotten to remove the coat from the body of the chauffeur. Cold gripped his legs and turned his arms to stone. Terrible pains shot through his chest. Turning to Lazaire, he shouted that he must stop at the next town and buy a coat—that he was perishing. For answer his passenger drew a knife and, cutting four slashes in one of the robes, threw it to Donaque and bade him thrust his limbs through the holes.

They shot through Mâcon at three, followed the Saône to Châlon, where they replenished their tanks with essence, and reached Avallon just as the autumn sunset was painting the sky with scarlet. Beyond the town the shadows fell swiftly, and Donaque dropped the big Charron into a lower

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speed. Nothing had been said about stopping for supper.

Suddenly Lazaire uttered an oath.

"Go on!" he shouted hoarsely. "Faster! Do you understand? Full speed!"

Donaque threw one look behind. They had reached the top of a long hill, but far behind them on the road from Avallon two swiftly moving lights followed. This pair of distant eyes shot across the plain as if in hungry pursuit.

"Go on!" cried Lazaire. "No one must overtake us! I will not take that fellow's dust, do you hear? A hundred francs if you leave him behind!"

Once more Donaque threw on the gas and the big car roared over the summit of the hill and plunged down into the valley toward Auxerre.

It was now quite dark, save where the calciums played on the flitting road. Trees, rocks, farmhouses shot past in grotesque and reckless flight. They thundered over bridges that reeled behind them at the shock of their attack. They took curves at a pace that threw them both far out of their seats, leaped gutters that tossed them high in air, and left in the rear a swirl of dust and leaves that hung like a cloud of volcanic ashes on the night.

And now Donaque knew that for the full success of his plan he must distance the man behind—the chauffeur-accomplice who had realized all too late that unless he could win this crazy race it might mean the capture of Papa Tessier and all the rest of "Monsieur X's" many members. A blow-out, a puncture, the slightest disarrangement of the motor's mechanism, an open drawbridge, an accident—any one of a thousand things might delay them for a couple of minutes, and the pursuer would be upon them, thundering over the crest behind and devouring the road between them at one hundred and twenty kilometers an hour!

Once obliged to stop, Donaque knew that he must leap to the ground in the flare of those pursuing eyes and fight single-handed for his life. Lucky for him that his passenger all the while was mistaking the lights behind for the lanterns of the police of Lyons! Lucky for him that the chauffeur had not wired on ahead to block their path—a resource only prevented by the fact that the latter did not know which of many routes Donaque would take. But one can follow, in a midnight race through an unknown country, faster than one can lead. Gradually the roar from the cut-out of the car behind became audible, and the eyes that followed grew and grew in size until they were but a few hundred yards in his wake. Ahead, Donaque caught the flash of a white farmhouse fence, a jut of wall, with blackness beyond—he had come to a right-angle turn in the road!

"Hold tight!" he shouted to Lazaire, and threw off the gas.

Instantly the big machine stopped in its mad flight as if held by an invisible hand, and the car behind with undiminished speed bore down upon them. Donaque threw his wheel hard to the right, and the Charron with a groan swung around the turn, skidded sideways for twenty feet, caught herself, and with a ripping of tires once more leaped ahead down the road to Paris. But the pursuing car did not pause. In the instant that the Charron swerved, Donaque saw the driver throw out his hands and start from his seat. The big car, with an unearthly crash, rose into the air, plowed through the fence, and disappeared. Another crash, followed by a scream—and they heard no more!

Half a mile farther on, at the top of a rise, they looked back. Far in their rear something flamed red in a field, and lights flashed to and fro.

"Damn him! He'll not bother us!" ejaculated Lazaire.

At Sens they paused long enough to snatch a bite to eat and for Donaque to have a long glass of hot grog. He could hardly walk, and his hand trembled so that he spilled the liquor upon the floor—he could not remember being that way for years. But Lazaire was merry and tossed the girl who brought him his absinthe a ten-franc piece.

Three-quarters of an hour more and they reached Melun and presently entered Paris by the Porte de Charenton, skirted the city *via* the Boulevard de Bercy and the Boulevard de la Gare, and made the Luxembourg by the Avenue des Gobelins and the Rue des Feuillantines. The crucial moment in the game was at hand, for Donaque knew that the chauffeur-accomplice must certainly have first sent a wire to the rest of "Monsieur X's" members in Paris before starting in pursuit.

As they flashed across the Place du Carrousel, Lazaire leaned forward and

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touched him approvingly upon the shoulder.

"You have made a good job of it," said he. "Now, as I am rather in a hurry, you may drop me here and take the car to the garage of the Hôtel Continental. Here is your hundred francs."

"*Merci*, m'sieu," replied Donaque, "and in whose name shall I leave the car?"

"Le Comte de Parmentier," answered Lazaire, as they drew to the curb and came to a stop under an arc-light.

Donaque collected his nerves, sprang to the sidewalk, and appeared to attempt to open the door of the tonneau; but it resisted his efforts and Lazaire impatiently seized the handle himself. In a flash the detective had snapped a thin chain of steel about both his wrists. Lazaire's jaw dropped, and he sank back, as if stunned, into the seat from which he had just risen.

"M'sieu," said Donaque quietly, "I am compelled to inform you that, having escaped from the local police of Lyons, you are now the prisoner of the Secret Service Bureau of France."

"And you—" gasped Lazaire, "who are you?"

"I am variously known," answered Donaque. "Occasionally by a name, more often by a number."

Lazaire sat motionless for several minutes. Then he pulled himself together. "At any rate," he returned, simulating composure, "I congratulate you upon your ability. Is there any way by which you might be induced to remove these bracelets? I know where a hundred thousand francs can be had for the asking."

Donaque shook his head. "I am willing to bargain only for your assistance."

"What help do you wish?" queried Lazaire.

"An introduction to your friends. In return for directing me to your headquarters and presenting me to your associates, I may recommend that a few years be deducted from your service in the hulks."

"But what do you expect to achieve by such an introduction?" persisted Lazaire.

"I wish to arrest the whole of you."

Lazaire hesitated. "On one condition," said he finally. "There is an innocent girl I would ask you to disregard. Her name is Lolotte."

"She will receive especial consideration," answered Donaque. "Oblige me now by stepping into the front seat of the motor."

Lazaire, assisted by the detective, climbed over the seats, and Donaque once more started the machine.

"Forty-one Rue Scarrons," said Lazaire.

Donaque drove the Charron slowly in and out among the narrow streets of Montmartre until his passenger remarked at length: "There is 41 over yonder." They were between two ramshackle rows of high wooden buildings dating back to the time of Charles X. No lights showed in the windows; the street was silent and deserted. Donaque no longer felt cold or tired.

"And now, M. le Comte," he remarked, "will you do me the honor to lead the way?"

"The stairs are very dark," answered Lazaire sullenly. "I shall surely stumble and break my nose if you do not remove these steel ropes from my wrists!"

For answer Donaque ran his hands through Lazaire's pockets, satisfied himself that he was unarmed, unlocked the handcuffs, and threw them into the tonneau.

"*Marchez!*" said he, thrusting the muzzle of a long black pistol-barrel between his prisoner's shoulders, and le Comte de Parmentier crossed the sidewalk and opened the door. Before them rose a flight of dimly lighted stairs. At the landing of the fourth story they paused outside a closed door. Within could be heard a confusion of voices, an occasional laugh, and a scraping noise.

"Remember—Lolotte!" said Lazaire under his breath.

Donaque nodded, and his prisoner gave a single short knock upon the door and pushed it open. Seven or eight men and women were sitting or lounging about the room, some of them in evening dress, all of them smoking, while an old man stirred something on a gas-stove, something that gave out a smell like onion soup. The air of the place was heavy with crude perfumes.

At the sight of Lazaire there was an instant hush, and a girl in Turkish costume darted forward and threw her arms around his neck.

"How frozen your lips are!" she cried. "But we thought you had been nabbed! The Ferret telegraphed us that you had been tricked—" She started back at sight of Donaque. "Who is this man?" she exclaimed, surprised.

Lazaire gazed at the company with a grim smile.

"Permit me to introduce my friend the

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chauffeur!" said he ironically. "M'sieu, allow me to present Mademoiselle Lolotte, who may sometime, if she is lucky, become Madame la Comtesse de Parmentier; also that old gentleman over there with the spoon, M. Grandpapa Tessier—and the other members of the family."

Tessier stopped stirring and poked his way between the others.

"Why do you bring him here?" he snarled.

"Could I do less when he aided me to escape from the police who pursued me in an automobile?" inquired Lazaire.

"Police!" cried several of the others. "That was the Ferret. He wired that you had been tricked into starting out for Paris with a detective, and that he was going after you."

"*Nom de Dieu!*" gasped Lazaire. "If that is so, then the Ferret is dead! Dead on the road from Fontainebleau! Burned alive, maybe! His charred bones under a heap of iron!"

He turned a distorted face upon Donaque.

"But this man!" shrieked Papa Tessier. "Why did you bring him here? Comrades, the Lizard has betrayed us—sold us out!"

"No—no!" cried Lazaire, "I will explain. I did not understand about the Ferret, or I never would have consented. He *had* me, don't you see?"

"I see that you are a Judas!" exclaimed Lolotte, and struck him a blow across the lips with her open hand.

Lazaire staggered back.

"*Sacré Nom!*" he cried. "Has it come to that? Well, what if I did! You are right! At a pistol's point I brought him here, but at a pistol's point he shall stay! He shall pay for the Ferret's life with his own!"

"Well said, Lizard!" cried one of the women. "He'll not get out of here alive!"

Donaque raised his hand deprecatingly. "Mesdames et messieurs!" he expostulated, "do not excite yourselves! I commiserate you upon the loss of your comrade, M. le Ferret—he was a brave man and died nobly in the cause of crime. As for our friend, I confess that he yielded to temptation, but he may have had a lingering idea that by doing as I asked he might save you all."

He stepped quickly toward the door, leaving Lazaire in the center of the room. "Back! All of you!" he shouted, drawing his pistol. "I will put a hole through the first one who moves!"

The women shrank toward the farther corner, but Lazaire, followed by several of his companions, sprang boldly toward the detective.

Donaque's pistol flashed in his face, and with a choking cry—like a hiccough—the Lizard fell, half strangled, to the floor, as a yellow cloud, like the fumes of sulphur, shot from the muzzle and spurted through the room. The others, with covered faces, sought for an instant to escape the suffocating smoke, then one by one collapsed where they stood. Donaque had leaped through the door before the cloud of chemicals could envelop him, and, locking it on the outside, thrust the key in his pocket and hurried down the stairs. The street below was as silent as ever, save for the panting of the Charron. A few blocks distant he stopped at an apothecary's, the only shop still open.

"My good fellow," said he to the drowsy clerk, "the prefect of police will call for this key in the course of half an hour. Give it to him."

Then Donaque headed the car for the Palais Royal and the Rue Montesquieu. Ten minutes later he entered his own apartment, where Dupré sat reading, beside the desk, "Soddy on the Interpretation of Radium."

"*Bon soir, mon maître,*" remarked the latter with a slight yawn. "Can I do anything for you?"

"Kindly call up the prefect of police, while I draw myself a bath," answered Donaque, making for his bedroom. An instant later he returned in his dressing-gown, and took the receiver from Dupré's hand.

"*Bon soir, m'sieu,*" said he in his customary tones of matter-of-fact politeness. "Yes, it is I—A124. You will find a half dozen or so criminals in a room at 41 Rue des Scarrons—fourth floor, rear. They will remain unconscious for an hour or so yet. The key is at the apothecary's on the corner of the Rue des Mauvais Enfants. One of them is a lady, called Lolotte Something. I promised that she should receive especial consideration. I advise you to send a couple of wagons to carry them to the prefecture. The rooms should be searched thoroughly for documentary evidence. Incidentally, you will find forty thousand francs in notes in the pocket of a tall man with a black beard—it is imitation. No, not the beard—the money. Good night!"

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The Refining Influence of Captain Kidd

by Ralph Bergengren

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN SLOAN

ON THE dismantled hulk of a Liverpool-to-New York packet, slowly sinking in mid-Atlantic after the August storm of 1829, a fat baby played contentedly with ten little pink toes. It was a male baby. Spars and rigging, providentially piled up around the open door of a deck cabin, kept him from rolling very far in any direction; and the ocean, sobbing in long, tired swells, rocked him as if in an enormous cradle. Above his head a vast white cloud outlined itself against the blue sky in the shape of a gigantic Santa Claus. Beyond the cabin, from which this cheerful baby had doubtless crawled, a solitary cow coasted monotonously across the quarter-deck, back and forth from port to starboard with the motion of the broken vessel. Except for a small, rakish-looking schooner, rapidly coming up to windward, cow and baby were alone on the ocean.

The cloud Santa Claus slowly turned himself into a camel with five humps, and then into five humps without a camel. The schooner drew nearer—near enough for the cow, had she been at all sensitive to such impressions, to have been seriously worried by the eight or nine fierce faces idly watching her from the forecastle. Rarely, if ever, could this or any other cow have seen a more contentedly depraved or hopelessly dishonest company, for any one of them might easily have traveled as Horrible Example with a lecturer on the entertaining topic of "Crime and Physiognomy." Possibly, however, there was some good in them, and the cow discovered it, for every time the motion of the hulk slid her to starboard, she projected her gentle features over the bulwarks and sent a long, pathetic *moo-o-o-o* floating to windward.

"Wot that cow wants, messmates," said a man on the schooner, twiddling his tarry fingers familiarly toward the distressed bovine, "be to have some merry farmer boy a-milkin' of her, pore critter! When I were a younger man than I be now, I learned to milk 'em, an' I loved to do it."

He was a round, powerful fellow, whose small eyes, negligible chin, and long, bridgeless nose gave him somewhat the aspect of an intelligent but morally untrustworthy pig; and now he raised first one tanned fist and then the other in expressive pantomime. "Squirt—squirt! Squirt—squirt!" he continued enthusiastically. "An' then there's a pooty leetle tinkle in th' cussed milk-pail, an' th' milk's a-comin'."

"An' wot's th' use o' th' silly stuff when

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THE FLAMING RED WHISKERS OF THEIR BRAVE, ABOMINABLE LEADER CAUGHT THE BABY'S UNDIVIDED PRESENTLY HIS SMILE WIDENED AND HE EXTENDED HIS CHUBBY ARMS STRAIGHT TOWARD THE

ye've got it—squirt—squirt?" asked another, peering good-naturedly over a magnificent hedge of bushy red whiskers, behind which he was evidently smoking a short pipe. "Fit fer feemale women an' leetle innercent babies like as ain't got no digestions. But wot's th' use on it to a growed man, Piggy—to say nothin' o' an able-bodied pirut?"

"Feemale gals," carelessly remarked a tall, graceful fellow, giving a knowing twirl to the long, handsome yellow mustaches that almost hid his impulsive but wicked mouth, "uses of it to take a bath in, a-

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ATTENTION. HE SMILED AND WIGGLED HIS CHUBBY LEGS ADMIRINGLY. SURPRISED AND—TO HIS OWN AMAZEMENT—DELIGHTED PIRATE.

splashin' an' a-laffin' jest like we do when we goes a-swimmin'. It gives 'em wot ye might call a creamy complexion," he added, and gazed dreamily at the far horizon.

"Th' thing to do with milk, Whisker," said the first speaker, wetting his lips appreciatively, "be to mix it with rum. A lot o' good rum an' a leetle o' that milk——"

Contagious, and even sensible, as this enthusiasm may seem to the reader, nobody caught it on board the schooner.

"Set forestay all clear, messmates," said the red-whiskered man abruptly, "an' we'll jest heave to *Th' Tender Polly* an' run up th' Jolly Rover business-like. Lootin' o' an abandoned vessel be a small job, gentlemen all an' merry companions, but we might jest as well do it proper an' shipshape." And now the cow, again bumping disconsolately against the starboard bulwarks, saw the schooner come gracefully into the wind and heard a harsh but happy chorus from the cabin into which her corrupt but able seamen had immediately vanished:

Th' good ole man, he walks th' plank;
His step is firm but slow.
Ho, boys, ho!
He hits the ocean with a spank.

And as the gay yet gloomy chanty hit the peaceful summer air with almost the same disciplinary abruptness, nine pairs of sea boots rattled up the ladder; and, one after another, nine fierce heads, each tied up in a kerchief as if the owner suffered from nervous headache, shot through the companionway. But, headache or no headache, they giggled horridly as the brainless skull of their profession fluttered at the topmast, and their brutal voices outraged nature:

His wife an' leetle daughter,
They march above th' water,
And in, kerplunk! they go.
Ho, boys, ho!

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as they pulled lustily toward the helpless packet.

Sinking by the bow as she was, they came aboard over the bowsprit, and the doors of all the passenger cabins stood piteously open before them. With nine wild cries the unresisted pirates sprang into the nearest cabin. But hardly had they begun their professional labors when they all paused and listened. Silence, unbroken by the countless voices of the rigging that tell the progress of a living vessel, hung heavy on this dead body of a ship, waiting for the slow ocean to complete her burial. Even the cow had stopped mooing. And then, as they held their breath and listened, a tiny, whimpering, wailing cry startled them all together into a cold, uncomfortable perspiration. It was a sound that every one of them had heard before, a sound hat every living man and woman *has* heard—and yet a sound that every one of these vile and undomestic men had long since forgotten. Now it seemed to pervade the entire vessel—and again the silence of the ocean graveyard seemed to swallow it forever. But terrifying as it was, the red-whiskered leader presently recovered something of his customary indomitable courage.

"Wotever it be," he said firmly, "I ain't afeard o' anything as moans an' whimpers by daylight—but I can't loot comfortable-like till I knows wot's a-doin' of it." And with these brave words he drew his cutlass, wiped the sudden perspiration from his evil forehead, and led them back to the deck.

The noise continued—at first intermittently, and then in a steady whimper, ending with a note of indignation. Any baby expert, or student of our own splendid modern science of psychogenesis, would have known it at once for one of the four distinct cries of infancy. But none of these fierce, unprincipled, and (presumably) unmarried men was a baby expert. They advanced bravely but cautiously, ready, if the sight they were about to see should prove too much for them, to spring backward and leap over the bulwarks. Instinctively, too, —which shows how youthful training remains forever deep down in every human bosom—they advanced on tiptoe, past the open doors of several cabins whose sad disorder testified to the pathetic haste in which the lady and gentleman passengers had left them, until a tangle of spars and rigging barred further progress. The sound proceeded from behind this accidental rampart; and one after another they climbed the roof of the cabin and peered over into the enclosure.

For a long minute the nine pirates stared down at the baby, and the equally astonished baby stared up at the nine pirates. Then the flaming red whiskers of their brave, abominable leader caught his undivided attention. In the full glare of the summer sun they blazed like a conflagration, and the fresh sea breeze imparted to them just the gentle, waving motion best calculated to attract the observation of a thoughtful infant. He smiled and wiggled his chubby legs admiringly. Presently his smile widened and he extended his chubby arms straight toward the surprised and—to his own amazement—delighted pirate.

Never in all his life, or at least since he could remember, had anything so sweet and innocent stretched out its chubby arms to Red Whisker. Little he knew, of course, that the child was chiefly interested in the unusual spectacle presented by his waving whiskers, and that the event, had one been keeping a baby biography, would have been appropriately entered: "Eleventh (or twelfth) month—Baby took notice of a pair of red whiskers waving in the wind." Had the whiskers been hanging on a clothesline they would have been equally effective; but their flattered owner took the whole matter personally. Evidently, he thought, this baby understood and appreciated him—this *hungry* baby; for the sudden warming of his wicked heart was in itself a primary course in psychogenesis. He leaned far forward, anxiously upside down, and examined the cabin. Yes, there was the little creature's cradle, upset in the corner; and there beside it, recognizable by its serpentine rubber tube, was the baby's bottle.

With a great sigh of relief the pirate straightened himself up and turned to his comrades; and on either side of him—such is the hypnotism of a baby's smile—he found them twiddling their foolish fingers in clumsy efforts to attract the baby's attention.

"Wot we've allus needed, messmates," said Red Whisker solemnly, "were a leetle baby as we might adopt cozy-like an' bring up fer a pirut. Piggy, ole feller, pump th' pooty cow an' we'll fill his bottle."

On a small, tropical island the pirate Pig-

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gy sat milking the cow Maude. Beyond them the last rays of the hot, declining sun stretched a long, grotesque shadow of mingled cow and pirate toward the wooded end of the pasture, where a few birds still twittered and chirped sleepily. Then the sun went down altogether, and a tender crescent moon silvered the pretty scene of rus-

HE TOOK A QUARTER MOUTHFUL OF MILK, A PINCH OF SUGAR AND NUTMEG, A THREE-QUARTERS MOUTHFUL OF RUM, AND MIXED THEM WITH A GURGLING SOUND IN HIS CAPACIOUS MOUTH.

tic industry. Had Rosa Bonheur been there she would have run for her paint-box.

Piggy the Pirate finished milking, wiped his hands—oh! horror—on the slack of his breeches, spanked Maude good-naturedly on what would have been the same place if cows wore them, and glanced slyly toward the dark outline of a palisade some hundred yards distant. No eye watched from the rampart. He took a stout quarter mouthful of milk from the pail, a pinch of sugar and nutmeg from one pocket, and a stout three-quarters mouthful of rum from a flask in the other, mixed these various ingredients with a pleasant gurgling sound in his capacious mouth, and swallowed the compound with closed eyes and a wistfully sensuous expression of satisfaction that made him look more like a pig than ever. Evidently he would have liked another, but he shook his head gloomily, picked up his milk-pail, and moved slowly toward the palisade.

Sixty-odd times Piggy had milked Maude, for it was now middle September, more than a month since the ferocious residents of Nonesuch Island had adopted the baby. But no men, however ferocious, can adopt a baby without a certain, at first inappreciable, softening of their savage natures. The effect of babies on burglars is well known to all readers of polite literature—and the effect of a baby on pirates is exactly similar. Gone now were the long, bright evenings of happy debauchery in the cozy sitting-room.

To put the matter plainly (and so Piggy was putting it to himself as he set the milk-pail carefully in the kitchen sink), these men were ceasing to be pirates and rapidly

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becoming grandmothers. Bad as they were, it began to look as if the refining influence of this tender child was going to be too much for them—and Piggy was getting sick of it. If it had been simply a matter of milking the cow Maude (as he had himself named her) and sharing with Captain Kidd (as the pirates had named the baby), he would have used his share for milk punch and thought no more about it. But Captain Kidd literally hogged the milk, and, to make sure that he got it, Red Whisker measured each milking with a twelve-inch ruler.

Meantime, the sitting-room lamp burned yellow in a haze of tobacco smoke, and a sound, unlike music, yet perhaps more like music than anything else, rose fitfully where Yellow Mustaches revolved nervously on the stool before the melodeon and occasionally hit that innocent and helpless instrument with his cruel forefinger. Each time he revolved he turned his dashing but detestable blue eyes almost beseechingly toward the five happy pirates who surrounded the marble-topped table and played with the baby—and anybody might have seen that he wanted to play the melodeon and only waited for an invitation. But nobody invited him. Presently he remained stationary, and, as he raised his voice, they all knew by experience that he was singing a lullaby:

Potatoes have eyes, but can not see
Like you an' me,
Bay-be! Bay-be!
Corn has an ear, but can not hear
Like you an' me,
My bay-be dear!
Shoes have a tongue, but can not talk.
Th' chair has legs, but can not walk.
Th' fish has scales, but ne'er is he
A Gro-cer-y Man,
Bay-be! Bay-be!

Hyenas laugh, but not with glee
Like you an' me,
Bay-be! Bay-be!
Tacks have a head, but can not think
Like you an' me,
My bay-be—pink!
Oysters have beds, but have no sheets.
Th' whale in school no——

"Yaller Mustaches," said Red Whisker severely, "stow th' pooty ditty. Ye're a-scarin' th' baby."

Yellow Mustaches got up suddenly—as what musician wouldn't under the same circumstances?—and his mustaches quivered with a manly effort to conceal how the words hurt him. Willingly would he have killed Red Whisker—but he felt an awful premonition that he would burst into tears before he could do it; and without a word he gulped a sob back into his throat, seized his hat, and left the room hurriedly, slamming the door behind him. They heard his hasty steps crunch on the gravel and then, after one of those strained, uncomfortable pauses that always follow such an episode in a general company, the remaining pirates endeavored to resume their occupations as if nothing had happened. But two of them, sitting apart over a game of checkers, exchanged meaning glances.

"Wot I likes about th' leetle feller," said a man at the table, nodding his head ingenuously in a silly effort to attract the baby's attention to his large brass nose-ring, "be to see th' way he grows, bless his cussed leetle soul! Fat as butter an' lively as a ——— ———!!!!——— ——— ———"

"'Sh-h-h-h, ole feller!" said Red Whisker warningly. "Wot's words fer piruts ain't words fer babies—'specially when they're just a-learnin' how to converse like. Naughty man! Naughty man!" he added, this time addressing Captain Kidd, and poking his huge forefinger at his thoughtless companion.

"Goo-o-o-o," said Captain Kidd emphatically. "Nja nja dada hatta damma damma dada dada meene meene goo-o-o-o damma damma dada." And he pointed his chubby finger at Piggy, who now stood in the kitchen doorway.

"Wot he means, messmates," explained Red Whisker proudly, "be as he knows as how Piggy has been a-milkin' Maude, an' how it's time fer old Uncle Whisker to fill his leetle bottle. There ain't much as he don't onderstand."

"He'll make a fine pirut," said Nose Ring, speaking slowly and without profanity.

"Ef we makes a pirut of him at all," said Red Whisker thoughtfully. "I've been a-thinkin' of it over, an' th' more I thinks th' more I wonders whether pirucy be th' proper job fer him. Wot I says is as we'll have to give th' leetle feller a chance at bein' President o' th' United States. When I was about his age, or mebbe a leetle older," he added, "I used to think some o' bein' president m'self, but I drifted off into pirucy, as young fellers will, an' there were th' end on't. You jest let him play with yer pooty ornymint, Nose Ring, while I goes

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to th' kitchen an' fixes of his bottle."

But the infant, with that gay capriciousness which is the charm of babyhood, had quite lost interest in the shining nose-ring. His round eyes turned beseechingly toward the checker-players. Whether it was the fine bald head of one or the neat mutton-chop whiskers of the other that had now attracted him, they both felt him looking at them and made a desperate effort to play checkers in spite of it.

"Wot he wants now," said Nose Ring disgustedly, "be to play with Bald Head. Come here, ole feller, an' let th' baby play with ye."

But already the two checker-players had seized their hats and slammed the door as they hurriedly left the sitting-room. Far down the beach beyond the open gate of the palisade they saw a solitary figure sitting at the very edge of the ocean; and without a word they moved rapidly in that direction and sat down beside Yellow Mustaches.

For some minutes the three pirates sat in a row and stared at the ocean. The weeping of a disappointed and angry Captain Kidd came to them distantly, and, like the hyena, they laughed without glee as they listened.

"Cuss him!" said Yellow Mustaches. "Wot's th' use o' havin' a voice an' a Mellow Odeon ef ye can't play an' sing on it? Here we be, a hull month sence Red Whisker persuaded of us to adopt that cussed leetle Captain Kidd—an' every time I tries to sing him a ditty, he ups an' hollers."

"Cuss him!" said Bald Head viciously. "Ye can't git interested in a game o' checkers no more on this island without havin' th' leetle ediot spile th' game jest acos he wants to put th' checkers on yer pore bald head an' see 'em slide off."

"H'I thought ye might be a-pilin' up trouble when h'I see ye a-teachin' that silly gime to 'im," said the pirate with the mutton-chop whiskers. "Not as h'it weren't a pooty game in h'its way," he added quickly, evidently realizing that the remark had not been particularly consoling.

"I liked him at fust," admitted Bald Head regretfully, "but many's the time sence then as I've thought o' killin' of him. An' then I've thought o' killin' Maude. An' sometimes, messmates, I've thought o' killin' th' two on 'em. But th' way them fellers love that baby, ye might jest as well commit suicide in th' beginnin' an' have th' job over with."

"Wot ye haven't thought of," said a hoarse, gloomy voice behind them, "be to milk Maude yerselves when I ain't a-lookin'." And Piggy himself sat down and stared sullenly at the ocean. "I'll learn ye th' trick on't," he added in a husky whisper, "an' if there ain't no milk for th' baby, who's to blame and wot's to save him? An' all I axes be a half share o' th' milk."

Twice more the pirate Piggy had milked the cow Maude—and now in the cozy sitting-room five doting pirates, rapidly reverting toward normal humanity under the refining influence of a tender infant, sat in as many nice red rocking-chairs and watched the tender infant busily sliding checkers off the domelike cranium of their baldest comrade. It was a charming but hypocritical picture. For Bald Head sat on his haunches in front of Mutton Chop (who held Captain Kidd), and Yellow Mustaches crawled gracefully over the floor and recaptured the checkers. And out in the moonlit pasture Maude ate a butter plant and wondered sleepily how many more times that day she was likely to be milked.

Suddenly voices rose passionately in the kitchen; the door opened, and Piggy appeared so hastily that they hardly knew him—but, quick as he was, Red Whisker was hardly one one-thousandth of a second behind him. Twice the pirate chief pursued the flying milkman around the table, leaping the promptly vacated red rocking-chairs one after another, and Captain Kidd stopped sliding checkers off Bald Head's cranium to enjoy the performance. Evidently he considered it something novel and acrobatic, got up for his especial benefit and rehearsed in private until they could do it without upsetting a single rocker.

"Wot's he been a-doin' of, Whisker?" asked Yellow Mustaches, putting his head out from under the sofa where he had gone for a checker. "Ef ye don't look out, ole feller, you an' Piggy'll excite Cap'n Kidd so's he won't be able to sleep a wink, bless him!" And he said it so naturally that only Mutton Chop, Bald Head, and Piggy could have caught the irony.

Red Whisker stopped short. He looked at Yellow Mustaches under the sofa and then at Captain Kidd in his high chair.

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DOTING PIRATES SAT IN THE NICE RED ROCKING-CHAIRS AND WATCHED THE TENDER INFANT BUSILY SLIDING CHECKERS OFF THE DOMELIKE CRANIUM OF THEIR BALDEST COMRADE.

Twice he essayed to speak, and twice he hesitated—for had he not himself said that this baby understood every word that was spoken in his presence? Now that he had stopped running, they could all see that his strong right hand gripped a twelve-inch ruler dripping with milk.

"H-e s-t-e-a-l-s t-h-e b-a-b-e apostrophe s m-i-l-k, capital Y-e double-l capital O-h exclamation point capital M-u-s-t capital A-s-h-e-s," he spelled carefully but briskly; and such was his excitement that he spelled out even the words that it would have done Captain Kidd no harm to fathom. "T-h-e g-double-o-d c-o-w g-i-v-e-s m-i-l-k f-o-r t-h-e c-h-i-l-d a-n-d t-h-e b-a-d m-a-n t-a-k-e-s i-t t-o d-r-i-n-k w-i-t-h r-u-m."

Happily unintelligible to Captain Kidd, the horrid accusation was all too plain to the remaining listeners. Four genuinely and three hypocritically indignant faces turned toward Piggy, who, to the baby's intense delight, had climbed over the melodeon and now stood in a posture of defense behind it.

"No man can make a c-o-w give m-i-l-k that s-h-e has not got," he replied earnestly. "K-i-double-l me, if you will, Red Whisker, but I will die game." And the brave fellow unhooked the picture of Susanna and the Elders from the wall and prepared to brain with it anybody who might attack him.

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"If you k-i-double-l Piggy, Red Whisker," said Yellow Mustaches quietly, "who will m-i-l-k capital M-a-u-d-e?"

"A c-o-w dries up," explained Piggy over the melodeon. "An' ef ye don't believe me, messmates, ye can all come to-morrow an' see me m-i-l-k."

Obviously this was a fair suggestion, and the pirates nodded at each other approvingly. As for the baby, understanding nothing of this skilfully veiled discourse, and doubtless believing that the show was over, he put another checker on Bald Head's cranium and crowed with pleasure as it rolled off on the carpet.

Red Whisker returned gloomily to the kitchen, and one after another the four motherly pirates cautiously followed him. The milk-pail stood in the sink, and Red Whisker was carefully dipping from it into the baby's bottle.

"Six inches o' milk in th' cussed pail, messmates," he said with painful decision, "ain't a-goin' to keep th' leetle feller busy an' contented-like till th' next milkin'. I hates to fool him, but we jest got to put somethin' else in it." And he looked despairingly into the pail, and then from one to another of the worried, sin-stained faces that now surrounded it.

But not one of them answered. Each looked intently into the milk-pail (as if desire might somehow increase its piteously meager contents) and then indignantly at Red Whisker (as if he were somehow responsible). Had they known anything about the acutely determined formulas that have to-day carried to such scientific perfection the obvious fact that a baby is not a calf and that the natural food of a calf must be properly modified or humanized before being fed to a baby, they could have settled the matter without much difficulty. They would have known, for example, that two ounces of top milk, thirteen ounces of boiled water or perhaps of thin gruel, and two even teaspoonfuls of sugar of milk were just what they needed; and they would, of course, have mixed and put the formula in ten separate bottles, one and a half ounces in each, which they would have fed to Captain Kidd every two hours during the day, and twice during the night. They did not even know that milk should be pasteurized and that they might have fashioned themselves a home-made pasteurizing apparatus out of a tin pail, a pie-plate, and a chemical thermometer. All that the wretched but affectionate fellows did know, in fact, was that babies drink milk—and, with Captain Kidd to judge by, they would have indignantly denied the theory that the milk of any one cow is undesirable for any one baby.

"Wot's th' matter o' fillin' of th' bottle up with rum?" suggested Nose Ring, desperately. "Piggy he says as rum an' milk be a mixture to make yer mouth water, an' mebbe th' leetle feller 'd like it better 'n th' raw milk."

But Red Whisker frowned down the proposal. "Rum is fer growed men like you an' me, Nose Ring," he said severely, "but it ain't fer babies. Wot we've got to do, messmates, be to di-lute it with jest water, warmin' of it up a leetle so's it will seem like it were part o' th' cussed milk."

It was not until after breakfast that Piggy usually attended to the morning milking, and the sun was high when they left Captain Kidd cuddling his full but deceitful bottle and set out for the pasture. Red Whisker led them, grimly carrying his twelve-inch ruler. Solemnly, sadly, and in a portentous silence they surrounded Maude in the grateful shadow of a castor-oil tree, and watched their suspected comrade as he arranged his milking stool.

"Th' way ye do it," said Piggy proudly, "is to be calm an' stiddy, an' jest play as yer two hands were two leetle calves a-suckin'. An' then, fust thing ye knows, there's a little tinkle in th' pooty milk-pail—" he spoke confidently—and a mellow, liquid sound justified him. Maude was being milked—and Yellow Mustaches, Bald Head, and Mutton Chop exchanged quick glances of surprise and mortification. Three strong men as they were, last night they had failed to milk this cow dry; and now—whichever one of them might be to blame for it—they had again failed this morning. They hardly dared look at each other—and they were quite unable to look at Piggy. If they had, they might have drawn some comfort from the fact that he at least was not discomfited.

For however much the two tarry hands of the pirate may have resembled two little hungry calves, the milk came slower and slower—and then stopped completely. Let the little imaginary calves starve—there was no more milk for them. In that solemn silence, broken only by the contented music

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of a cow chewing her cud, Red Whisker bent over the milk-pail and inserted the ruler.

"Four inches o' milk!" said Red Whisker, bitterly. "She's a-goin' dry, messmates. But she ain't dry yet," he added bravely, "an' wot we've got to do now be to put to sea an' buy another pooty cow o' th' fust vessel as happens to carry one."

"Buy?" echoed Yellow Mustaches. "Did I hear ye say 'buy,' Whisker?"

"Ye heard me say it," replied Red Whisker briskly. "Wotever we gets fer *that* leetle feller, Yaller Mustaches, we gets fer him honest an' like a respectable family."

"Packet ahoy!" shouted Red Whisker. "Have ye got sech a thing as a cow?"

At this unexpected question, anxiously hurled from vessel to vessel in mid-Atlantic, the lady and gentleman passengers of the New York-to-Liverpool packet *Amity* exchanged wondering glances. All that morning, with the famished curiosity that makes any sail at sea so almost feverishly interesting a spectacle, they had been watching *The Tender Polly* steadily overhauling them; and about forty times (or twice for each passenger) Captain Jonas Trench had politely assured them that he did not know who she was, where she came from, or what she wanted.

But even without the schooner most of them would have been on deck and almost feverishly excited. Tuesday they had seen a porpoise; Monday some of them said they had seen a whale; to-day they had all hoped to see some tragic memento of the packet *Sunflower*, abandoned two months ago in this very neighborhood—a catastrophe all the more vividly remembered because the *Amity* was herself carrying three survivors back to England after a brief visit to a brother-in-law in Philadelphia. Business reasons, it appeared, had compelled this brother-in-law, a Mr. Jenkins, to immigrate to the States only a few months after his marriage to Miss Dora Pattern, and an untimely chill, thoughtlessly neglected, had forever prevented Mrs. Jenkins from joining him.

No such interesting memento, however, had yet been visible—nothing, in short, but this lively schooner which had now crossed their path and come up into the wind at a little distance.

"We carry a couple of 'em for the passengers," Captain Trench replied briskly. "What ye want of a cow?"

"We wants to buy her," bellowed Red Whisker. "Matter o' life an' death, 'cos we've got to have m-i-l-k. Money ain't no object. Name yer own price, cap'n, but fer th' love o' humanity sell us a pooty leetle cow." And beside him a tall man, evidently a gentleman by his stylish garments, and a foreigner (probably a Greek or Italian) by his shining nose-ring, held up an object that all aboard the *Amity* recognized as a human baby. A few snickered—young, thoughtless males, who little suspected that they would some day be fathers—but every lady passenger uttered a twittering exclamation of surprise and pleasure; and, of whatever age or sex, they were a unit in begging Captain Trench to stop his vessel. Possibly the thought of naming his own price for a cow helped them. The *Amity* came into the wind, and all her interested passengers scampered like chickens to the starboard bulwarks.

Meantime, aboard the schooner, Yellow Mustaches, Piggy, Bald Head, and Mutton Chop lowered away the jolly-boat, and none but Maude would have guessed, to see them, that their tanned, capable hands were also responsible for this impending milk famine. Heartless as they were, and skilful milkmen as they must by this time have become, the critical reader is doubtless surprised to find that Captain Kidd was still living. But this reader does not know pirates and their total incapacity to carry out any plan, however atrocious, that interferes with their own selfish enjoyment. Little by little the sight of Piggy at his milk and rum, with a pinch of sugar and a shaving of nutmeg, had aroused their fiendish curiosity; they, too, had tried it—and now a cow was quite as necessary to these evil men as it was to the baby. And they knew that if Maude dried up altogether she would be killed and devoured. Frankly and baldly stated, they had agreed to preserve Maude, and yet by slow stages reduce Captain Kidd's milk to a fatal minimum; and a new cow would simply prolong this treacherous process and provide more material for milk-punch. They licked their wicked chops to think of it as they pulled toward the packet. Red Whisker, steering with one big hand and balancing Captain Kidd on his knee with the other, thought them smiling to see the little

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rascal tugging affectionately at those famous whiskers.

A moment later Nose Ring stood on the deck of the *Amity;* Red Whisker, one hand on the rail and Captain Kidd in the other, had bounded lightly over the bulwarks; and several cooing lady passengers had promptly taken Captain Kidd away from him. Unlike the Misses Pattern, these lady passengers had lost no moment of the spectacle by hurrying below to dress for company.

The foreign-looking gentleman raised his tall hat with a gesture that revealed a nursing bottle in the inside pocket of his frock coat. Then he bowed so deeply that his nose ring almost hit his forehead.

"Cap'n an' ladies an' gentlemen all," he began suavely, "this be my baby, as has lost his poor marma an' is a-travelin' with me fer his health, bless him! *This* good man," he continued with a condescending jerk of his thumb toward his companion, "has been kind enough to allow us passage aboard his vessel, me an' Cap'n Kidd——"

"Wot he means," interrupted Red Whisker hastily, "be as how I takes th' *kid* aboard, as his parpa calls him, an' buys a pooty cow to feed him out of. But th' cow ain't workin' th' way a cow oughter." He glanced anxiously at the baby and lowered his voice to a hoarse whisper. "Every time we milks Maude we gets l-e-double-s m-i-l-k. Wot we needs bitter hard be a new cow. An' we've brought th' leetle feller with us to try th' milk an' see how he likes it."

Coming from this hardy seaman such consideration for a tender child could hardly fail to impress his hearers. He might be rough, they told each other in significant glances, but ah! the tender, honest heart of him! You read about these lovable characters, but how seldom you meet them! The lovable character swelled visibly as he saw the impression he had created. But, even as he swelled, three shrill, astonished, and delighted screams burst from the cabin hatch and floated tremulously away toward Europe and America. The Misses Pattern, their toilettes completed, rushed from the cabin and clasped Captain Kidd impetuously to their three bosoms. Fortunately he was well used to being roughly though affectionately handled, for now they laughed and again they sobbed hysterically; and yet again—the three in a circle with Captain Kidd extended on six arms between them—they held the cunning little creature at arm's length and gazed at him with devouring affection.

RED WHISKER, ONE HAND ON THE RAIL AND CAPTAIN KIDD IN THE OTHER, HAD BOUNDED LIGHTLY OVER THE BULWARKS.

"Those eyes!" cried Miss Amy. "So like his dear mother's!"

"That nose!" laughed and sobbed Miss Caroline. "The Pattern nose!"

"The Pattern mole on his sweet little left shoulder-blade!" gurgled Miss Priscilla, rummaging triumphantly—and then all together they fell to kissing Captain Kidd till he howled piteously for mercy.

Truly it was an interesting morning on the packet *Amity.* And at that moment, when some passengers, trying simultaneously to see Red Whisker, Nose Ring, the

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Misses Pattern, and Captain Kidd, saw them all in a kind of rainbow-edged blur, and other passengers, trying to appear calm and collected, told each other hurriedly that this pretty child must be that very David Jenkins whom his three aunts, taking him out to his father in the States, had somehow left behind when they fled from the sinking *Sunflower*—at such a moment it is really no wonder that Nose Ring forgot himself. The jig, in his opinion, was up; and without a thought of how little such an act was like a father, he scrambled hastily over the bulwarks and dropped into the jolly-boat.

As for Red Whisker, he cast one quick and flaming glance around the deck and instinctively felt for his cutlass. Alas! he had none. Such had been the refining influence of Captain Kidd on these savage natures, such the anxious haste in which they had put to sea to buy a c-o-w, that every pirate weapon had been left in the arsenal on Nonesuch Island. And once captured, with *his* reputation as a pirate, outraged humanity would make short work of him. His quick imagination painted a limp but handsome red-whiskered gentleman pathetically suspended from a well-deserved gallows.

"Lower away the stabbord quarter-boat!" shouted Captain Trench. "Overhaul that man with the nose-ring! Clear the gun tackle forrard and sink 'em if they don't heave to peaceable! And as for you, my hearty," he added, coldly, turning his eye on Red Whisker——

It was a cold glance wasted. Cow or no cow, baby or no baby, Red Whisker knew that now or never this fatal limelight must be turned in some other direction until he gained his own unarmed but uncatchable schooner. If he hung back now he would be hung up afterward—and the resourceful pirate leaped upon the three aunts, gathered them, baby and all, in his strong arms, tottered with his precious burden to the port bulwarks, and hurled it vigorously overboard. It was the work of a single instant, quick, decisive, and stupefying. Instinctively every man and woman (except those who had fainted) rushed to the port bulwarks—and straight through them Red Whisker sprang expeditiously back across the deck and dived headlong from the starboard side of the vessel.

"Lower away the *port* quarter-boat!" shouted Captain Trench. And, followed by several of the braver gentlemen, he tore off his coat, unlaced his shoes, and leaped heroically after his endangered passengers.

Fifteen minutes later Red Whisker stood in the stern of the flying *Polly* and watched the carpet of green water widen rapidly between the two vessels. He was a sad, wet pirate. Something seemed to have gone out of his life, and, selfish man that he was, the assurance of his own eyes that Captain Kidd and his aunts had been successfully rescued gave him little consolation. Perhaps nothing would ever give him any consolation; and he hardly turned his head as a thoughtful comrade touched his shoulder and offered him a glass of liquor. But although he drank it absent-mindedly, his tired eye brightened.

"Wot be it, Piggy?" he asked curiously.

"Milk an' rum, Whisker. Ye wouldn't never agree to try it, but there were a leetle o' th' milk left, an', seein' as we ain't got no Cap'n Kidd——"

"An' wot's th' use o' tryin' of it?" said Red Whisker, with a kind of savage regretfulness. "It ain't so bad, Piggy, but we ain't got no cow neither."

"We still got Maude," said Piggy simply. "I didn't like to tell ye, 'cos it might 'a' raised false hopes like—but when a cussed cow goes dry, Whisker, ye can't never be sure when she'll come to her senses an' begin givin' agin reg'lar."

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WINTER FREIGHTING FROM SOUTH PORCUPINE TO THE MINES.

The PORCUPINE TRAP

Golden Bait for the Unwary in the Newest Mining Camp

BY

TRUMBULL WHITE

SINCE the gold discoveries of the Klondike and Nome, which now seem like ancient history, four great precious-metal mining excitements have stirred speculative America. Two were Western—Tonopah and Goldfield, and two Canadian—Cobalt, a silver camp, and Porcupine, latest of all, a gold camp. In the three first named several thousand mining companies were organized and their stocks peddled to the public. Out of these less than two score remain as producing mines. And the millions which have been paid out in dividends by the successful ones represent but a fraction of what has been taken from the public purse by overbooming, wild-catting, stock-market jugglery, and ill-starred enterprise.

Now it is Porcupine which stands under the calcium, a calcium so bright that it is

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blinding the eyes of thousands who ought to see, instead of illuminating the facts as they ought to be known. The mails are again being burdened with tons of "literature" telling of the fortunes to be made in the latest "world's greatest gold-mining district." The public is again being importuned to part with its money in exchange for prettily lithographed certificates of mining stock. It seems worth while to attempt a circulation of the truth about the camp and its promotions before much harm is done, instead of exposing it afterward.

There are two stories of Porcupine. One is the "human interest" story. It is the one that is easy to tell, alluring to the writer and interesting to the reader. It is the story of the conquest of a vast northern wilderness of swamp and rock and forest by hardy woodsmen and prospectors, who pioneered through difficulties, found gold, stripped the forest away, endured the hardships of a new country, and have at last created a center of civilization in the wilderness.

Stories of the days of exploration, of lucky strikes, of the building of homes and their destruction, anecdotes of the camp, descriptions of the sweep of flame that burned over miles of country and the pioneer towns, the quick reconstruction of mining-camps and mining-villages, with the sharp contrast between the ash-strewn country of last summer and the electric-lighted, steam-heated railway town of to-day—these are the things that make good reading and that bolster up the stories of the promoters, who sweeten their fairy-tales with a dilution of the truth. They are the stories, too, that are used in justification for newspaper and magazine articles seeking the picturesque side of life in the newest mining-camp. But even these are as insidious as "tainted news" in the use that is made of them.

A swindle that is only a swindle can not fool many people. A mining excitement without mines would not last very long. It is because the trap of Porcupine is baited with some real gold-mines that the unwary are being caught in such numbers. And, ungracious though it may seem to the people who are really doing the work at Porcupine, it is better to tell the story of the trap than the story of the stage-setting.

Prospectors have been at work in northern Ontario since the discovery of silver at Cobalt eight years ago. In the early part of 1909, at a season when that portion of Ontario which drains toward James Bay is almost impenetrable forest morass, three prospecting parties pushed westward from the main line of the Ontario government railway that runs north to a point some five hundred miles from Toronto, where it connects with the new Grand Trunk Pacific transcontinental line now under construction. Porcupine Lake lay among those lonesome forests, and gave the name to the district.

These early prospectors found spectacular free or visible gold-showings at the surface on what are now known as the Hollinger and the Dome properties. To borrow an expression from a Toronto and New York mining brokerage house which issues "market letters" on Porcupine, and writes of gold as if it were dentifrice in a tube, "the gold fairly oozed from the rock." It was weeks before news of the new gold find began to percolate to the outside world. During these weeks the original prospectors and others located, and staked for gold mining (or gold-bricking), practically the whole of the surveyed townships of Tisdale and Whitney, and others unsurveyed near by. This festival of locating claims increased as the district gained publicity and the rush to the new country assumed the proportions of a stampede.

At the present time, taking the town of South Porcupine as the center, the country for a distance of seven or eight miles north and south and eighteen or twenty miles east and west has been located in forty-acre tracts, and each tract is officially recorded as a gold-mining prospect. Something like fourteen thousand of these locations have been filed and fees paid to the government of Ontario.

The first summer was the period of staking out claims. During the following winter, 1909-1910, when the trails were frozen and available for travel by horse and dog teams, and by men on snow-shoes, large quantities of supplies were freighted into the country for further prospecting and development purposes. The summer of 1910 and the following winter showed steady advance in the study of surface indications, the stripping of brush and "muskeg" from the veins on various claims, a partial clearing away of the forest, the erection of many camps, some mine develop-

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A PROSPECTOR ON THE WINTER TRAIL, MATTAGAMI RIVER, PORCUPINE DISTRICT.

GOLDEN AVENUE, THE PRINCIPAL STREET IN SOUTH PORCUPINE.

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ment, and a considerable amount of underground exploration.

Then came the fire of July, 1911, when practically the whole country known as the Porcupine District was swept by flame, with great resulting loss of life and property. It is a pitiful thing to realize that even the deaths and sufferings of that day have been used by indirection to exploit the camp. Within the last month a spirited "human interest" story on Porcupine in a well-known magazine has spoken of the death list, saying: "How many people were killed will never be known—four, five, six hundred, they say—but that does not include the unknown prospectors who had gone into the bush. . . . . The lakes were not complete protection. The wind-tossed waters drowned scores." Thus was heralded not merely the magnitude of the loss but the growth of the population up to that time. As a matter of fact, the highest authentic figure estimates eighty-four as the total number of deaths, and this is probably exaggerated, while the highest estimate, from real authorities, of the number drowned puts it at twelve.

The fire loss of that day, if one totals the figures given out regarding the destruction of various mining improvements, was claimed to be well into the millions, although it probably should stay in the neighborhood of $700,000, of which $500,000 represented the destruction of the milling plant and other surface improvements of the Dome mines. For instance, the reported loss of $150,000 on Preston-East Dome should be scaled down to one-tenth of that figure, fully covered by insurance. The West Dome mine reported up to $200,000 on a plant of which the total cost was about $50,000, and on which there was a considerable salvage. The list could be extended indefinitely with discrepancies almost as great. These extravagant figures, however, served again to proclaim the magnitude of the mining operations on the various claims, and afforded reasonable excuses for further delay in getting to the point of production.

Since the fire, a great deal of efficient activity has been displayed. The railroad branch from the main line of the Temiskaming and Northern Ontario Railway has reached South Porcupine, and the town that was ashes five months ago has three-story hotels, bank-buildings, and all the other general improvements of a hastily built, well-financed northern pioneer town.

At this midwinter season Pullman cars are running into Porcupine twice a day from Montreal and Toronto, and no hardship awaits the traveler who wants to look into things for himself. Construction work on various mills is proceeding, and underground work on mining properties is not necessarily interrupted by weather. Boarding camps for the men and elaborate bungalows and headquarters for the managers have been built at the more important properties, while three or four rival town sites are striving for the distinction of becoming the ultimate metropolis of the district.

So much for the stage-setting.

PORCUPINE NOT A "POOR MAN'S CAMP"

Now for the situation as it interests the investor who wishes to dabble in Porcupine "securities." The Porcupine country, as has been recently urged in various newspaper supplements and magazine articles, is not a "poor man's camp." Unhappily, however, the deduction that is drawn from this fact by some promoters and exploiters is that the man who wants to participate in the profits that promise so abundantly needs only to send his money for the stocks they are selling, and they will do the rest. They show the huge investments required for the development and equipment of Porcupine properties, and then pretend that the big interests back of these undertakings are willing to let the casual investor in on the ground floor.

As the camp stands to-day, there are two properties of first importance with large investment and extensive work going on that may be fairly characterized as real gold-mines. These are the Hollinger and the Dome. Whether or not they are available for intelligent investment at the market-price at which stock is now held, let the reader judge for himself from the detailed statements that follow.

The buyers of the Hollinger property exacted from the original owners the right to develop the ground for a period of sixty days before parting with cash. The purchasers were the Timmins-McMartin-Dunlop Syndicate, of Montreal.

In the sixty days granted by their working option, in the winter of 1909, when machinery and supplies could be moved in over the snow and ice, the Timmins coterie sunk

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two experimental shafts on the main Hollinger vein. Preliminary exploration was satisfactory. Hollinger was purchased by the syndicate for $330,000. Whereupon the Hollinger Gold Mines, Limited, was incorporated for $3,000,000 capital, in 600,000 shares of a par value of $5 each. Of this capitalization, the syndicate took 500,000 shares for its investment of $330,000, plus its expenditures on account of exploration, reserving 100,000 shares for the company treasury. The syndicate members agreed also to finance the project to a point where they could turn over to the company a developed mine and a completed mill. Ownership stock in Hollinger held by Timmins and associates represented, therefore, on the basis of original purchase, a cost price of 66 cents a share, not calculating expenditures on account of preliminary development.

During the year 1910 the syndicate continued to develop the property. Great secrecy was observed as to the results of this work; but reports of the recovery of more than $100 per ton in gold on experimental shipments were allowed to leak out. This news and other "conservative" publicity were used to such good effect that in January, 1911, the Timmins Syndicate found a ready sale for 125,000 shares of its members' stock to the public at $3.50 per share, or for $437,500. A month later, 50,000 shares of treasury stock were sold at $5 a share to Bewick, Moreing & Company, London operators, and $250,000 was thus secured for development purposes and mill construction.

One year after the purchase of Hollinger, then, the Timmins Syndicate got from the public $437,500 to replace its original investment of $330,000 for property and additional development expenditure. Having thus got practically "on velvet," the syndicate still retained 375,000 shares out of 550,000 shares issued by the corporation. The present holdings of this syndicate in Hollinger do not, therefore, represent the investment of a single penny, except for expenditures made on account of development; and these expenditures were partially, if not entirely, offset by the profit of $107,500 which the syndicate realized when it sold 125,000 shares to the public. Development and construction expenses since that time have been borne almost entirely from the sale of treasury stock, so that, as far as Hollinger goes, the Timmins Syndicate has little, if anything, to lose if the mine should never produce an ounce of gold.

Basically, the transaction by which the Dome property passed to the Monell Syndicate, its present controlling owners, was not materially different from that in which the Hollinger changed hands. Originally the property was controlled by W. S. Edwards, a Chicago gas-fixture manufacturer, and associates. Mr. Edwards—seeking big capital—interested in the Dome property Ambrose Monell, president of the International Nickel Company; Charles S. Denison, principal owner of the Buffalo mine of Cobalt; W. E. Corey, former president of the Steel Trust; E. C. Converse, a director in the Steel Trust; W. B. Thompson, head of Thompson, Towle & Company; Colonel Robert M. Thompson, special partner in the firm of S. H. P. Pell & Company, and J. R. DeLamar, the mine speculator.

SOMETHING FOR ALMOST NOTHING

Fifty thousand dollars was paid over to Edwards and his associates for transferring title of the Dome property to the Dome Mines, Limited, a corporation chartered with a capital of $2,500,000 in 250,000 shares of a par value of $10 each. The Monell syndicate agreed, besides paying over the $50,000, to provide requisite development funds, and later, additional capital for mill construction, should developments warrant. These expenditures, up to the time of the destruction last July of the uncompleted milling plant, approximated $430,000—$180,000 on mine operations and $250,000 on mill construction.

In return for its cash and commitment for further expenditure, the syndicate took three-fifths, or 150,000 shares, of the company's capital. The other two-fifths, or 100,000 shares, together with $450,000 in bonds—which might, or might not, become valuable as developments progressed—were turned over to Mr. Edwards and his associates as part purchase price. The Monell syndicate's actual investment in Dome, up to the time mill construction was undertaken, was, therefore, $230,000—or at the rate of $1.73 per share on its holdings of stock.

A change in the plan for financing Dome was necessitated by the forest fire which devastated Porcupine in July of last year, destroying the surface equipment and the

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VIEW OF THE TOWN OF SOUTH PORCUPINE AND PORCUPINE LAKE; PRESENT RAILWAY SINCE THE FIRE OF JULY 11, 1911.

partially completed mill. Additional funds had to be raised. For this purpose the capital was increased from 250,000 to 350,000 shares, par $10. Of the new stock Mr. Edwards and his associates took 45,000 shares in lieu of the bonds, and the bonds were retired. The remaining 55,000 shares were taken by the Monell syndicate at par, and $550,000 was covered into the company treasury, bringing the syndicate's total holdings up to 205,000 shares, as against 145,000 shares held by Mr. Edwards and his associates. If the syndicate had expended $180,000 in development work, and $250,000 in mill construction up to the date of the fire, its investment in Dome now totals $1,030,000, for which it holds 205,000 shares of stock—an average cost of $5.24 a share.

It is only since these rich syndicates have placed themselves, by these transactions, in position to take such immense profits, that the temptation to unload upon the public has become a menace. With the prediction that this is soon to begin, it very properly may be asked: Where will the public bring up if it buys these stocks at current prices?

At $14 for Hollinger, and $40 for Dome, the aggregate market valuation of these companies is $7,700,000 for Hollinger, and $14,000,000 for Dome. To earn, net, $21,700,000, these mines must produce approximately $36,166,666 in gold bullion, assuming a 60 per cent.—and better—average net profit on gross production; and few low-grade gold mines succeed in earning more than 40 per cent. net. The Hollinger and Dome companies are each building mills with initial units of 300 tons' designed daily crushing capacity. The Hollinger management has announced that it will feed $20 ore to its stamps. Estimates as to the average per ton value of Dome ore vary from $9 to $11 per ton. The Dome management preserves profound secrecy on this subject; but experts assert that a net profit of $6 per ton on Dome ore is as much as may be expected.

For ascertaining the chances the public takes on these two issues at current quotations, resort may be had to simplest mathematics:

HOLLINGER

300	tons to be milled daily.
360	days in the year.
108,000	tons to be milled yearly.
$14	estimated net average-per-ton profit.
$1,512,000	estimated net annual profits.

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TERMINUS AND CENTER OF MINING INDUSTRY. THIS HAS BEEN COMPLETELY REBUILT WHEN EVERY HOUSE WAS BURNED.

One-half of such annual net earnings applied to dividends would yield 9½ per cent. a year upon stock purchased at $14 a share. The other one-half of such profits would amortize the principal of the investment in the stock in eleven years, if so applied. But the problem of mine value is to be considered before amortization can be discussed. Those who are asked to buy mining stocks at "treble par," or at four times par, have a right to investigate "in sight" values—they are of investment importance to him, whereas those who are merely "taking a flier" in penny prospect issues can disregard them in their gambles.

108,000..tons to be milled yearly.
11..years, required life of the mine if the principal invested in the stock at $14 is to be amortized by applying 50 per cent. of net profits to that object.
1,188,000..tonnage which mine must disgorge in eleven years.

Against this requirement of 1,188,000 tons in ore reserves if the purchase of Hollinger stock at the market price is to be justified as an investment, the Hollinger management in its last report, dated May 23 1911, claimed to have fully demonstrated only 200,000 tons. Should the next report show double this blocked-out tonnage, Hollinger stock at $14 a share would still be more than 60 per cent. pure gamble.

Basing computations on the milling plant which is now nearing completion, disparity between earning possibilities and the mine value and current quotations for the stock is even greater in the case of Dome.

DOME

300..tons to be milled daily.
360..days in the year.

108,000..tons to be milled yearly.
$6..estimated average-per-ton profit.

$648,000..estimated annual earnings.

Should these earnings be applied to amortizing the cost of Dome stock at $40, and to dividends—applying 50 per cent. each way—it would require forty-three years for the amortization process, and during that period the stockholder would receive only 2.3 per cent. interest upon his investment. But, again, the problem of mine value:

108,000..tons to be milled yearly.
43..years, required life of the mine.
4,644,000..required tonnage in reserve.

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As against this requirement of 4,644,000 tons of proved ore, the highest accepted estimate of blocked-out ore in the Dome mine has been 600,000 tons, above the 60-foot level. And while underground prospecting by drills has been favorable, investment security must be predicated on ore reserves actually blocked out, while investment worth must be reckoned on earning capacity.

Syndicate operations in Porcupine have not been confined to the Timmins and Monell syndicates. London syndicates sat into the game for a little while. One of these syndicates — Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa, one of the most important gold-mining syndicates in the world—disposed of its holdings and washed its hands of Porcupine. Another, Bewick, Moreing & Company, once rated successful mine operators and managers, but moved over in recent years to the promoter class, stayed in the game and made a new record.

After acquiring Hollinger, the Timmins Syndicate gathered in fifty undeveloped claims in Porcupine. Charles Algernon Moreing, of Bewick, Moreing & Company, appeared in Montreal about one year ago, and in behalf of the Northern Ontario Exploration Company took over these claims and was permitted to acquire for this company 50,000 shares of Hollinger treasury stock at $5 a share.

Northern Exploration was floated simultaneously in London and Montreal, the English and Canadian public each being given the right to subscribe for one-half of its $2,000,000 capital. The Canadian public, by this time enthusiastic over Porcupine, actually paid for its half of the stock at par. What happened in London is less definitely known. It is known, however, that Northern "Explosion" launched a subsidiary company which was swallowed almost as voraciously in Canada and hardly at all in London. Then came a local inflation of the London market in Hollinger to $16 3-8 a share, and at this price the London syndicate fed out the 50,000 shares that had been the most important part of its assets. The clean-up on the public was about $500,000, and the stock shortly after sold down to $9.75 a share. It seems fair to say that a vital influence in inducing the Canadian public to absorb the Bewick-Moreing promotions had been the general understanding that the Hollinger stock was to remain a part of the assets of the parent company.

This survey of syndicate operations in the latest "world's greatest gold mining district" has not been made lightly. That Porcupine's ore deposits are of average low or medium milling grade, which must be mined and milled in large tonnage by elaborate and expensive plants in order to yield a compensating return upon invested capital, is the judgment reached by mining engineers, experts, and qualified geologists who have visited the district for some purpose other than aiding promoters in unloading Porcupine "securities" upon a sucker public.

Henry Krumb, one of the foremost mine engineers in America, declares that Porcupine is a low-grade camp. Hugh Marriott, chief of the engineering staff of Werhner, Beit & Company, of London, who control the major portion of the gold output of the Rand, visited Porcupine last fall. At the end of an exhaustive examination—his principals then contemplated investment in the district—he summed up his opinion in the cryptic remark, "Porcupine is a land of promise;" but Werhner, Beit & Company have made no investments there. H. H. Webb, American representative of the Consolidated Goldfields of South Africa Company, and his brother, Louis Webb, have never made public their opinion of Porcupine's ore deposits; but the company they represent retired from the district after a year's experience there.

PORCUPINE IS NOT A TREASURE HOUSE

Mining authorities of the repute and ability of A. C. Hoover, England's ranking engineer; William Frecheville, director of the Anglo-French Exploration Company, of London and Paris; and Max Francke, formerly joint-manager in South Africa for Goerz & Company, have never signed published reports relative to Porcupine. And it stands as indubitable that, although these men, and others of equal ability and standing, have subjected this latest "world's greatest gold mining district" to painstaking examination, the capital which they represent, and which goes where they tell it to go for employment and profits. has made no commitments in Porcupine. At the time of this writing, no engineers' reports have been issued officially on either

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the Hollinger or the Dome—the two proved properties of the district; the managements of these properties are still endeavoring to determine the extent and probable value of their ore possessions.

The explanation for this professional aloofness is found in geological conditions which are provokingly baffling. Authorities agree that many years must pass and an infinitely greater amount of work than has been performed must be done, before this geological problem can be solved. It is still to be decided whether uniform enrichment extends to depth, or whether the veins are merely the bottom remnants of ore deposits whose upper levels were worn away during the period of glacial action. So apparently remote from early solution is this problem that one distinguished engineer, W. L. Fleming, unconcerned in the sale of Porcupine "securities," prefers to express himself on the subject by telling what Porcupine *is not*, rather than to attempt to tell what *it is*. This engineer says:

> First, Porcupine is not a proven mining camp and will not be until large sums of money are spent in development; second, no high-grade free milling ores can be expected to continue across great widths and over great distances; third, because bodies of ore are found on properties at a distance from each other, it by no means follows that all or any of the intervening ground will prove at all profitable; fourth, an assay can be made from an ounce of material and its value must be determined not only by the integrity of the assayer, but by the fidelity with which the sample represents the ore body from which it was taken. Porcupine is NOT a treasure-house of wealth which can be had for the asking; it is NOT a wide stretch of country over which every forty-acre tract contains rich gold ore; it is NOT a territory in which every assay certificate presages a profitable mine. It is a wild, rough country, concerning which little is geologically known, and in which careful study, consistent planning, and extensive work will furnish the only means of ultimate success.

The average promoter of Porcupine low-priced prospect stock cares not a copper about these things which Porcupine *is not*. It is with these promoters, who are mining the American pocketbook—"the richest gold mine the world has ever known," and the easiest to open and exploit—that we have now to do.

Some of these promoters may be honest and sincere. The excuse for their activity lies in ignorance, enthusiasm, and inexperience. Others—and by far the greater number—are frankly engaged in "getting theirs while the gettin's good." In the phrase of this particular type, "There ain't no mines; there's nothin' but stocks."

In the camps of these promoters, typewriters grind away at the "development" of ore bodies and the discovery of new reserves and bonanzas located in the purses of the suckers. Hard by, printing-presses hum at the work of making stock certificates ready for sale.

In the mining-share markets of Toronto and New York, bucket-shoppers entice the lambs to the slaughter. Ready to do the promoters' bidding stand the professional press-agents, and the unprofessional members of the noble profession of mining engineering.

Since Hollinger was promoted, one year ago, no less than 125 Porcupine mining companies with an authorized capitalization of $182,195,000 have been organized. Eighty-five per cent. of these companies have been, are being, or are to be, floated to the public on the basis of pennies-per-share for their stock. There are fourteen thousand-odd mining claims staked in Porcupine; enough for the incorporation of four thousand companies, allowing each company 120 acres of ground. Tonopah produced seven hundred mining companies, and two regular dividend-paying mines survive. Goldfield was exploited to the extent of two thousand promotions, and there is but one mining corporation in that district distributing dividends regularly. Porcupine may be expected, in the circumstances, to shatter all previous promotion records.

INSIDE PROFITS—$615,000

Preston-East Dome Mines, Limited, of Porcupine—taking a typical case for example—was promoted early in 1911 with a distinguished directorate in charge of its affairs. A multimillionaire, E. G. Germer, of Erie, Pennsylvania, was president of the company, and Joseph H. Ellis, of Louisville, Kentucky, secretary of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, was a member of the board of directors. The company was incorporated with an authorized capital of $3,000,000 in shares having a par value of one dollar each. Shortly before the organization of this company, the three East Dome claims, lying east of and adjoining the Dome property, and embracing 120 acres, were ac-

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quired by Warren, Gzowski & Company, brokers, of Toronto and New York, at a price of $35,000, of which $1,000 was paid down in cash. These claims were sold to the East Dome Syndicate for $135,000. The East Dome Syndicate sold the claims, in its turn, to Preston-East Dome Mines, Limited, for 1,500,000 shares of the company's capital stock; the stock thus received representing an investment of $135,000, or nine cents a share, by the syndicate members.

An option to buy the Preston claim, south of the Dome property, having surface showings on which "engineers'" reports might be predicated, was then acquired by the Preston-East Dome Company from a syndicate, in exchange for 500,000 shares of Preston-East Dome stock. This option called for the payment of $237,500 in cash to the title-holders, payment to be made by the Preston-East Dome Company in instalments extending over a period ending with January 1, 1914. One million shares of Preston-East Dome stock were allotted to the treasury of the corporation to be sold to provide funds—according to the insinuating prospectus announcement—"to carry on the necessary development work to place a large tonnage in sight at the earliest possible date."

Thus the Preston-East Dome Company started with 2,000,000 shares of stock outstanding, and a cash liability of $237,500. Its assets consisted of 120 acres of undeveloped ground and an option to buy 49¾ acres of undeveloped ground for $237,500. With this "line-up" to carry the Preston-East Dome football over the promotion goal, the company's outstanding capital liability was increased at the "kick-off" by the issuance of 500,000 shares from the treasury, for which the company was to receive from underwriters thirty cents a share, net, or $150,000. Immediately there was launched a shrewdly planned campaign to sell the 500,000 shares of underwritten stock to the public at forty cents a share, an advance of ten cents a share—equivalent to $50,000 on the offered stock—over the underwriting price. At the moment the Preston-East Dome promotion was made, contemplated profits figured out in this wise:

East Dome Syndicate paid for property originally bought for	$135,000	35,000
Somebody's profit		100,000
East Dome syndicate got 1,500,000 shares of stock valued at the flotation price (40 cents a share) at	600,000	
East Dome Syndicate investment	135,000	
East Dome Syndicate's calculated profit		465,000
Public was asked to buy 500,000 shares of stock at 40 cents, or for	200,000	
This stock cost underwriters	150,000	
Underwriters' calculated profit		50,000
Total contemplated inside profits		$615,000

Out of this series of transactions in which such enormous profits were calculated for the "insiders," and which was predicated on a "shoestring" first-payment investment of $1,000, the Preston-East Dome Company stood to receive $150,000 in cash and 500,000 shares of treasury stock with which to make and equip a mine and pay off an indebtedness of $237,500 in order to enable it to hold its most promising ground!

Don't think for a moment that this is an outstanding exception in mine financing. The instance is typical not alone of Porcupine—it is the way in which low-priced prospect issues are commonly manufactured.

WE ARE NOT AS OTHER PROMOTERS

In the campaign for marketing Preston-East Dome stock to the public, "the changes were rung" on arguments which have served in other camps for luring dollars from unwary pockets and savings-bank accounts, and new arguments and new methods were resorted to in furtherance of this object. Where old arguments were employed, they were furbished up until they passed as new. The wealth, probity, and high repute of the officers of the company were paraded; but there was sepulchral silence as to the mining experience and mining competency of these men. The location of the company's ground, in proximity to the Dome property, was widely exploited. The old fallacy that because one piece of property may possess potential mine value, neighboring property should be valuable also, was reiterated.

There was no lurid advertising of this offering of Preston-East Dome stock to the public. Such methods are no longer effective in reaching the public purse; and the promoter is quick to adapt himself to changing conditions. Instead of such ad-

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vertisements, the market letter, issued by apparently disinterested brokers, and purporting to impart sage investment counsel, was employed.

In literature of this sort, the Porcupine promoter baits the prospective buyer of "securities" which he is eager to sell with such sophistry as this:

> In respect to a mining-stock boom, the men principally interested in Porcupine * * * have been so desirous of standing up straight that there has been a tendency to lean over backwards. This has not been true in other camps conspicuous in recent mining history. * * * So far as our knowledge goes, there has not been a single Porcupine stock publicly offered that has not had some merit.

"Liken us not unto the pirates of old!" unctuously urges the Porcupine promoter. "Thank God, we are not as other promoters," he continues, with such *proof* of Porcupine's worth as this:

> Cobalt is the greatest silver-producing camp in the world. Is there any reason why Porcupine should not become the greatest gold-producing camp? It is not very far from Cobalt.

The victim, thus assured of the promoter's honesty, is probably beyond remonstrance. If not, the promoter is ready with an "engineer's" report full of polysyllabic geology that means nothing to the tenderfoot and not much to any one else, offering as its conclusion the following:

> * * * * * * This being the fact, production of gold in commercial quantities *is only limited by the values obtained in the veins at a reasonable depth*, and there is no reason to suppose that less values will be found as greater depth is attained.

"THE RICHEST GOLD MINE IN THE WORLD"

On a Sunday in mid-October the New York *Herald* introduced a story one column in length with this paragraph:

> Colonel Lionel R. Stuart Weatherley, British Vice-Consul at Nome, Alaska, arrived in this city from the Porcupine goldfields in Northern Ontario, Canada, yesterday, with nearly half a ton of gold ore, which he took with him to the Ritz-Carlton Hotel, where he declared he had just found the richest gold mine the world has ever known.

In the course of this article, Colonel Weatherley described how he "had just found the richest gold-mine the world has ever known" in ground lying immediately east of that owned by Preston-East Dome. He told how he had proved the mine and the richness thereof by sinking two shafts on the strike of the vein, each shaft being sent down to a depth of five feet! Think it over!

Being neighborly inclined, the Colonel, in his New York *Herald* interview, declared that the vein which made him the owner of "the richest gold-mine the world has ever known," extended into Preston-East Dome ground; and he counseled every owner of that stock against parting with a single share for less than $5. On this bull news, Preston-East Dome, which had been down to 18, was "hippodromed" back to 40 cents a share on the New York curb market, crashing again down to a new "low" at 10 cents a share.

THE LESSON OF PRESTON-EAST DOME

At this figure the public which bought the stock directly from the promoters are losers to the extent of 30 cents a share; and the company is in a much more serious predicament than when it started. It has still to liquidate the major portion of its indebtedness of $237,500; its property is still undeveloped as respects tonnage blocked-out; its holdings of 500,000 shares of treasury stock are worth, at 10 cents a share, only $50,000, and an attempt to market such a quantity of the stock would break the price far below this figure. *All the serious development work which has been performed has been done in the ground held under option, and may be lost to the company should it be unable to liquidate its indebtedness of* $237,500.

The Preston-East Dome incident goes to prove that only in the rarest instances, where high-grade, direct-smelting ore is found in exceptional tonnages, can mining successes be expected by companies promoted on the basis of a few pennies per share for their stock. It is an incident typical of the procedure with respect to a great majority of the publicly promoted Porcupine properties. What folly it is to expect success for such companies in a region such as Porcupine, where large sums are necessary for acquiring property, for mine development, for mine equipment, and for the construction of milling plants large enough to extract profits out of the lowgrade acres of the district.

It is easy to see that "Dome" is a favorite word with which to conjure. The Dome Extension property includes five of the eleven claims originally staked by Jack Wilson, discoverer of the "big" Dome. These

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claims were turned into the Dome Extension Company by Wilson and W. S. Edwards of Chicago, for 1,500,000 shares of the company's capital of 2,000,000 shares, par one dollar. The company was promoted on the basis of 50 cents a share. The price was ballooned to 98 cents a share, and has since receded in a "protected" market to around 65 cents.

North Dome is another company that adopted the popular word in its title. The property consists of three claims a short distance northeast of the big Dome. An English engineer came from London to examine them. The price asked was $200,000. The engineer declined to recommend their purchase by the capitalists whom he represented. Since then those claims have been organized into the North Dome Mining Company, Limited, capitalized at 400,000 shares with a par value of $5 each. By the time the distribution of stock was made, 200,000 shares of it had gone to the original owner, 50,000 shares to the promotion syndicate, and 150,000 shares remained in the treasury of the company. After promotion the stock was run up to $2.50 a share. Forty thousand shares were sold from the treasury.

Since that time the Temiskaming Company of the Cobalt district has bought control of North Dome by the purchase of 130,000 shares of owners' stock—not treasury—at $1.66 a share, to be paid in instalments from the treasury of their Cobalt property. To make this purchase, dividends from the latter mine, which had been paying 8 cents per share quarterly, were discontinued, and its stock has broken to 25 cents per share. The latest price indication for North Dome shares is found in the fact that the original promoters have been offering in their market literature to pick up North Dome for clients at $1.25 a share, so that apparently the money of a prosperous mining company has been used for investment so actively that the original company has lost its market standing, and the subsidiary is not yet in a position to be estimated.

North Dome stands out conspicuously among all the flotations made in Porcupine for the manner in which the property has been exploited in the apparently independent mining press.

The New York *Mining Age* is a weekly newspaper, published in New York, which declares itself an independent publication, devoted to the dissemination of unbiased news regarding mining, its object being to assist investors in judging mining-stock values, and to avoid doubtful projects.

An important feature of this publication is an "Investor's Diary," which aims to discuss mining stocks and mining topics entirely from the viewpoint of the investor.

The seventh page of the *Mining Age* is occupied each week by the advertisement of Catlin & Powell Company, original promoters of North Dome. In a certain issue of this publication Catlin & Powell Company, in their advertisement, proclaim that North Dome, with workings at a depth of thirty-two feet, was "apparently a proven mine," with the "shaft going down in a wide ore body" which "assayed $84 a ton across a width of seven feet at the bottom." In the same issue the writer of the "Investor's Diary" presents, for the guidance of those who follow his counsel respecting their mining-stock investments, his "unbiased" diagnosis of the situation with regard to North Dome, embodying the same statements contained in the advertisement, in some details hardly modified as to language and not appreciably in its enticements for a possible purchaser.

INSIDIOUS NEWSPAPER WRITE-UPS

The insidious publicity which is thus secured is not confined to the mining press. Within the past few weeks great daily newspapers in New York, Chicago, and Boston, to say nothing of Toronto, have issued special Porcupine supplements with their Sunday editions. These supplements, which pretend to the dignity of disinterested newspaper enterprise, apparently undertaken to acquaint readers with a subject of large importance, contain a few columns of descriptive matter fathered by the newspaper and presented in extravagant phrasing. Most of the remainder is paid-for "write-up" matter, typographically disguised so as to make readers think it the expression of the paper's own opinions, but at the same time permitting the paper, if brought to account, to show that it was printed from a different style of type and so actually not intended to be understood as "pure reading matter."

This stuff, cunningly designed to exploit the properties of those who pay the bills, is supplemented on other pages by display

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advertising of the brokers and promoters who represent the specific properties. The later use of this material is quite shameless. The supplements themselves are sent out by brokers, in response to inquiry for information, as if these newspaper write-ups were impartial accounts of the situation.

I have before me a letter from a brokerage house which bears down heavily on the prospects of a Porcupine promotion, recommended chiefly by the fact that it is bounded by Big Dome and Preston-East Dome. As to the state of its development the letter says:

> The company has decided to thoroughly explore the ground with diamond drills . . . to prospect on the surface . . . for the purpose of determining the best point at which to sink working shafts.

It is capitalized for $2,000,000, par $1, with 1,000,000 shares in the treasury, and the brokers earnestly advise in successive paragraphs that I hasten to the purchase at 40 cents per share, a valuation of $800,000 for the property. They have "decided to explore"!

To this they add:

> When you ask for Porcupine information, we suggest that you read the New York * * of Sunday, December 10th, a very unusual thing for the New York * * to do, but they have in this instance evidently been convinced that the Porcupine camp is not a sensation for the moment, but that it bids fair to be a permanent producer of gold. Inasmuch as some of the people identified with the United States Steel Trust are heavily interested in Porcupine, it is within the bounds of possibility that the New York * * has been convinced by conferences with these gentlemen.

Besides this, the press-agent must get into the columns of the daily press news articles of apparently legitimate origin, which will serve to focus the unsuspecting reader's attention so that when the promoter comes along, the name of the camp and its association with gold-mining will be already familiar.

A MOVABLE "LOST MINE."

In the early days of Goldfield an industrious and facile promoters' press-agent invented the story of the discovery of "the lost Breyfogle mine." This manufacturer of publicity seized upon the Nevada mining legend that a prospector named Breyfogle had reappeared at the end of a prospecting trip having in his possession specimens of the richest gold ore ever found, but too crazed by privation and suffering to make known the scene of his discovery before his death; and that expedition after expedition had searched the desert through long years in a vain endeavor to discover "the lost Breyfogle mine." Upon this legend the publicity agent romanced, locating the long-lost mine in Goldfield, and spinning into his yarn imaginative proof to buttress his solution of the old mystery. It was "human interest" stuff that papers everywhere swallowed eagerly.

The story "went" as to Nevada, because the Breyfogle legend belongs to Nevada. Now the Porcupine promoters' publicity engineers have reproduced the tale of the discovery of the lost Breyfogle mine, the only change being the substitution of the name of Porcupine for that of Goldfield—and the story is again going the rounds of the daily press. When these Porcupine press-agents dared this liberty with the Nevada legend, the Goldfield *News* protested vigorously, contending that its use as applicable to the Ontario boom camp was unethical, and that there should be preserved at least the semblance of honor among mining-camp publicity fakers.

"TAINTED NEWS"

This is only one example of the seizure of press-agency material that was produced in the Nevada camps, and the conversion of it to Porcupine promotion. The first marriage, the first birth, the first death, and all the rest of the events that can happen, have been used as pegs on which to hang promotion news by connecting them with some new discovery or the gift of golden nuggets or the loss of life just as fortune was within the grasp of the one who died.

Hard on the heels of property owners, and promoters and their press agents comes the professional mining-stock bucket-shopper. To bring the public to his counters he outdoes promoter or publicity agent in descanting upon the merits of the district, baiting with such rubbish as this:

> A high authority of the Rand of South Africa makes the statement that within five years the district will be producing as large an amount as that famous Africa gold area. As the annual production of the Rand is $170,000,000, from an ore averaging

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$7 a ton, this statement is nothing less than sensational. While it is not probable that the requisite milling facilities will be built within five years to bring the production to this figure, the fact that the known mineralized area is larger than the Rand, and that the ores will probably average at least double those of the African district, it seems to be reasonably assured that the statement will turn out correct in perhaps seven or eight years.

The tale of Porcupine has been presented with a view to emphasizing to the public these facts which are so outstanding that none may mistake them:

1. The ore deposits on which Porcupine must rely for production on a large scale are low or medium milling grade. Quick fortunes can not be made in Porcupine by overnight "strikes," as was done in Tonopah, Goldfield, and Cobalt. Nor can Porcupine mining companies finance themselves by production of high-grade ore shipped to the smelters. There are no high-grade ore bodies, and production is only possible after the erection of mills.

2. Large capital is required for mine determination in such ore bodies, and later for mine equipment and mill construction if operations are to be brought to a profit-producing basis.

3. In the two extensively developed mines of the district, where ample, intelligent mining capital took the initial risks, public participation is permitted only at a figure which yields stupendous profits to those who bore the early financial burdens, and which, at the "distribution" price, discounts ultimate net profits.

4. The public should take no special interest in promotions merely because they are capitalized at $5 par instead of $1. The brokers have learned a new trick to make raw prospects look like investments.

In the light of the disaster which has been wrought already upon the buyers of the Porcupine prospect issues, is it not pertinent to suggest that those who are solicited to buy the stocks of the district should insist upon answers to these questions?

What assurance of mine potentialities, aside from proximity to proved ground and "picked" assay reports, does this ground hold forth?

How much ore is in sight, blocked out?

What is the average per-ton value of the ore body?

What are the credentials of the engineer who makes the report?

Does the company own clear title to the ground?

Is the apportionment of capitalization, as between controlling owners and treasury, fair when measured by the investment made by such owners compared with the aggregate sum the public is asked to pay for treasury stock?

Is the aggregate sum which the treasury is to realize—after promoters' fees and profits are deducted—sufficient to make and equip a mine, and provide it with a mill?

And if this sum should be sufficient, what assurance do I get that it will be honestly and expertly expended in the operation of a mine for the benefit of all the stockholders?

In mid-December it was my fortune to visit Porcupine, and as a matter of casual interest I asked every man I met in the camp what was the lowest temperature yet recorded this winter. The figures given me ranged from five degrees above zero to thirty-five degrees below zero, and every one who answered was apparently quite sincere and definite as to the facts.

If the readings of the mercury in a thermometer on the wall are no more accurate than this for obtaining a common judgment as to the facts, how far may we trust even the most sincere participants in a mining-camp boom to lead investors aright as to the readings of the veins of gold hidden under ground?

The truth about Porcupine as fairly stated by recognized authorities may be easily drawn from the foregoing analysis of the situation. It is a district in which large deposits of gold are indicated and some are proved. Two mining enterprises have advanced to a point of development entitling us to speak of them as important gold mines. The present price of stock in these is so high that it would have to be justified by conditions not yet predicted by any one of authority, if the investor is to make even a commercial rate of interest on his investment.

Besides these two big mines, there are a few smaller ones in a less advanced state of development. Trailing behind are a few near-mines and an infinity of prospect mines and mining companies, and these, baited with the lure of the real gold in the other properties, are being foisted on the public by all the tricks of shady promotion.

Watch out!

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To Be A Success

by ERNEST POOLE

ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. J. SPERO

HE ONCE had a chance to be a success, to talk and act and feel like a real, successful American. But how he acted and how he felt can not be fully understood without a glance back over his life.

When Herr Lieutenant Rudolph Huberman, having served his term in the army, came home to his dull little German town, he walked with his small chest thrown out, mustaches curled, and in his eyes a cool, fixed stare—as though parading with the band. Katrina, the prettiest girl in town, fell desperately in love with him. The wedding took place, and Herr Huberman's pride became simply immense.

He was the master of his house. One day an old shoemaker, who was mending Herr Rudolph's trim little shoes, looked dryly up at his customer, and told the following joke:

"Once there was a man who said he was master of his house. His wife was patient as an ox. But one day she lost her patience and chased him through the house with a broom. The man in haste crept under the bed. The wife poked savagely with her broom. 'Heigh!' she cried. 'Come out of there!' . . . 'I won't come out!' he shouted. 'I'll show who's master in this house!'"

"That man," said Herr Huberman gravely, "was both a coward and a fool."

The larger grew Herr Rudolph's pride, the smaller seemed the town, till at last he decided to break away, seek larger fields—America. As a matter of fact, this is wholly untrue. Katrina resolved, made her husband resolve, and then made him think he had done it alone. But the interest of this story lies in getting inside of Herr Huberman—seeing him as he saw himself. So be it. "Resolved! I will go to New York!"

In New York he learned two things. First, that the American business world is not the German army. To become even a petty officer here a man must think and act for himself. Second, no amount of pride in chest, mustache, or flashing eye will avail to stop the American grin. Nobody wanted his services, everybody grinned at his face. And Herr Huberman's mind was in a whirl.

At last a position was found which demanded exactly what he could give: slow, steady work on petty details, somebody telling him just what to do—as in the German army. But later, as year followed year, as clerk after clerk was promoted around him and still his own salary was not raised, slowly the desk that at first had seemed like a stepping-stone began to seem like a prison cell. The deeper grew his distrust in himself, the more determined his outward pride. But the greater the pride, the wider the grins on the faces of his fellow clerks—until the "Herr Lieutenant" became the joke of the office.

At home, for some years, his pride was kept up by the devoted Katrina. She even encouraged his boasting, did everything she could think of to keep alive his faith in himself. But a boy had been born, and

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was growing up. And this boy, Karl, was bright. He was quick to learn all the wise, shrewd ways of the American city street. Karl was cut out to be a success. Katrina saw this with a thrill of joy. Herr Rudolph saw it with secret shame. For Karl was beginning to notice his dad, and Karl had not his mother's tact.

"Say, dad," he asked one evening, after some moments of anxious thought, "do you ever expect to be a success?"

"Karl!" cried Katrina.

"Jim Bradley's dad don't think so. Jim told me. Yes, he did, ma—honest. An' he said his pa told his ma that dad was a poor devil. I got mad an' smashed Jim's face!"

The little man rose and left the room. His face was white and quivering. He walked the streets till late that night.

Now you'll be able to understand how Herr Huberman acted and felt when he got his chance to be a success.

One October morning, Fritz Kratz came into the office. Fritz had the desk next to Herr Rudolph's. Fritz had just returned from Germany, whither he had gone to settle up his uncle's estate and receive his share, eight thousand marks. Fritz looked vastly contented with life.

"Now," thought Herr Huberman, "this popinjay will brag of his trip." He rose and with dignity held out his hand. "How do you do, Herr Kratz? I am delighted to see you back. How did you enjoy your trip?"

"Fine!" cried Fritz in his hearty voice. "I was the hero of the town, the great, successful American!" And he chuckled as he described how the little Deutschers had scraped and bowed, how he had been invited out each day, and how he himself had entertained—a pompous dinner in a café, a glorious supper in a beer garden, and even a box at the opera. "The whole point of it is," he said, "that at home your dollar is—presto!—changed! It becomes four marks, each mark as good as a dollar here. You can't imagine how big you feel—your whole life one huge success!" He gave Huberman a quizzical look. "You ought to try it yourself," he said.

Herr Rudolph started slightly. "Pshaw!" he remarked. "Altogether absurd!"

But some hours later he wrote down the following figures: 60 · 4 = 240. A superior smile spread over his face; one hand stole to his little mustache. Two hundred and forty marks a month. Why, there weren't a dozen chaps at home whose salaries even came up to his. Pictures of that town at home floated pleasantly into his mind. He caught Herr Kratz's eye and smiled.

"Very good, what you were telling," he said. "How amusing! Those poor devils!"

At the last words he suddenly winced, as from an old wound. He turned a bit pale and went on with his work.

But at home that evening, while he smoked, he told Katrina what Kratz had said. Little by little, quite unawares, he dropped into the German tongue, and Katrina did the same. She did the same on many nights. Each evening she eagerly led the talk back to the humble life in a small German town. And watching the pleased, superior look on the face of her little husband, Katrina grew excited. She had a plan, but she would not speak. If only he could think of it himself, and carry it through all by himself—what a triumph for Herr Huberman!

And, sure enough, one day in the office it came into his mind in a flash: "Ha! Why not? My wife and boy! A trip abroad!" Completely staggered, breathless, the Herr Lieutenant tried to think: "Now, now, why not? . . . Impossible! . . . Is it, though? Wait, my good fellow, we'll think about this!"

That night, from certain mysterious looks and remarks, Katrina guessed what had happened.

"By the way," she asked him quietly, "why don't you ever invite young Leinbaugh home to supper? You and he used to be such friends."

Her husband frowned impatiently: "Leinbaugh—Leinbaugh? Why should I ask him?" Two long minutes passed. And then Herr Huberman dropped his fork. Leinbaugh worked in the passenger office of one of the largest German lines!

He went to see Leinbaugh the next day. At first he found the interview hard, for his pride would not let him ask for what he wished—the cheapest passage to be had. But, luckily, Leinbaugh was shrewd and quick, accustomed to guess his customers' wants. And so the Herr Lieutenant learned that, going on a small, slow boat, second class, the round trip for himself, wife, and boy would cost $280. The railroad fare in Germany would be seventy dollars more. On $350 they could make the entire trip.

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Once arrived, the expense would be small—not over fifty dollars, for they would visit his father-in-law. He chuckled at the thought of how he would open the old man's eyes. "Poor old devil! Ah!"

Late that night Katrina awoke, and heard him talking in his sleep: "Well, father-in-law, what do you say to a box at the opera to-night? . . . Cost? Pshaw! A trifle!"

Katrina lay awake until dawn. Could he carry it through alone?

It appeared for a time that he could not. She saw him plunged in utter gloom. Four hundred dollars! Impossible! It loomed in front of him like a wall.

But still he did not speak of his plan.

So passed a week of blank despair. And then one night Katrina, with an excitement barely repressed, told him some astounding news. The old German couple across the hall had a well-to-do son in Chicago, who was coming to New York with his wife and baby for April and May. If only they could have rented the Huberman flat across the hall! The rent was thirty dollars a month. They would gladly double that amount.

"I wish we could help them out," she said.

It was the first stroke of luck he had had since the day Katrina fell in love; and it acted like a tonic. That night Herr Huberman took a fresh start. Profit on renting the flat for two months—sixty dollars. Two months' salary—$120. He had fifty dollars in the bank. Sum total—$230. He was getting nearer now! In his excitement he let his cigar go out. Suddenly he noticed this fact. "Now, now! Why not?" He would give up smoking. Two cigars a day, for the next five months—fifteen dollars saved. He racked his brains for several days, and then came another bright idea. No more carfare! He would walk! Fifteen dollars more!

There was still to be raised $140. Never in his methodical life had he borrowed. But what of it? Other men did it. The head of his office borrowed huge sums, *and he was a successful man.* Herr Rudolph knew a friend who would lend him the money at five per cent. And by saving on cigars and carfare he could return it in less than two years. The four hundred dollars was raised at last!

Since first he had had his great idea two weeks had passed. It seemed years. Slowly he had plodded through a jungle of details. Now he came suddenly out of the jungle, and saw that he had completely forgotten the most important point of all. He felt it with a sickening drop. He had still to demand—*and get*—that two months' vacation!

Demand it? Quite easy. (Though he shivered at the thought.) A mere matter of walking firmly into the private office of his chief. "Sir, I desire to ask," etc. But would he get it? Impossible! Herr Rudolph grew furious all at once: "Why shouldn't I get it, I'd like to know! I am entitled to one week a year. For nine years I have declined my week in hopes of a raise in salary! Well! And my salary stays the same! Then why not demand nine weeks' vacation? Why not, may I inquire? Am I a dog? Have I no rights? . . . But hold on. What will he say?"

For days he furtively watched his chief whenever that gentleman passed through the office. And the sight brought Herr Rudolph back with a jerk from the German town and his dream of success. For here in reality *was* a success, a man who had all that he himself lacked. And Herr Huberman felt small. What would his employer say? "Yes?" One chance in ten! Nine chances in ten he would fly into a stuttering rage—as in the German army:

"Here—you! What do you mean? How dare you? Insubordinate! Not a word! Discharged!"

All at once he recalled those first terrible months in America when he had walked the streets for a job. And his old distrust of himself, of the man who had failed and would always fail, came back with redoubled force. Risk his position, get discharged, thrown on to the streets—all for a whim, a trip abroad? What an imbecile he had been! Well, he had come to his senses now. He was the same Herr Rudolph Huberman that he had been three weeks ago.

But he was not. There was something in him entirely new, which suddenly rose and acted, and left him stunned and breathless. This is how it happened.

One day after lunch, Kratz came in with a calendar, which he pinned up over his desk. Kratz leaned back and smiled at it, as though recalling memories. On the calendar was a picture of a huge, white ocean liner on a dazzling blue sea.

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KATRINA SAW IN AN INSTANT. SHE FLUSHED. "RUDOLPH! QUICK! WHAT IS IT?"

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Herr Rudolph dropped his work and stared.

Kratz happened to turn, and saw his face. "Hello!" he cried. "What's wrong?"

Herr Huberman rose stiffly, walked like an officer down the long room, knocked loudly on the door of his chief's private office, and without waiting he went in. Mechanically his right hand came up in salute. His voice was harsh, unnatural:

"Mein Herr! I desire to ask you to give me a two months' vacation—April and May!" The chief was staring in utter amazement, but this Herr Rudolph did not see. His face was white. "For nine years I have had no vacation, mein Herr. Each year I have declined it. But my salary has not been raised. I am forty years old. I wish to go home to Germany. Two months, April and May." Suddenly he clutched his head, his face grew red. "I bid you good-day!"

He turned, clicked his heels and went out, marched back to his desk and sat down. He was trembling violently, he gripped each knee with a hand—held on. All at once he noticed curious eyes. He seized his pen and went to work. He wrote "Mein Herr" over and over. In the back of his head he felt a dull ache.

The chief clerk stood behind him: "Mr. Clarke has told me of your request. He is tremendously surprised."

"Yes, yes! Surprised!"

The chief clerk watched him curiously. "I don't see how you dared," he began.

"Dared! Yes, yes! Absurd!" In another moment Herr Huberman would have withdrawn his request with abject apologies; would have gone home and been sick all night; would then have settled back into his rut, to fail and fail and fail for the remainder of his life.

"But," said the other, "Mr. Clarke has gone over your record and has decided to grant what you ask."

"Mein Herr!" The little man rose, bowed stiffly, and clicked his heels again. He heard a chuckle from somewhere, blushed, sat down, and worked furiously all that day. But the work that he did was no work at all. For the blood was pounding in his ears, and his mind was a fiery furnace.

"Hello! What's this? What did he say? Surprised—dared! Ah! . . . Hold on! Granted, that's it, granted; what you ask for granted! . . . Ah! My chin! A cut! Yes, yes, this morning while I shaved! . . . Well!"

Herr Lieutenant Rudolph Huberman was becoming a new man—a man who felt he could be a success! Yes, through all his inner chaos he could feel it more and more! On the way home that very night, his walk, his step, his chest, his eyes, all proclaimed this brand-new fact to the blind, indifferent millions who never once had noticed him; heralded it across the sea to the small German town that should notice him now!

And Katrina saw this in an instant. She flushed.

"Rudolph! Quick! What is it?"

"Ha, ha! The surprise of his life!" Herr Rudolph strutted excitedly.

"Who?"

"My employer! You should have seen his face! Stunned — aghast — astounded! The poor devil never knew me before—got it all at a blow, in fact!"

"Yes, yes! Go on!" Katrina was laughing joyously.

Her little husband frowned. "'Herr Clarke,' I said, 'I desire to ask—*I demand* —two months—April and May! No other months will do! I have worked nine years. Have I had a vacation? Not one, mein Herr, not one! Well! Now be so good! Either I get just what I ask or I shall leave this office! Think it over, mein Herr! Good-day, mein Herr!'" Again he walked excitedly.

"And—" gasped Katrina.

"Did he think it over? Ha, ha! All his business utterly stopped—head clerk called in! 'Granted, mein Herr! Granted! Two whole months—April, May!'"

"Rudolph! Two whole months *for what?*"

"I'll tell you!" He reached in his pocket for a cigar, but remembered instantly. And then he told her his plan from the start. Katrina laughed and sobbed in his arms.

"He has done it!" she thought. "Thought up a plan and carried it through —*all alone!* If in this, why not in others? Only forty years old! There is still time!"

"Now, now," he was saying unsteadily. "No fear. I have arranged it all! Every obstacle overcome! I said: 'My wife deserves it. And she shall have it! Count on me!' If I had known how you wanted it, I would have done it years ago!"

"Yes—yes—yes! Years ago! Don't I know what you can do if you try?"

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"Katrina!" He held her tighter. Both were laughing convulsively. Tears of joy were in their eyes.

Then the boy came in, and he had to be told. Not having the tact of his mother, Karl stared in open-mouthed surprise. A plan so tremendous, a trip to Europe—all by his dad!

"Say!" he whispered.

Herr Rudolph chuckled delightedly. This boy should learn what a father he had. He suddenly frowned. "Come, come," he said sternly. "Time for bed!"

"*Bed!* We ain't had *supper* yet!"

"Here! No words! Supper? Of course. But then to bed immediately! Katrina, I must look into this! The boy should keep earlier hours. Now, now! No words! You need more sleep!"

That was a perfectly glorious night.

The next day, at the ship office, he paid a deposit on the tickets, brought home the receipt, and booklets and leaflets; he also brought a plan of the ship. This he spread carefully out before the admiring Karl and Katrina. And though the date of sailing was still four months away, the trip to Europe now began.

"I have rented my apartments," he wrote home to his father-in-law, "to a rich Chicago acquaintance. I am going to bring the wife and boy over to the Fatherland for a touch of your good, simple life. The Fatherland! The Fatherland! My boy shall not be allowed to forget!"

And the boy was *not* allowed to forget. Each night he was carried in spirit back to that small German town; each night he was made to speak German; each night he heard of Herr Rudolph's past, Herr Rudolph's games in boyhood, Herr Rudolph's student days, his thrilling duels, his army life. Karl learned of the splurge they were planning, seemingly quite regardless of cost. *And Karl began to respect his dad.*

"Say," he asked his mother, "has dad had a raise?"

"Yes," said Katrina.

"How much?"

"Much!" And she did not explain.

"What makes dad so different?" the wondering Karl kept asking himself.

What indeed? That ticket receipt from Leinbaugh. Herr Huberman carried it always. Here was tangible proof of what he had done. You could see this, you could take it out and read it, and between times you could feel it there, proof of what kind of a man you were, proof of what you could do when you tried. At night he would suddenly snatch it out, frowning as if he had forgotten some point. And each time he did so, Katrina promptly led the talk back to that small German town. Poor devils! Poor little devils! How they would all open their eyes! . . . Carefully he would put the receipt back into his breast pocket.

Often at the office he would place it carelessly on his desk, and carelessly glance at it now and then. Kratz took notice. Kratz told the clerks at desks near by. Soon the whole office took notice.

"Herr Huberman," some young clerk would begin, with the deepest deference, "I hear that you are going abroad."

"Ah, yes," he would reply. "The fact is, my good fellow, I feel I need a change." Then he would describe the change that he felt he needed. A touch of simple German life, a few supper parties for old friends, a box now and then at the opera. Until abruptly, as though annoyed, he would mutter, "Now, now, please, I'm busy to-day!" And he would plunge back into his duties like a successful man of affairs.

He worked with new vim, he did his work well, he even thought several times to do something he had not been told to do. And when in March, having put through in his new, masterful way every part of the plan he had made, he paid his passage money in full, gave up the receipt, and received in its place a large, imposing ticket marked "Cabin 179"—this, too, was carefully placed in his pocket. And to Herr Rudolph Huberman this ticket was as a badge of success.

One afternoon, just a week before sailing, he came home early to his flat. As he entered he heard his wife cooking supper. He frowned. "When we return," he thought, "we must have a maid." He settled himself in the one large chair, and by habit he felt in his pocket. He had not looked at the ticket that day.

Herr Huberman rose slowly. "Pshaw! Some other pocket!" Hastily he felt through his clothes, then through his overcoat. "Pshaw!" He went into the bedroom, hunted through his Sunday suit, then through all the bureau drawers. Katrina heard him and called in to ask what was the matter.

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"Nothing! A mere trifle!" Back he hurried to the front room, and searched quickly everywhere. Then for a moment he stood stock-still. All at once he seized his hat and went out, ran to the subway and started down-town. The office was not yet closed for the night. "Here we are! Just as I thought! Still open!" He hurried down the room to his desk. "Here we are! Just as I thought!"

HE WENT INTO THE BEDROOM, LOCKED THE DOOR, AND WENT TO WORK. EVERY DRAWER IN HIS BUREAU WAS SEARCHED AGAIN. THEN HIS WIFE'S BUREAU

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But no. Search as he would, tumble his papers in frantic haste—the ticket was not there!

On the streets of New York, in the course of nine years, several millions of people had passed the Herr Lieutenant without so much as a glance at his face. But at least a score of them glanced at him now.

"Hello!" thought a nervous old gentleman. "There's a tragedy! Look at his face! Upon my soul, a suicide!"

Herr Huberman might have stopped to think that his ship-office friend could make everything right. Quite true. And he might have been J. P. Morgan. But he was not. He was Herr Huberman. "Pshaw! Pshaw!" He was icy cold!

At home he went into the bedroom, locked the door, and went to work. Every drawer in his bureau was searched again. Then his wife's bureau. "Now once more in the other room!"

But wait. Karl had just come in, and was moving noisily out there, whistling one of those ragtime songs. This boy knew all the latest songs, this boy felt quite at ease in the streets, in the whole American rush, in fact—every man for himself! This boy was quick and shrewd and keen! This boy would be a success in life! This boy would learn to smile at his dad!

Herr Huberman started violently. Standing in front of the mirror, he had caught a glimpse of his face. It looked white and weak—unstrung. Succeed? No! He had failed! He had always failed, had failed again, would fail and fail until he was old! He stood there face to face with himself. He stood there rigid, quivering.

And this is what he heard: "Call me a liar, will he? Huh! I showed him what I was!"

"Karl, come here! You've been fighting."

"I couldn't help it! Jim Bradley called me a liar! Yes, he did—yesterday! I said we was goin' to Europe. He said we wasn't. I said we was. An' he called me a liar. But I showed him! I took dad's ticket out of his pocket early this mornin' while you was asleep! An' I took it to school an' showed the whole crowd! An' then I smashed Jim Bradley's face!"

Herr Huberman gave a sharp little groan, and then collapsed in a heap on the floor.

On a night some four weeks later, in a quaint old German opera-house, Herr Lieutenant Rudolph Huberman, the American man of affairs, home on a visit to his native town, sat with his wife and his guests in a box. All four guests were people of note. The curtain had not risen, the lights were still up. And the Herr Lieutenant, radiant, was constantly bowing at some "poor devil" down in the house.

Katrina glanced at him now and then. She was much too happy to speak.

But a cloud came suddenly over her face.

"Three weeks more," she was thinking.

COMRADES

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS

YOU need not say one word to me, as up the hill we go,
(Night-time, white-time, all in the whispering snow;)
You need not say one word to me, although the hoary trees
Seem strange and old as pagan priests in swaying mysteries.

You need not think one thought of me, as up the trail we go,
(Hill-trail, still-trail, all in the hiding snow;)
You need not think one thought of me, although a hare runs by,
And off behind the tumbled cairn we hear a red fox cry.

Oh, good and rare it is to feel, as through the night we go,
(Wild-wise, child-wise, all in the secret snow,)
That we are free of heart and foot as hare and fox are free,
And yet that I am glad of you and you are glad of me!

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HUNGER for the RAW

The Campaign for Cotton

BY HARRIS DICKSON

Author of "GABRIELLE, TRANSGRESSOR," "OLD RELIABLE," etc.

Fe, fie, fo, fum,
I smell the blood of an Englishman.

THAT'S what the ogre said. A goggle-eyed beggar with green specs could not fail to see British tracks criss-crossing the universe. The Briton is sailing every sea; his cork helmet disappears over the rim of every horizon; with portable bath-tub he invades every jungle. Through savage lands runs that persistent trail, worn by the feet of empire-builders who are not making tracks for fun. They are hungry for the raw, raw cotton, to feed their ravenous mills in Lancashire.

Here is the situation as Lancashire sees it: The mills of Lancashire employ half a million operatives, and cotton spinning, next to agriculture, constitutes the chief industry of Great Britain. This business has now become insecure, for British mills depend almost entirely upon American fields.

Years before the American Civil War the Lancashire spinners jogged along in the securest rut, with a Chinese wall on either side. They used a raw material not one ounce of which could be produced at home. Lancashire would no more seem to be the logical point to manufacture cotton goods than Khartum is the logical point to manufacture sealskin sacks. But in those days the cotton crop was ample to meet all demands, and Lancashire bought cotton at its own figure. Mills ran at full speed, wheels whirred ceaselessly, and a steady jingle of guineas convinced Lancashire that its industry was founded on a rock.

The first rude jostle came in the shape of hostilities in America, when a blockade stood between the cotton ports and the door of British mills. This cut off three-quarters of the world's cotton supply, threw 250,000 operatives in Lancashire out of work, with 165,000 others only partially employed. At that time the Lancashire spindles needed approximately two and three-quarter million bales of American cotton, and could not get it.

In the later years of the Civil War, cotton in New York averaged a dollar per pound. Lancashire wants *cheap* cotton. For twenty years after that war the average price held itself above ten cents, then fell so low that a multitude of new uses was invented to consume the six-cent commodity. New mills sprang up and cotton-fields were extended; and this brings us to the period when the supply of cotton and the demand began seesawing upward, one against the other.

For instance, in the fourteen years from 1895 to 1909, British mills increased their spindles seventeen per cent; Continental Europe increased thirty-nine per cent. But a new Richmond had entered the spinning field, and Uncle Sam added no less than seventy-two per cent. to his capacity.

The climbing consumption of American mills is, indeed, a grave threat. In 1865-6 America spun two-thirds of a million bales; in 1907-08, more than four million bales. In 1906-07, the home consumption equaled the

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entire American crop for any one year up to the season of 1878-79. In other words, unless the crop itself had been phenomenally increased, there would at this time be *no cotton whatever remaining for export.*

In the ten years from 1892 to 1901, while Lancashire increased two and one-quarter per cent., and the Continent thirty-one per cent., consumption in the United States jumped more than sixty per cent. Lancashire barely kept parallel with the normal increase of its population. These American leaps and bounds staggered the British spinner. Coming forward to 1909, Lancashire gets another nervous shock. Its consumption *has actually fallen below what it was in* 1891. The Continent is taking more than six million bales, an increase of fifty per cent. American mills consume five million bales, about one hundred per cent. increase since 1891. And America already not only uses practically all of its own best cotton, but actually imports much long-staple cotton from Egypt —snatching the finest of cottons from the British lion's mouth.

The recent enormous increase in cotton production has not been sufficient to supply the expanding Continental and American mills—in addition to those of Lancashire. A few seasons ago seven million American bales were supposed to glut the world; to-day, with nearly twice as great a crop, a cotton famine threatens, only temporarily relieved by such crops as the big one of 1911; and the Lancashire spinner sees no remedy in the near future. He solemnly warns his associates that unless a larger supply of raw cotton can be procured from a wider producing area, the industry of Lancashire is doomed. His trade is being hacked with a knife which cuts both ways—into the raw material, and also into the market for the finished product.

When established conditions began to totter, the Lancashire spinner realized that he must look elsewhere to extend the old fields or open new ones. But where?

Not to India.

India plants more than twenty million acres—about two-thirds the acreage of the United States—and the yield averages ninety pounds to the acre, say three and a half million standard bales. Indian cotton is too coarse for Lancashire's spindles except in rougher fabrics; for better goods it must be spun in connection with long-staple cotton. And though the extent of the Indian crop varies but little from year to year, the quality of the staple seems to be getting worse. In addition to this, India is becoming a greater and greater consumer, her own mills absorbing twenty per cent. more cotton than they did ten years ago. Exports go principally to Japan and the Continent, Germany being the best customer. American and Egyptian cottons have made little success in India, on account of the differences in soil and climate.

And an even greater difficulty arises out of the lax methods of native cultivation. East Indians never go chasing after strange gods. Their agricultural methods are not subject to change. The stalwart Briton may regard himself as opposed to heresy; he is nothing but a rank imitation of an amateur stand-patter.

What, then, of Egypt?

Egypt promises no material increase in production, because every acre is doing all it can, and there is no additional land. By scientific selection of seed, artificial manuring, and modern agricultural methods, somewhat better crops might be grown. The Egyptian fellah made his record hop-skip-and-jump in cotton-raising during the American War. He played his limit at the start and kept nothing in reserve. Of Egypt's enormous area only a mere fraction can be cultivated—the Nile Valley. And the Nile Valley is not capable of enlargement. The great dam at Assouan was supposed to accomplish this; but to-day there is a certain peevishness against the whole dam system; it is accused of operating to the detriment of Lower Egypt by arresting that fertile silt which for centuries has been deposited in the valley.

Recently there has been a decided falling off in the average Egyptian yield per acre, amounting to about twenty-six per cent. in the past ten years. There has also been a noticeable deterioration in the quality. Nobody knows the exact cause; some say "cotton-worm," some say "boll-worm," some say "overwatering," others say "dam." At any rate, the Egyptian crop now runs neck and neck with that of China—a million and a quarter bales of American standard size—and this seems to be the present limit.

Lancashire can not look to China's twelve hundred thousand bales, nor to Japan's six thousand. The bulk of China's cotton goes to the Mikado's mills, which also consume

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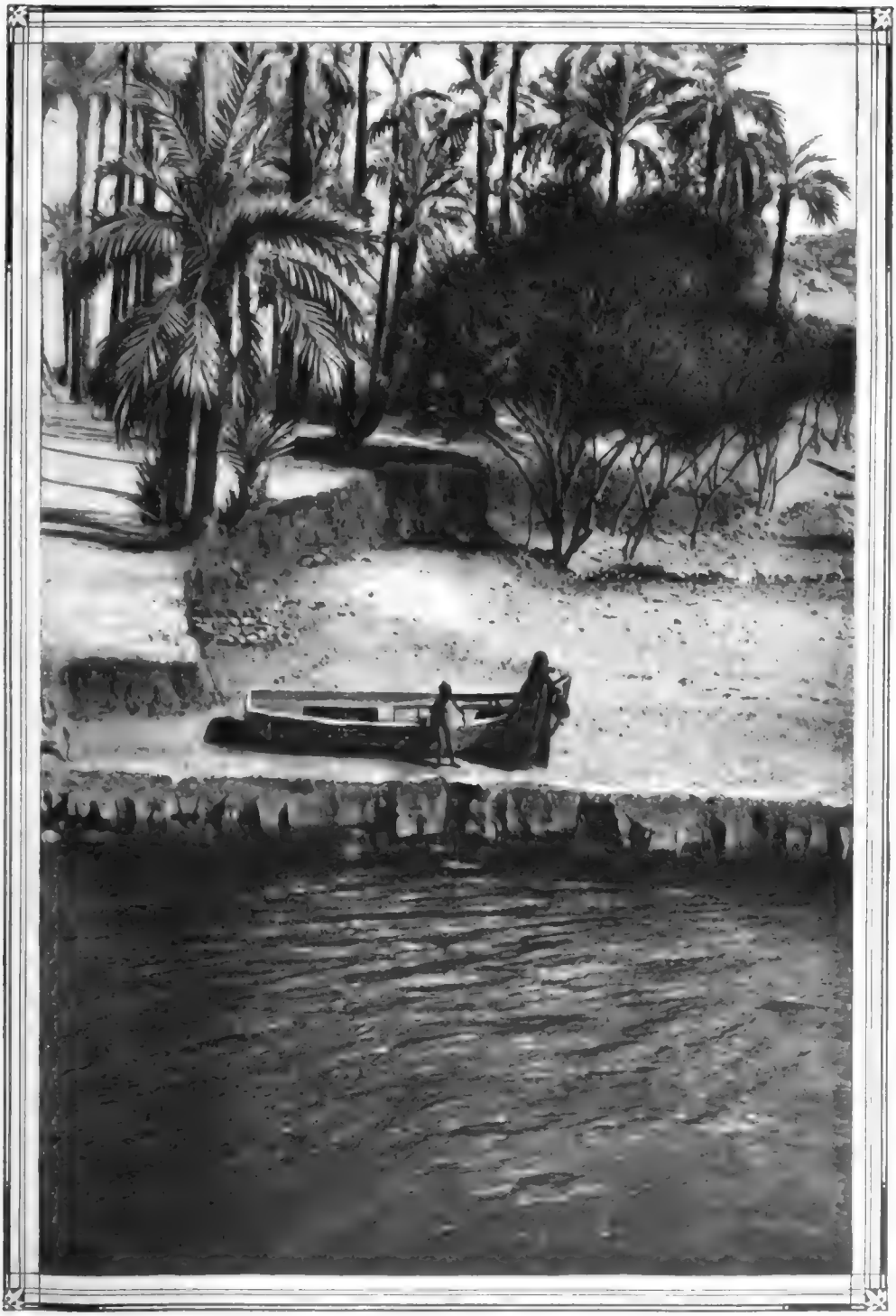

NILE BANKS IN UPPER EGYPT, SHOWING CHARACTER OF THE LAND UPON WHICH LANCASHIRE HOPES TO RAISE COTTON. NOTE THAT THE ARABLE STRIP IS SO NARROW THAT ONE CAN THROW A BRICK FROM THE RIVER INTO THE DESERT.

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four hundred thousand bales of Indian, and two hundred thousand bales of American, cotton.

Of course, the American fields might be extended, but the spinner sees this extension being largely swallowed up by increased facilities for manufacturing at home. The spinner also figures, erroneously, that these ravenous new spindles in the Southern states of America are likely to curtail the raising of cotton, by luring labor from the fields and setting it in the mills.

So the spinner must take a more comprehensive view of creation. An idea occurred to him: Cotton must be grown within the empire, planted beneath the Union Jack, guarded by the far-flung battle-line, and freighted home in British bottoms. This was a huge job, for which the spinner straightway organized. He set in operation the "British Cotton Growing Association"—born May, 1902, at Manchester.

The field was broad. According to reports from his experts, he saw the Cotton Zone girdling this rotund earth, from forty degrees north to forty degrees south—everything between the collar-button and the knee. The north line of this parallel of latitude includes nearly the whole of Korea; it passes through China at Pekin, strikes Bokhara, and goes out of Asia at Constantinople; it slices off southern Greece, Italy, and Spain, cutting through the United States at Philadelphia and Indianapolis.

The southern parallel includes the whole of Africa, all of South America except lower Patagonia; it fences in Australia and the islands of the sea. This omits nothing of the British Empire except the home nest and Canada. And within these limits the British Cotton Growing Association concocted a mighty project—neither more nor less than a vast experimental farm wherein cheap cotton can be, must be, shall be, produced under the banners of his Most Gracious Majesty.

The track-makers got to hustling in dead earnest. Before this they had sauntered out aimlessly, junketing around the rim of the world, punching holes in the horizon with golf balls, and dawdling with Turkish cigarettes. That had to stop. With a cap-

GROUP OF SHILLOOK WARRIORS NEAR THE BRITISH POST AT FASHODA.

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PRIMITIVE PLOWS STILI IN USE THROUGHOUT EGYPT AND THE SUDAN. THE FELLAHEEN WILL NOT STAND FOR NEW-FANGLED CONTRAPTIONS.

ital of half a million sterling, and three-quarters of creation for a cotton patch, track-makers had no leisure to loaf with young subalterns and help cuss the War Office. Grim men went forth with pockets full of cotton-seed and "Cotton Planting for Profit" under their arms. They had an infant industry yelling at home, and the nursing-bottle was running dry. A paternal government provided every facility to raise grub for that infant—free land, free freight, experts for experimental and educational work, free seed, free plows, free gins, free presses. The government also advanced ten thousand guineas yearly.

First the association began to think of reviving the growth of cotton in countries where it was cultivated, more or less successfully, long before it took root on the American continent.

In many British colonies cotton is indigenous; it grows absolutely wild. So do the natives. Coupling their faith with good works, these missionaries of the mill began experimenting in every continent on the globe and most of the islands. They literally sifted every soil and made a chemical analysis of the earth. Take that vast Sudan where pagan black soldiers enable the British Christian to stand guard over the wild Mohammedan tribes. Parts of this Sudan seem cut out and fitted for cotton; it grows of its own accord in spite of native negligence, else there would be no cotton. Tradition identifies the Sudan as the original home of Egyptian fiber. But the present-day Sudanese prefer a variety that grows without trouble, just as they prefer everything else without trouble. Indigenous cotton is a nappy stuff well suited to nappy-headed needs; they don't worry about Egyptian staples.

Labor is scarce, the Mahdi and the Khalifa having killed off seventy-five per cent. of the population in many provinces, and the other twenty-five per cent. having plenty of exercise dodging trouble. Out of ten millions of people, about two and a half millions remain. They are just beginning to get over gun-shyness.

Along the Atbara and the Nile, and in the unmeasured plains of the Gezira, there

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are millions of acres where cotton ought to grow. The Gezira lies between the White Nile and the Blue, and is flat, with a soil resembling that of the Yazoo-Mississippi Delta. This Gezira is supposed to contain about one-third as much arable land as Egypt, and to be capable of producing some seven hundred thousand Egyptian bales. Of course this must be done by irrigation; but the land lies ideally, with just sufficient slope to be supplied from the Blue Nile—richest of all the fertilizing agencies of the globe. Soil, climate, and water—all these are possible in the Gezira; but men—aye, there's the rub, to get men.

It is hoped that raising the dam at Assouan still higher will encourage cotton-growing in the Sudan. Such also was the hope when that marvelous railroad was built across the Nubian desert from old Berber to the Red Sea. This railroad is a fact, but the cotton industry remains an intangible thing of faith.

Yet there is one plantation where things have actually been done—a substantial, profitable, and apparently permanent success, with far greater successes probable in the future. Seven hundred and twenty acres of land on Zeidab Plantation yield thirteen hundred pounds of unginned cotton, with an average of four hundred pounds of lint per acre. Other acres, better cultivated, yielded as much as seven hundred pounds of lint. The average return per acre of the Zeidab crop was:

400 lbs. lint cotton at 30c	$120.00
920 " seed at $5.00 per ardeb (266 lbs.)	17.50
Making the yield per acre	$137.50

Here is what the Zeidab managers hope for—and with reason—placing the prices on a somewhat lower basis:

The average tenant, cultivating ten acres, should produce:	
4500 lbs. lint at 25c	$1125.00
9000 " seed	150.00
	$1275.00
Cost of ginning and baling	$ 35.00
Freight to Alexandria	85.00
Rent at four pounds sterling per acre	200.00
Cultivation and picking	150.00
	$470.00
This should give the tenant a profit on his ten acres of	$805.00

It may be remarked that the rent is estimated at about one-third the amount charged for the same character of land in Lower Egypt. In this northern Sudan there are practically no cotton pests, no grass, and no weeds—which sounds, to the Mississippi planter, like a fairy tale. The tenants generally are Jaalin Arabs, hard workers, with a consuming ambition to own land. But—this "but" is rigidly enforced—no tenant is permitted to plant cotton more than once in three years on the same land. He may plant one-third of his tract in cotton and one-third in wheat; the balance he may put in some leguminous crop, or he may plow it up and leave it to lie fallow. This is perhaps the reason why Egypt itself, after thousands of years of intense cultivation, sends up no wail of "worn-out land."

Nyassaland lies near the East Coast of Africa, just below Pupanganda. The spinner fondly calls it his "Lancashire hope," with both doors standing open. "Ample and fertile areas; large and intelligent population"—what more could a planter want?

Dr. David Livingstone discovered that Nyassaland cotton was being cultivated, but the natives were not. Since this is a particularly warm and sunny corner of the British garden, experts sailed in to straighten the kinks out of the country. Even under expert advice it was easier to raise kinks than it was to raise cotton. During 1903 Nyassaland exported fifteen thousand dollars' worth of cotton; and five years later about one hundred and forty thousand dollars' worth. American upland varieties grown in Nyassaland command a premium of four to five cents over middlings grown in the United States. The spinners gave a dignified hurrah in honor of this statistical fact. They built a railroad, and started intermittent steamers on the Zambesi and Lake Nyassa, while still plowing and planting for cotton to furnish the cargoes.

Uganda is exactly in the middle of the inkiest spot in the blackest section of Darkest Africa. Cameras can be loaded in daylight. Sir Samuel Baker branded it as an "internal hell and external nuisance," which formed the British pretext for annexation, and nobody was disposed to grumble. Years ago some Arab traders had introduced the cotton seed, but it grew kind o' careless, just as the negroes did—more kinks than cotton. After giving these black folk

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UNDER THE BANKS OF A COTTON-GROWING VILLAGE IN LOWER EGYPT. WATER CARRIERS FILLING THEIR BUFFALO-SKINS AND CARRYING THEM INTO THE VILLAGE. THIS IS THE WATER SUPPLY.

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a few hypodermics of hustle, the optimistic experts reported that "natives of Uganda in their intense eagerness and energy have to be restrained." They sit up all night waiting until it gets light enough to hoe some more cotton.

These exuberant darkies worked themselves into such a fidget of hysteria that they got their seed business in a jam; and this put a hoodoo on the whole experiment. The experts had been planting all kinds of seed, keeping them strictly separate, and making a record of each product. But the negroes went crazy, snatched handfuls of seed from anywhere they could get it, and planted everything in a jumble. This produced a mongrel to match their assorted breeds of dogs. Up rose the governor—a governor that governs. "Hold on, you niggers!" he ordered. "Don't put another seed in the ground except what comes from my warehouse." Then a line of naked farmers marched up to the governor's seed-house and drew rations of "Black Rattler," which became the official variety.

Growing cotton in Uganda is a tedious job; the natives insist upon planting by hand, and balk at a plow. The Englishman has to teach them to use these refinements of civilization. Huge sums have been spent in fostering the industry. In 1908 Uganda shipped back to Lancashire a quarter of a million dollars' worth, and promised a thousand tons for 1910. Whereupon the enthusiastic spinners took brandy and soda together, pledging Dark Uganda as the brightest spot in Lancashire's hope.

West Africa parades to the front with another prize scholar. But the trouble there, as elsewhere, is that the natives can so easily live on palm-oil and kernels that it distracts their attention from the labor of clearing new ground. This country flaunts a sinister sign-board:

"The Englishman's Grave."

Nevertheless, Englishmen go there, keep on going there, and make it pay the funeral expenses. Trained agriculturists expound theory to the natives, while practical American planters show them how to grab a hoe handle. West Africa boasts an ideal soil and climate. Some of the tribes are eulogized as natural agriculturists. Bear in mind, however, that this is the same West Coast that furnished the greatest number of middle-passage pilgrims, whose descendants are yet frequently referred to in American partisan politics.

Lagos can land its cotton in Lancashire as cheaply as New Orleans can. The colonies —Gambia, Gold Coast, Lagos, Sierra Leone, Northern and Southern Nigeria—have all been exploited with considerable success. As far back as 1869 Lagos exported cotton to the value of seventy-seven thousand pounds sterling; but the revival of traffic in the Southern states after the Civil War killed their trade. The Cotton Growing Association and the government have established experiment stations, erected gins, built railways and steamers, distributed seed, and preserved order.

Preservation of order in West Africa is no ice-cream festival. A few years ago the King of Benin got bored with himself and ordered a massacre, which was duly and legally pulled off. Then came white men and black men, wearing British uniforms, and marching in hollow square. After many regrettable casualties among the Benin folk, their king got a life job as prisoner. His isolated Majesty can now be seen fluttering a striped shirt-tail around the streets in a far-away British town, with a negro boy holding a red umbrella over his kinky head. The British put him out of the massacre business, and kept on raising cotton. In 1909 they produced 13,200 bales.

How is this cotton raised? Details are always interesting in Africa. First the association distributed improved seed among the natives, opened up transportation, built oil-mills, and paid the negroes a penny a pound for seed cotton as they brought it in. A little penny goes a long way in Africa. Then they experimented on a large scale. First of all, they got the land, which was easy and free. Then the labor must be herded. Labor is also free and easy. Bananas, pineapples, yams, and such things sprout up like mushrooms. This is the country where the Creator issues rations, keeps no books, and leaves no incentive for a negro to work. Things grow just as fast while he is sitting down, and there's no sense in fussing with 'em.

The British theorist brought with him the American farmer, who had cut his eye-teeth on six-cent cotton and free negroes in the Mississippi Delta, fighting high water and mosquitoes. They formed a three-cornered partnership with the native head man.

The head man is *it* in Nigeria. He bosses

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LOADING DONKEYS FOR THE TRANSPORT OF SUPPLIES IN THE BAHR-EL-GHAZAL. THEY ARE BEING TAKEN INTO THE FLY COUNTRY AND WILL SURELY DIE. THE CHANCES ARE THAT THE WHITE MEN WILL ALSO DIE. BUT LANCASHIRE MUST HAVE COTTON.

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PLANTATION HOUSE IN THE SUDAN; WHERE THE BRITISH COTTON GROWING ASSOCIATION IS CONDUCTING A VERY SUCCESSFUL EXPERIMENT.

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the plain negroes; they jump when he nods, or they get strapped. The plain negro can't run away, because the next tribe will eat him alive. Every fellow is branded with a tribal mark and there is no mistaking a runaway. Strangers of this stripe are thankfully received in Africa—as meals sent in by the neighbors—which makes an embarrassing situation for a colored gentleman who is conscientiously opposed to sweat. As a matter of fact, public policy prevents a negro man over thirty from working. In his youth he has gathered a pint or so of palm-oil and bought his first wife. This lays the firm foundation of his fortune. He superintends her toil while she buys him a second wife. These two wives club in and purchase a third for hubby's Christmas gift. After which the acquisition of helpmates runs merrily as a marriage bell.

As for the head man, he has perhaps twenty wives. He is not a limited corporation. He files his wives away in a long, low, mud-built house which has a thatched roof and twenty-one stalls. Pessimists might consider this a precarious chance for conjugal felicity. Pessimists don't know everything. These black women live together in peace, twenty of them helping with each other's tasks and nursing each other's babies. The cooperative community runs like a clock. There's no jangling and jowling. If a fractional wife of his bosom develops incompatibility, the husband sells her. There's no rambling to Reno, no woodcuts in the newspapers, no public scandal, no alimony. They lead the simple life in Nigeria.

Through dim and misty centuries, these Nigerian negroes had raised a little cotton—coarse, kinky-stapled stuff, guaranteed to choke any mill in Lancashire. This cotton formerly constituted an important article of barter with savage tribes of the interior. West Coast darkies planted it in hills or sowed it broadcast, with no attempt at cultivation. The women made a rough contrivance by which they spun coarse thread, weaving their cloth and dyeing it in fantastic colors. The domestic wardrobe was not extensive; a piece of cloth the size of a Columbian postage stamp would array a family.

This was the situation for British theorist and American practitioner: they had plenty of soil and no end of climate, but they needed labor. For labor they jollied the king and tipped the head man, never fooling away time with common negroes. The king detailed so many head men, each with his gang, his Majesty receiving a tin medal and battered plug hat in recognition of royal favors. This landed the head man and his squad upon the embryo plantation. To communicate with him an interpreter always stood at the white man's elbow.

Here was the *tarteeb:* The American planter speaks to the interpreter; the interpreter passes the word to the head man; the head man bluffs the plain negroes, and the plain negroes work like fun—while he is looking.

For this, the head man gets a shilling a day, and the common laborers sixpence. In plantation parlance, they "find themselves." The head man provides the substantials; by way of delicacies his boarders may catch grub-worms, grasshoppers, snails, and rabbits—or live on bananas, pineapples, and yams, which are less fatiguing to overtake. Nobody complains about the high cost of living. Two cents per day covers board and lodging, every Nigerian convenience, and leaves a little surplus for legitimate dissipation.

The American planter imported various sorts of cotton seed. First, he cleared his land and laid out his field—which created a sensation, natives traveling many a hot mile to see those long, straight rows. He stretched a garden-line, set his rows five feet apart, and the head man bossed the job of building them. Earlier experimenters had fallen into the error of setting their rows too close; the foliage grew so rank that the plant went to weed, and lint did not properly mature. This new manager made a planting every two weeks of each variety, and kept a careful record, showing the seed, date of planting, method of cultivation, and results. By this means it was hoped to develop the best seed for the climate, and discover the most favorable season at which to plant. Of course, the main object would be so to time the crop that it would pass through the rainy season and mature in dry weather, when picking would be easy and the lint undamaged.

Meanwhile, many book-learned agriculturists kept pottering with hybrids, using native varieties as a basis. Their formula was simple and looked foolish: they took a petal from one plant, perhaps a bloom,

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mixed it with pollen from another, and tied the bunch on another plant in a conjuror's fashion that the natives could not understand. They said, "Presto, veto, change!" —and produced four kinds of cotton from a single stalk.

"What's the good of that?" asked the natives.

The British scheme is to educate these natives into the growing of improved cotton, and to educate them out of the notion of making cotton cloth at home. Lancashire can not raise cotton, but it can make cloth. The natives are supposed to ship cotton where it will do the most good—namely, Lancashire. Then they must buy cloth, hardware, etc., where their money will do the most good—namely Lancashire, Sheffield, Great Britain. If left to themselves, they'd rather raise monkey-nuts.

In all this, the spinner sees a gleam of light, yet dolefully admits that the enterprise will require years of toil and the sinking of vast moneys.

The same experiments, with lesser degrees of success, have been pursued in Natal, Cape Colony, Rhodesia, Australia, the Transvaal, Ceylon, Cyprus, Borneo, and other familiar localities. Field reports read like an account of a novel operation in surgery; the surgeon's skill and all the scientific values pan out to a gnat's heel. Operations are uniformly successful, but at the end—"the patient died."

In Cyprus and Malta the ancient industry has perished. During the American Civil War the Fiji Islanders took a recess in their game of eating each other, and began growing Sea Island cotton between meals. This is the finest, longest, silkiest, and most valuable of all lint. Having the field to itself, Fiji's exports in 1870 amounted to half a million dollars. But when the South reopened her fields, Fiji slowed its burst of speed and came to a dead stop. The Cotton Growing Association is now trying to galvanize that corpse.

One hundred years ago, the British West Indies supplied seventy per cent. of Lancashire's cotton. Then two things happened: America entered the competition, and the West Indian sugar industry developed. Sugar became more profitable than cotton, and the people preferred to raise cane. Today the West Indies represent thirty thousand acres in cotton, with an annual export, in seed and lint, to the value of a quarter of a million sterling. But the scanty population and limited areas offer scarcely a drop to Lancashire's bucket.

British Guiana echoes the same old story. In 1827 they exported sixteen thousand bales, which in 1843 had fallen to twenty-four bales. Like the Fijians, they hustled mightily during the Civil War, and have been resting ever since.

In Australia the government dangled a bonus before the cotton pioneers, who imported Kanaka laborers from the South Sea Islands. By 1870 they had fifteen thousand acres in cotton, which were promptly abandoned when the bonus was withdrawn. From 1890 to 1897 the government again offered a bonus of five thousand pounds sterling for the first five thousand yards of cotton cloth manufactured. A company was formed, erected a factory, secured the bonus, and quit.

British perseverance and ingenuity conducted experiments throughout India on their low-grade cotton, hybridizing indigenous varieties with American seed in the effort to produce a merchantable staple. But the imported long staples do not yield as generously as the native short cotton, and the hide-bound East Indian prefers his own quantity to the foreigner's quality. About twenty-five hundred bales of long-staple cotton are produced in the Scind district each year.

Up to date—that is, from 1903 to 1909—the British Cotton Growing Association, by scraping around from Tasmania to Timbuctoo, has succeeded in producing a total of eighty-three thousand bales. This is about one-thirtieth of the fiber required by Lancashire each year. It is now proposed to charter a more powerful company, with a capital of five millions sterling, to push this work on to practical success.

By practical success, the spinner means the production of a fixed and dependable supply of cotton under the British flag sufficient to run every spindle in Lancashire —or, at the very least, to overwhelm the Southern states so that Lancashire may once more dictate cotton prices for the world.

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CULTURE *and the* BRUTE MALE

by

WALTER PRICHARD EATON

Author of "THE AMERICAN STAGE OF TO-DAY," "AT THE NEW THEATRE AND OTHERS," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

AFTER a hard winter spent in the pursuit of culture and autographs, Marcia Holland's nerves began to cause her family considerable alarm—or, at least, considerable annoyance. She was unduly pale, she slept badly, she suffered from headaches, and she was irritable, high-strung, moody, dissatisfied. Marcia was twenty-five, with a burning desire to "amount to something" more substantial than an ornament to a tea-table. She was slender, vivacious, attractive, and gave you the impression that she might have amounted to something had she been forced to earn her own living.

But that necessity had never been thrust upon her. She had been "finished" at a fashionable girls' school, and tried a year or two of conventional society; then she had revolted and demanded that she be allowed to go into settlement work. But Mama Holland did not approve. After some stormy scenes and a strained domestic atmosphere, she had given up the idea and sought solace in a round of concerts, operas, theatres, lectures. She dabbled in suffrage. She attended talks on art. She went as a religious duty to all the concerts of the Boston Symphony Orchestra. She was "uplifted" by lecture-recitals on Maeterlinck. She pursued celebrities, basking in their reflected glory when she could tempt any of them to tea, treasuring their autographs, babbling to them in a strange vocabulary made up of a thousand art terms jumbled together. Her brother called her a "high-brow hunter." But she herself truly believed that she was acquiring culture and raising herself above the mere aimless fashionable existence of the other girls in her set. She measured her attainments by the number of artists she knew, and her esthetic capacity by the number of thrills her tired and excited nerves were able to extract from Strauss's "Electra."

Thus it came about that, in the spring of her twenty-fifth year, her parents decided to ship her off to the village of Southfield, in the hills, as the patient of a famous nerve specialist there.

This specialist was a young man, with piercing eyes, who practised psychotherapy—which is mostly a medical term for common sense. He looked Marcia over, heard her story, let her run on awhile about Debussy's tonal iridescence, and then told her

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to take a four-mile walk every day. The first two or three days Marcia carried a copy of Baudelaire's poems in her hand, to read while she rested in the woods. The fourth day she left it at home. Somehow it didn't seem interesting amid the resurgent green of a New England spring. The fifth day Marcia exceeded her two miles, going out of the village. She was nearly three miles from her boarding-place when she spied a funny little house up on a bank beside the lonely country road, and, connected with the house, what was evidently once a barn, now converted into a studio.

"An artist way out here!" thought Marcia. "Who can it be?"

At the side of the road, near the house, a spring gushed out of a pipe into a wooden horse-trough. A grassy drive led up beside the pipe. She followed this drive. Close to the house, under a huge willow-tree, was the spring, hollowed out and dammed up into a pool twenty feet across. Already it was bordered with the young green sword-blades of innumerable irises. The house was a little, old New England dwelling, evidently hewn out of the primitive timber a hundred years ago, but now enlarged with a modern wing connecting house and studio, and spruced up with green wooden shutters. The shutters were screwed shut. The heavy door bore a card, neatly inscribed as follows:

NOTICE

To Burglars, Tramps, and Other Trespassers

There are no edibles nor silverware in this house. Do not use bed linen without airing first.

HENRY G. MERCER.

Marcia laughed. "What a quaint person!" she said, half aloud. Then she tried to recall something of his work out of the bewildering maze of lectures and exhibitions which had been part of her cultural campaign. But he was an American artist, and her recollections were a blank. She turned from the door and looked back up the fields behind the house. The drive kept dimly on, disappearing in the woods against the side of a small mountain. Southward the view opened out, over a glimmering thread of river, to a vista of blue peaks, the domes of the Taconics. The fields were full of bluebirds. Marcia turned back from the view and tried to peep into the house; but all the shutters were fast closed. Finally she unhooked a gold pencil from the chain at her waist, and wrote beneath the inscription on the door:

You forgot to leave the key.
M. H.

Then she tramped back the three miles to Southfield, and slept the sound sleep of the physically weary.

"Mercer?" said the doctor the next morning. "Did you walk to his house? Good! He's a funny old fellow—very amiable. He'll be up here soon now. Lives there by himself—paints, and thumps a piano with one finger, and raises the best potatoes in the county. Drop in and see him when he gets here. He's a better doctor than I am. Tell him I sent you."

"But I thought you told me to forget all about art," said Marcia.

"Don't worry," said the doctor. "Old Mercer won't talk art with you!"

Two days later Marcia found herself again on the back road to the studio. The ground was fast drying out. The young birches were a glorious, vivid emerald. Hepaticas and violets made the roadside a spring garden. Marcia had on stout, low-heeled shoes, and swung along with a fresh hickory staff in her hand. When she reached the house she was astonished to see the shutters open and smoke coming out of the chimney. Her first impulse was to keep on down the road, but her second was the stronger. An artist! The appeal was not to be denied. Besides, the doctor had said he was an amiable old fellow, and told her to go. He wouldn't talk art, eh? Well, he would when he realized how much she knew about it, and how much she adored it! Marcia turned up the drive and approached the door.

This door opened into a small storm vestibule. It was open now. As Marcia drew near she saw a man in the vestibule, screwing coat pegs into the wall. He was a young man, stocky and powerful, clad in a flannel shirt with the sleeves rolled up. His high boots were mud coated, and he needed a shave. But when his eyes met Marcia's it was certainly without the polite questioning of a servant's. The eyes fixed themselves upon her face aggressively, even ad-

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miringly. Marcia flushed a little with an odd mingling of anger and pleasure.

"Could I see Mr. Mercer?" she asked, in a carefully impersonal voice.

"I should fancy so," replied the man, "if you looked at me real hard."

"You!" Marcia gave a little gasp. Then she recovered, laughing. "Dr. Hildig told me you were an old man! I am a patient of his—Marcia Holland. He asked me to stop in and see you when I was walking by. He says you are a better doctor than he——"

She paused, a little embarrassed at his continued scrutiny. "Marcia Holland," he said. "'M. H.' So it was you who couldn't find the key?"

The man tore the card off the door and stuffed it into his pocket. Then he walked in silence round the corner of the house. Marcia followed. Stooping down, he removed a small stone from the foundation wall, disclosing a tiny pocket behind. "The key's always there when I'm out," he said, quite soberly. "I never take it with me because I'd be sure to lose it. What's the matter with your nerves?"

"I didn't say anything was," replied Marcia.

"You didn't have to," the man answered. "Doc Hildig's patients always have something the matter with their nerves—or think they do, which is worse yet."

"The doctor says too many lectures," replied Marcia, smiling.

"Lectures on what?"

"On art, mostly," she said eagerly.

"*One* lecture is too many on that subject!" the artist said. "Well, do you want to plant potatoes for me? I've that whole field to sow." He pointed toward two acres of plowed land down the southern slope.

"I—I hadn't thought of it," the girl smiled. "I'm afraid I really wanted to see your pictures."

"Do you know anything about pictures?" said he, bluntly. "Of course, I don't count lectures," he added, heading off her possible reply.

"Why, I—I've studied a lot, besides the lectures," she stammered, flushing.

"Oh, you paint?"

"No, I mean I studied *about* them," was her weakened rejoinder. "Our class went to the Metropolitan Museum every week. And I just love pictures! I went to the Sorolla exhibit eleven times!"

The artist tipped his head back and laughed.

"You are probably the rudest man I ever met!" said Marcia, angrily.

"You bet I am!" cried he, still laughing. "I was never pink-tea-ed into manners. No adoring females ever admired me or my work. Oh, I know your kind! You want to come down here and babble my 'shop' with me, on the strength of a few lectures in one syllable on the Barbizon school, and a couple of talks by some long-haired jumping-jack on the art of Matisse, which neither he nor you—nor Matisse—understands! Wait till I see that faking M. D., Hildig, and I'll wring his neck!"

The girl flushed to the roots of her hair. "I'm sorry," she said, "that, in my ignorance of this country, I stepped into a hornets' nest. Good day."

She turned from him, her lithe body proudly erect, and started down the drive. Then she heard his voice, with a new, coaxing note of graciousness in it, a strangely contradictory note. "My dear girl," he was saying, "you must learn to take a blunt man as you find him."

She stopped and listened, but did not turn her head.

"You are in a country where a new landscape lies at every turn of the road. Hunt out those views, and tell me what is the soul of them, what effect I must catch, what I must eliminate, and you can talk my shop. Would you like to go look at one of those views now, up in my pasture? It's much finer than any picture of mine. A very excellent artist painted it. Would you?"

The tone was conciliatory. It seemed to ask her pardon. She turned slowly around and met the man's eyes. They were looking at her again with frank admiration—and yet they were quizzical, and a faint smile curled the corners of his mouth. She was baffled, a little fascinated, and piqued, too, to go on with the adventure. "Very well," she said.

The man strode ahead, up the pasture trail, swinging his heavy boots, his head erect and his eyes and ears alert. As Marcia followed behind she felt he had almost forgotten her, his senses captured by the charm of the spring day. Suddenly, high in the pasture by the edge of the woods, he paused and put his finger on his lips. A few seconds later there pealed faintly from

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the woods the silver clarion of a hermit-thrush. The man kept the attitude of silence. After a moment the call sounded loudly in the near-by evergreens, full-throated, exquisite, indescribable. Marcia watched the artist's face. His eyes, above the dark stubble of his beard, were fixed intently on the thicket. There was a smile on his mouth. It was as if he stood waiting the coming of some old friend. She put her hand over her bosom and sighed.

"Isn't it lovely!" she said. "It is almost more beautiful than one can bear!"

There was a sudden rustle of wings in the thicket. The man turned on her sharply.

"Rubbish!" he cried. "You could bear it if there were fifty of 'em and if you really had nervous prostration instead of Hildig disease!"

Then he turned away and started up the path again. The girl stood in her tracks a moment, wrathfully, debating whether to follow or not. She watched the man. If she did go back, he would not know it! He was paying no attention to her! She walked on once more behind him.

They were in the woods now, and the path was steeper. Presently there was light ahead, and they climbed a bank into a little grassy clearing. In the center stood a pile of stones. Toward the north, the bank rose sharply again, forming a natural tier of seats for this woodland amphitheatre, backed by forest wall. Southward, between two guardian hemlocks, a vista opened out over the tops of the wood, the pastures, the far valley with its silver river, to the blue Taconics. The artist rested his hand on the pile of stones.

"This is the altar of my theatre," he said. "Sit yonder on the bank, and look out over the stage at my back drop."

"It is beautiful!" she exclaimed, quite naturally—"beautiful! And those two hemlocks like the green pillars of a proscenium! What a place for Margaret Anglin to give the 'Antigone.'"

"There you go again!" cried the man. "Margaret Anglin! Is that the best you can suggest? A whole crowd of professional mummers in this little glade, in a great play that calls for five thousand spectators? And where are we going to get Margaret Anglin, pray?"

"But it's a natural theatre," Marcia retorted hotly, "and calls for some kind of a performance, so there! How about Isadora Duncan in Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song'?"

"Isadora Duncan!" groaned the man, rolling his eyes heavenward. "Keep me from doing mischief to this woman!" Suddenly he looked at the girl. "Do *you* dance?" he asked.

"I—I've taken some lessons," she answered. "I was in an entertainment at the Plaza last winter."

"Now there's something you might do," he went on, half to himself. "Just the figure for it, too. I've always wanted to paint a dancing figure between those two hemlocks, against the blue Taconics—a figure in a frail green dress, like a birch tree, with white arms and legs."

"Are you suggesting—" Marcia began, with flushed face.

The man waved his hand. "I'm suggesting nothing," he said. "Only there's something you might really do—instead of going to lectures about it. You'll find, if you follow this path, it will take you into your road home, and cut off half a mile. I'm going back to my potatoes. Good afternoon."

He disappeared over the bank. She heard him whistling as he strode through the woods. "Oh, he's a beast!" she muttered. Then the flush slowly left her face. "Something I could really do," she continued. Then she looked out between the guardian hemlocks at the exquisite landscape. Far off, the hermit's clarion rang out again. She walked slowly into the center of the green arena and began to practise a dance. It seemed meaningless and silly. She altered it, built it anew, kicking off her heavy shoes and catching up her skirt. Presently she felt more satisfied. Flushed and panting, she put on her shoes, cast a searching glance into the woods about the glade, and in her turn disappeared among the hemlocks, on the path toward the village. There were no signs that this path had been used for many a day. She lost it several times before she reached the road, and each time she thought, "He *knew* I'd lose my way—the beast!"

"And you're a beast, too," she said to the doctor the next morning. "You told me he was a nice old man!"

The doctor laughed. "Henry Mercer was born old," said he. "He's impervious to praise and women."

"That's all you know about your sex," sniffed Marcia. "*Old* men are *never* impervious to either! Besides," she added has-

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FINALLY, CLOSE TO THE GUARDIAN HEMLOCKS, SHE STOPPED, AS IF ARRESTED IN FULL FLIGHT BY THE SONG OF SPRING.

tily, "who wants him to be susceptible? I'm sure *I* don't. I only want him to be decent."

"Give him another chance," said the doctor.

"Never!" she cried.

And two days later she met him sketching on the other side of town, down a lane where a single white birch was thrown like a lightning stab against a dark wall of pine woods.

"You may put your sketch out of sight before I pass," she said with nose in air. "Otherwise, I might by accident cast my profane eyes upon it."

"Pray do so," said the artist, rising from his stool and bowing graciously.

"No, thank you," said she, passing on. She glanced at him as she passed. His face was shaved and already beginning to tan. His strong mouth wore its rather mocking smile with a curious distinction. His eyes were, again, both admiring and full of banter. How did he dare look at her that way—either way! He was certainly a handsome creature—the beast! Why did he look at her as though she pleased him, and yet as though he despised her? What right had he to despise her? She flushed as she passed, and flushed deeper with vexation at flushing at all.

He called after her. "When my irises are out you must walk over to see them. They are worth it. Come when I'm out, too, if you like."

"Thank you—I will," she flung back over her shoulder, with a short laugh of pleasure at the ambiguity of her reply.

She heard him chuckling behind her.

But the irises were not yet out when she found herself at his house. Tired with too long a tramp on a cloudy day, so that, without the sun for guide, she had lost her sense of direction following a maze of wood roads,

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she was stumbling wearily forward, bewildered, with that terror known only to those who have lost their bearings in the woods rapidly conquering her nerves, and no sign of a house ahead, when she heard something crash the underbrush, and, pausing with a startled scream, saw him shouldering through the leaves with stool and easel.

"You here!" he exclaimed. "You're a good six miles from home. You're three from my shack. Lose your way?"

"I'm afraid so," she faltered.

"You must be very tired. It gets into one's legs to lose one's way," he said gently.

She looked at his face. There was no mockery in his smile. It was all friendly and helpful.

"Can you go the three miles to my place?" he asked. "It's as near as any."

She nodded and they set out. He did not stride on ahead this time. He walked by her side; he helped her over rough places. Once, without a "by your leave," he picked her up bodily and lifted her clean over a wire sheep-fence, as if her weight were nothing, and set her down so gently that it was oddly like a caress.

"You're—you're very strong!" she gasped.

"The man who does my ploughing could toss me over," he answered. "Everything's relative."

When they reached his house, he extracted the key, with a smile, from its hiding-place. "Now you must come in and rest, while I telephone for a team," he said.

But Marcia shook her head. "Indeed no!" she said.

"But you're tired, fagged out," he urged. "Besides, you wanted to see my house once, you know."

"That was different," she answered; "you weren't in it."

"As you like," said he kindly. "Excuse me while I 'phone."

He left her sitting on a bench by the pool, and presently came out with a cup of hot bouillon on a tray. "There'll be a rig here for you in ten minutes," he said. "Meanwhile, drink this."

The bouillon was good, and she drank it greedily. "Why," she asked, looking at him over the cup, "are you a beast one day and a Good Samaritan another?"

"Why," he replied quite soberly, "are you a parrot one day and a human being the next?"

Again she flushed with anger. "I don't know what you mean!" she said. "You are insufferable, if you do make good soup."

"No credit for the soup," he smiled. "I dropped a cube in hot water. But we won't quarrel when you are tired."

"I'm not tired," she cried, "and I shall walk home!" She rose and started, but her legs, grown stiff while she was seated, shook beneath her. The man's hand was on her arm. She tried to jerk away, but he held her firm and led her back to the bench. "You'll wait here," said he gently.

She sat down again, her face averted. She was repeating "Parrot, parrot," to herself; but she could feel his eyes upon her. Presently, against her will, she turned hers to meet them. He was not smiling. He was still looking at her kindly; no, not kindly—fondly, rather; almost—almost—She quickly averted her face again, blushing furiously. She felt as if they were having a lovers' quarrel—they, a lovers' quarrel! The idea was too absurd! She wanted to laugh, and yet feared to. What would he think then? What was he thinking now? She did not trust to speech again till the sound of wheels was heard on the road and a farmer's buggy drove up.

"Here's your passenger to Mrs. Sloan's," said Mercer. "She got lost over in Peirson's woods, where I was lucky enough to be sketching and found her. Pretty tired, I guess."

"I calc'late so," said the farmer. "We'll have yer home in a jiffy."

Mercer held out his hand and helped her into the buggy. "I hope you're none the worse for it, Miss Holland," he said. "Better always carry a compass in the woods and keep looking at it. My place is southwest. Good-by!"

"Good-by—and thank you," she said, trying to be cold and formal, yet without seeming so to the farmer. As she drove away, she wondered if she had seemed so to Mercer. Later on, she was afraid she had!

"Please, mayn't I study just a little?" she asked the doctor, when next she saw him.

"Study what?" said he.

She hesitated a moment, and then decided on the truth. "Art," she replied.

The doctor smiled. "That depends," said he. "If you'll get old Mercer to lecture you while he's sketching, I guess it

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won't hurt you."

"That man!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't *let* him talk art to me!"

"What do you propose, then?"

"I want to send for some books, please," said she.

"No books!" said the doctor. "You ask Mercer if I ought to let you read any books. Come, come, you study art along our country roads. But don't walk so far again that you have to be brought home in a buggy."

Marcia went out. Now, did he tell the doctor? she wondered. What right had he? Yet it was rather nice of him to take the trouble. Parrot! What did he mean by parrot? Of course she had to get her information from books and lectures. How else would she get it? How did he know what information she possessed, anyway? He'd never let her show him. She swung off the road and began to climb a high pasture to get the view. At the head of the pasture, rounding a laurel bush, she came upon him sketching. Wasn't there a spot in the village where one could go without meeting him? He had been too preoccupied to hear her approach over the turf, and now looked up with a frown of annoyance. It cleared almost instantly, but not before she had noted it.

"Sit down," he said brightly, "and let me get that cloud anchor trailing over South Mountain before it changes color."

He went back at his drawing-board, biting a pipe between his teeth and painting rapidly.

She sat down on the grass obediently, and watched him without speaking. Before his impersonal labor her lips were silent. His powerful fingers were holding the brush lightly and washing a delicate purple film over a part of the design. She looked off at South Mountain, across the valley, and with his phrase in mind felt that the cloud shadow did trail like an anchor from the great white puff of vapor in the sky. She looked back at the shadow emerging under his brush, and it seemed to have the same life as the reality. A parrot! Yes, she was. She talked about things. He *did* them. It began to be clear to her. Then she flushed again with anger. So she was human when she lost her way like a silly girl, and got tired, and had to be lifted over a fence! So that was all he thought she was good for! She twisted her handkerchief round and round her finger as she waited for him to finish.

"There!" said he, presently, rinsing his brush, "I've got you!"

"It seems to be floating over the mountain—sort of skimming the trees!" she said, with a kind of timid enthusiasm.

"It was the color scheme of purple and spring green I was after," he answered tersely, and folded his easel.

Again she flushed angrily. He darted a look at her, and his voice changed. "I've four lamb chops here in my pocket," he said gaily—"not much of a lunch, but it'll do. We'll go up into the woods and cook 'em."

"*You* will," she corrected, rising. "I have no knowledge of your cooking—except soup—and no confidence in my own."

The man shrugged his shoulders. She noted that he seemed really disappointed, in spite of his smile at her remark. He picked up his box of water-colors and other paraphernalia, and moved by her side down the steep pasture slope.

"I shall give you a lunch at my house, some day," said he, finally—"a real party."

"I sha'n't come!" she retorted.

"It will probably be next Thursday, at one," said he, leaving her at the head of the village street.

The following day came a letter from him, adorned with thumb-nail sketches of tables heaped high with food, and surrounded by a border of lamb chops. It formally invited her to luncheon and named as the other guests a famous sculptor and his wife. She wondered if he were baiting the hook for her, as well as satisfying the proprieties. But the bait was good! She couldn't let a chance go by to meet the great sculptor. Besides, she was curious to know what his wife was like. Could she talk art with him? Did he consult her about his work? Then Marcia suddenly bit her lip and colored furiously. She wrote a stiff and formal note of acceptance, and took it down to the post-office.

The great sculptor and his wife arrived at the luncheon in a motor, from their summer place in a neighboring town. Marcia was driven over by the local livery. "I'll walk back; you needn't wait," she told the man. She walked everywhere by preference now. Her color was high, her step elastic. She was a poor apology for a patient, as the doctor had that morning told

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her, refusing to treat her further.

A few of the early irises were beginning to flower about the artist's pool, and the sculptor and his wife were looking at them when Mercer led his guest over for the introduction. They turned graciously, he a mild and elderly man with twinkling eyes, she modish, pretty, well preserved, and affable. The chat was of iris and the best methods of culture. It was the artist's wife who seemed to be the authority.

"Four hours every morning grubbing," she laughed. "It's the only way to have flowers—do it yourself. But I ought to have pockets to hide my hands in."

When they entered the house for lunch, Marcia hung back. She wanted to enter by herself. She was strangely self-conscious, strangely thrilled, at the simple act of crossing the threshold. The tiny storm vestibule led at once into the dining-room. The great fireplace of the original farmhouse had been left intact, even to the crane and pothooks; but a mountain landscape was painted above it. The ceiling had been ripped out to show the roof above, for there had been no second story to the dwelling—only an attic under the eaves. The heavy hand-hewn oak ceiling beams, however, were left, and on them stood ancient relics of primitive New England, An old clock ticked in the corner, and an old rosewood square piano filled one nook. Marcia touched a chord softly, and the instrument gave forth a thin, sweet tinkle. On one side a door opened into the old kitchen, on the other into the bedroom, study, and studio.

"Oh, it's lovely!" whispered Marcia in the artist's ear, forgetful of all but her enthusiasm.

He smiled, not displeased. "Good enough for a beast like me," he said.

"It's too good!" she laughed.

But when they sat down to table, she noticed with annoyance that the doilies were ragged and not very clean. As she unfolded her napkin on her lap, her finger slipped through a hole. Couldn't he see, the stupid, that such things spoiled the lunch, the room? Or didn't he know any better? Something was explained when Mrs. Rowe appeared, the plain, elderly Yankee farm woman who, once a day, came in to cook the artist's noon meal and clean his house. She had only the most primitive ideas of table service. The lunch was delicious and ample; but the forks were few and the glasses unfilled.

"I can't get Mrs. Rowe from the kitchen unless I whistle," laughed the artist, "so I'll get the forks myself." He started to rise.

"Where are they?" said Marcia, decisively.

"In that drawer," he pointed; the rest laughed. She rose and brought the additional utensils needed. Then she lifted a bowl of iris blooms from the piano, where Mercer himself had placed it to balance the composition of the room, and set it deftly in the middle of the table, covering a stain on the centerpiece. "Mrs. Rowe forgot the flowers, too," she said sweetly. Then she deftly filled the wine-glasses, and sat down. The sculptor's wife patted her knee under the table. The sculptor's eyes twinkled. Mercer, reduced to the proper level of his sex, thanked her humbly. The lunch proceeded.

The talk was no longer of iris culture. It was now of potatoes. Mercer defended the modern methods of level cultivation; the sculptor was wedded to the old hilling process. His wife listened attentively.

"But potatoes probably don't interest Miss Holland," the sculptor said presently.

"They will," said his wife, "when she has a house of her own."

"On the contrary, I think potatoes are terribly fascinating," said Marcia sweetly; "but what surprises me is to find our greatest sculptor and our very greatest landscape painter discussing them."

"Self-defense, Miss Holland," the sculptor twinkled. "I have to keep Mercer on subjects he knows something about."

"Good heavens!" cried his wife, "don't get them started on art! They are worse than golf players, and you know how tiresome *they* are!"

"We might talk about Maeterlinck," smiled the artist, shooting a glance at Marcia.

She only glared at him for reply.

"I suppose Miss Holland feels like the young poet who went to see the aged Wordsworth," laughed the sculptor, "and couldn't get that old fellow off the subject of sheep—if it was sheep; maybe it was dogs or pigs. Come, Miss Holland, we'll go see Mercer's pictures, and tell him what we really think of 'em."

He rose and offered his arm with old-fashioned courtesy.

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The party moved into the sitting-room, a room with the same great fireplace, but a low ceiling. One landscape hung on each wall. The furniture was old mahogany, but the sofa cushions were ragged and dirty, and the table-cover dark with dust under the litter of books and papers. Across the back of a chair hung a woman's gown of frail green. Marcia's eye took in every detail, but it was the older woman who pointed to the gown.

"Are you going in for 'figgers' again?" she asked.

Mercer smiled. "Maybe," said he. "I want to do a dancing girl up in my woods—spirit of spring sort of thing. I've been making the costume, but I don't know how I'm going to get a model up here. I thought some of sending for Clara—your husband knows her—that lovely girl Jackson used to have."

The sculptor may have felt Marcia's arm contract within his own. At any rate, he merely nodded and moved on into the studio. A large landscape in oils stood on the easel—a stretch of oncoming, rippling river seen from almost water level and, beyond, birches against evergreens. He dropped Marcia's arm and began to study the canvas intently. She saw that look of impersonal concentration come into his eyes which women so often resent. Glancing at Mercer, she saw the same look on his face. The picture might have been the work of a stranger. Also, *she* might be a stranger, for all the attention he was paying to her. She turned back to the canvas.

"I think it's lovely!" she exclaimed. "The water seems to be coming right at you, as if it would spill out of the frame."

"What's wrong with it?" said Mercer to the sculptor, as if she had not spoken.

"A foot and a half of the tree line to the left is uninteresting," he replied judicially. "And that birch, 'way to the right, doesn't balance."

"I felt that," said the artist. "You see, it was really there. That's one objection to painting outdoors. But the water?"

"It's dead. You haven't got the iridescence. It's all surface. I'd try again if I were you."

"Fiendish stuff, water, when you're near it," said Mercer. "I'll get it yet, or bust!" He took down the canvas and stood it face to the wall.

"*I* think it was a nice picture!" said Marcia, with a tap of her foot.

"My dear," said the sculptor's wife, "we probably don't know anything about it. I thought it was, myself. But the stupid things don't try to please us; they work to please themselves."

Her words had no effect on the men, who were already deep in discussion of another canvas. Marcia bit her lip and waited.

Presently the motor was heard outside. The sculptor's wife took her husband away. With cheery good-bys they climbed into their car. "Can we give you a lift?" they called to Marcia.

"I'm walking home—doctor's orders," she answered, putting on her gloves as she stood by the pool.

The car backed down the drive and vanished up the road. Marcia turned slowly toward the artist and deliberately pulled off her gloves. In silence she walked past him into the house, and emerged a second later with the green dress on her arm. "I am going up to dance in your theatre," she said, in a curious, dry, hard voice. "You may bring your drawing things if you like."

Mercer looked at her in astonishment. "No—no—" he said, "I—I couldn't!"

She glanced at him scornfully and walked on. Presently she heard his feet behind her, but she did not look around. When she reached the amphitheatre, she stepped hastily into a thicket of young fir, took off her dress, her shoes and stockings, and put on the green apparel. It reached only to her knees and left her throat and arms bare. It seemed to be made of cheese-cloth, dyed the beautiful, frail green of the first foliage of spring, and hung in folds like the costume of the "Artemis" of Versailles. With trembling fingers she adjusted it to her lithe and slender figure, and with a single shudder of anticipation forced herself through the thicket into the open.

Out of the corners of her eyes she saw the artist seated on the bank, a drawing-board on his knee, a pencil in his hand. She sprang into the clear space between the hemlocks and began to dance, the dance she had herself invented. She saw that he was watching her, that his pencil did not move. The dance was slow, rhythmic, almost a series of graceful attitudes melting one into the other. Finally, on the edge of the grass, close to the guardian hemlocks, her profile toward the spectator on the bank,

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"THAT IS NOT I," SHE SAID. "THAT IS THE SPIRIT OF THE WOODLAND."

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she stopped, raised slowly her head, poised almost on her toes, as if arrested in full flight by the song of spring.

"Hold it! Hold it!" cried the artist excitedly.

He began to sketch at high speed. She was conscious that the whole profile of her figure was thrown into sharp relief for him against the blue landscape beyond. For the first time she grew hot and rosy. Then the strain of the pose began to get into her muscles, her bones. She trembled, ached. Irregularities in the sod began to hurt her feet. But she gritted her teeth determinedly. She'd show him that she could go through with it! Once she turned her head, ever so slightly, to observe him. He was regarding her as impersonally as if she had been a part of the landscape—one of the hemlocks. "Hold the pose—don't move—*please!*" he cried. She turned back, biting her lip.

Just as she thought she must surely sink in a faint, she heard his voice, triumphant. "I've got it! All over—rest!"

She fled almost with a sob into the thicket, tore off the robe, and got into her clothes.

When she emerged again, Mercer was sketching in the landscape. He looked up, and his eyes met hers with frank admiration and with something more besides, which made her heart jump and the color rush again to her face.

"Do you want to see the sketch?" he asked. "It can never do you justice." He held it out, and she took it. The poised figure—was it really she, so graceful, almost ethereal, against the sky and the far hills, between the great, solemn hemlocks? Only the face was not hers.

"No—nor ever will be," said the artist. "I don't think the picture will be very much larger than the sketch—perhaps twenty-four inches in all. But it will be the best I've ever done—and I have only you to thank. I—I don't know quite *why*, though."

"Perhaps you never will," she answered. "I suppose you'd like another sitting—if you can call it a sitting?"

"I should like it, yes," said he, "but I wouldn't let you grant it, if you would."

"Why not?" she demanded. "I want to help in this picture; I want to '*do* something.'" She flung the words out defiantly. "Besides, you're—you're so impersonal when you paint!"

"There is a limit," said he gravely, "even to impersonality."

"W-what do you mean?"

"Is it so hard to guess?" he answered, his voice low and vibrant.

She colored rosy. "Yes, from *you*," she said.

He took the rope gently from her arm. "I must keep this for the color," said he. "Come, we'll go back, and I'll 'phone for a rig. It's hard work, keeping a pose" His voice was almost caressing.

She had made a great sacrifice, in a mad moment of pique, to assert her own individuality, and now she felt herself losing her individuality instead, surrendering it gladly to his! In a wondering silence she walked by his side, and entered his door without a protest. The sight of the ragged doilies still on the table roused her.

"Those doilies!" she exclaimed. "You shouldn't give a luncheon with such things on the table. Don't you know any better?"

He looked at them quizzically, then at her. "My sex has its limitations," he smiled. "I shouldn't know where to go for new ones. They are rather bad, aren't they?"

"Your napkins are worse," she said.

She sat down in the sunny window-seat while he telephoned. When he returned, she was looking out over the spring fields, the low afternoon light in her hair. He sat down beside her.

"I have been nasty," he said.

"You have," she answered, in a low voice.

"Do you know why?"

She shook her head.

"Because I liked you the first moment I saw you before my door," he replied, "and I wanted to meet you honestly, as natural man to natural woman. I loathe the kind of life you've led, and the kind of stuff you've mistaken for real education, and the kind of talk you've supposed would interest—well, professionals. I didn't want to let you prejudice me against you. Will you let me teach you really something about painting?"

She turned her face toward him ever so little. Her mouth was trembling. She did not trust herself to speak.

He took her hand. "It's a bargain," he said, pressing it warmly a moment, and then releasing it as if loath to let it go.

"I'll—I'll pose for you again," she whis-

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pered. "I really *want* to, if you need me. I—I sha'n't mind."

"No," said he, "you are too lovely. No —not—not yet."

There was a pause, a tense pause, broken by the sound of wheels. Marcia rose hastily and slipped out of doors to be waiting. She did not trust herself to meet his eyes again.

It was a strange order that her sister in New York presently received—for doilies and napkins. She was going to make a present to a woman who had been very kind to her. She was quite well now, but staying on a while longer to get the full benefit of the New England June. No, she wasn't lonesome, and didn't need any of her family for company.

When the linen came, Marcia set off with several parcels down the road. Mrs. Rowe, having cleared away the noon meal, which was the artist's dinner, had gone for the day. Mercer was evidently out sketching. The house was locked. She drew the key from its hiding-place and let herself in, closing the door behind her. A soiled cloth covered the table. She whisked it off and threw it into the waste barrel in the woodshed. Then she polished the table top till it shone once more, and covered it with new linen. She ran out quickly and gathered a great bunch of iris for a centerpiece. Then she set out the dishes for two, polished the chafing-dish and stood it by her plate, and carried the remainder of her parcels to the ice-box. When this was done she went into the sitting-room and dusted.

In the midst of that occupation, she was drawn to peep timidly into the bedroom. The bedclothes were only half tucked in at the foot of the iron bed. She entered, unconsciously on tiptoe, and adjusted them. Boots were scattered over the floor, which she arranged neatly in a row. The top of the bureau was a dusty confusion. She cleaned and straightened that. Then she went back into the dining-room, the real living-room of the house, arranged her hair before a glass, sat down at the old square piano, striking a few sweet, tinkly chords, and began to play softly the second gavotte from Bach's "Third English Suite."

She heard a step outside, and her heart went madly in her breast, but she did not cease playing nor look up. She felt rather than heard the door open, and a voice say, "What is that melody?" She was not surprised that the voice expressed no surprise. It seemed fated she should be there, and he should expect it.

"The tune I hummed to myself when I danced for you," she answered. "It's Father Bach."

"You like Bach?" The voice was at her ear.

"I know *sometimes* when things are really good," she answered, her fingers still on the keys.

The fingers were lifted by two brown and powerful hands, and crushed till they hurt —a delicious pain. Then, over her shoulder, the man saw the table.

He laughed joyously. "For me?" he cried. "But where am I to find the supper fit to serve on them?"

"It's in the ice-box," she said, lowering her face. "I can also cook—a little—in a chafing-dish."

"You'll sup—with me—alone?" he cried.

She nodded. "No, you—with me," she smiled.

He put his arms about her and raised her to her feet. "Have you seen the picture?" he asked.

"I waited for you to show it to me," she answered.

He led her into the studio, and stripped a veil from the easel. There was her figure, lithe and virginal and robed in spring, against the far blue bulwarks of the eternal hills.

"That is not I," she said. "That is the spirit of the woodland."

His arm was again around her now. "It's little you know about art," he answered. "That is the desire of a man for a maid —of me for you."

He turned her face to his and kissed her.

They came back presently through the sitting-room. She gave a cry and rushed out, returning with a parcel. "I forgot, and put the new cover in the ice-box," she said. He sat down, with a happy smile, and watched her set the library table to rights.

"I guess my freedom's gone," he sighed.

"You bet it has!" she answered, decisively. "Now wash your hands and change your heavy boots, and come to supper."

Meekly, the man arose and went into his bedroom.

When he came out, he found her busy with the food. But the supper was a long time in the cooking.

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The PLAYERS

THE monotony of the current theatre season in America was emphatically interrupted by the advent of the Irish Players from the Abbey Theatre, Dublin. They showed us a series of plays very different from our own in spirit and in artistry; and they acted them in a manner markedly at variance with our own traditional conventions. Upon the cultured classes in our leading cities both plays and players made a deep impression. They were less graciously received by the newspaper reviewers, many of whom found it difficult to estimate a kind of art they were not used to. And by some of their fellow-countrymen in America, these Irish artists were greeted with groans and hisses, and volleys of objectionable vegetables.

An atmosphere surcharged with hostile hissing and eagerly vociferous applause is hardly conducive to the serene development of critical appreciation; but after the tumult and the shouting dies, the retrospective, leisurely reviewer may make some attempt—in Matthew Arnold's phrase—"to see the object as in itself it really is."

THE IRISH PLAYERS

It becomes evident, in such a retrospect, that these enthusiasts from Dublin have really developed a theatre of their own—a theatre so distinct in purpose and in method from the contemporary drama which is current in London, Paris, and New York, that it deserves to be labeled by the proud and lonely name of "National." Their aim has been, apparently, to recapture that beauty which is synonymous with truth by effecting a return to nature. There can be no denying that the current international drama is sophisticated in subject-matter and over-organized in artistry. It is written for a metropolitan audience sitting dress-coated in the stalls; it deals with the artificial "problems" of artificial "high society;" and it produces its effect upon the jaded spectator by a highly intricate display of emotion evidenced in action—its main reliance, technically, being placed upon a nice development of plot and an elaborate patterning of stage-direction.

This drama has its merits, which are manifested every now and then in a masterpiece like the "Mid-Channel" of Sir Arthur Pinero; but they are merits of a sort that the Irish dramatists exclude entirely from their desire. They reject the emotions of "high society" as being too sophisticated to be basically human; they prefer to exhibit character in situation instead of character in action; they care very little about plot, and renounce the tradition of the "well-made play;" and, instead of casting emphasis on stage-direction, they cast it on the reading of the lines.

It is a noteworthy fact that, though the repertory of the Irish Players is extensive (they have shown us nearly a score of pieces in America), there is not a single one of all their plays that is set in a city or that exhibits characters selected from what are commonly called the higher classes of society. Their plays deal exclusively with the peasantry of remote counties, or with

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manual laborers in small and unimportant towns. This avoidance of whatever subject-matter might have been suggested by the metropolitan life of Dublin or the social life of the Irish aristocracy has been, of course, deliberate on the part of the dramatists. City life is much the same the wide world over, and the life of the aristocratic classes of all the Occidental countries has tended in recent times to adjust itself to a common and cosmopolitan standard. In order, therefore, to develop a drama that should be definitively national, the Irish authors have confined their attention to those humbler classes of the Irish populace that have remained as yet uninfluenced by the general wave of European culture and metropolitan civilization.

But they have been actuated, also, by a deeper aim in studying the peasant and the laborer. They have sought to substitute for the supercivilized, sophistical emotions of the current international drama the simple, primitive emotions of people whose essential humanity has not as yet been sicklied o'er with the pale cast of social artificiality. Like Wordsworth, they have tried to return to nature by associating with the simple-minded peasantry.

And they have been fortunate in finding, in the peasant life of Ireland, a mine of rich poetical material that hitherto has been undelved in. That island anchored in the western sea remains the utter outpost of European civilization; and the peasants of the outlying counties, held aloof from all the roaring revolutions of the continent, preserve, amid this unpoetical and modern age, the simple minds and fresh imaginations of far, forgotten peoples who laughed and wept before the world grew old.

In temper of mind they belong to the early Middle Ages. They are medieval in religion and in superstition; medieval in their strangely congruous compound of wild whim and Celtic melancholy; medieval in their extravagance of humor and errant ease of fancy; medieval in their natural and easy eloquence of speech. Thus, in order to achieve that *remoteness* which is one source of the magic of romance—that mystical, alluring sense "of other times and lands, and birth far back"—these Irish authors have needed only to depict realistically the Irish peasants of to-day—to study their characters with observant and affectionate particularity, and to report with auricular fidelity the rhythmic falling of their unaware and customary poetry of speech.

The Irish playwrights have little sense of *drama*, as the word is understood in the international theatre of to-day. We are interested in action, and in the orderly development of action in a well-articulated plot; but all the Irish playwrights care about is character. They find their delight in exhibiting real people; and they care not at all whether or not the situations in which they manage to exhibit them are, in the technical sense, dramatic. Sometimes they stumble upon some struggle of contrasted wills, and find themselves at one with us; but oftener they exhibit merely a state, rather than a struggle, of volition, and are contented with a display of character in situation in lieu of a display of character in action.

They cast the burden of representment not so much on visual "business" as on the reading of the lines. Their drama is less visual, and more auditory, than that to which we are accustomed. They trouble themselves comparatively little about that instanteous appeal to the eye which is the initial aim of our endeavor: they rely, instead, upon the slower appeal of eloquent writing to the ear.

As a consequence, the Irish plays demand a different sort of acting from that which, in our own theatre, we have grown latterly to esteem as the most admirable; and it would not be fair to prejudge adversely the actors of the Abbey Theatre because their methods are different from ours. Beside us, they are children in the art of stage-direction—an art all-important in our own theatre, but comparatively inconsiderable in theirs. Their scenery is simple to the point of incongruity; their lighting—except in one or two studied special instances—is elementary; and, in *ensemble* scenes, their actors often stumble in each other's way and obscure the general picture to the eye.

But their general artlessness of stage-direction carries certain concomitant advantages. Nobody—to talk for a moment in our own accustomed jargon—goes up stage, or comes down, or crosses over, or sits, or rises, at the end of every third or fourth speech, merely to achieve the aim of visual variety. In presenting a one-act play which sets forth a conversation between two characters, the Irish Players are likely to remain seated from the outset to the end of the act, without any overt alteration of the

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Photograph by Champlin and Farrar, Boston

THE IRISH PLAYERS IN A SCENE FROM "THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD."

picture for the mere sake of variation.

The Irish Players are also inferior to our own actors in the studied and deliberate employment of gesticulation. They make very few gestures, and often read a long speech without any conscious movement of the body. Furthermore, they pay less attention than we do to the subtleties of facial expression; and often, in a one-act play, they light the stage in such a way that the faces of the actors are obscured. But, on the other hand, they far surpass us in the delicate, alluring art of reading. They stroll upon the stage casually, disguised in a make-up that adequately approaches actuality, and talk to each other with a rich sense of the reality of speech.

The one-act plays of Lady Gregory—and she has written a great many of them, exhibiting a remarkable variety of mood—may be taken as typical of the dramaturgic method of the Irish National Theatre. In the sense of the word to which we are accustomed, these delightful little pieces are scarcely plays at all. They partake, rather, of the nature of anecdotes. She exhibits two or three characters in a single striking situation; she develops this one situation sufficiently to reveal the characters completely to the audience; and then she smilingly rings down the curtain. In "The Rising of the Moon," a fleeing political prisoner, disguised as an itinerant ballad-singer, falls into conversation with a constable who is guarding a wharf from which the prisoner has purposed to escape. There is a reward of a hundred pounds upon his head, and his arrest would also mean promotion for the constable. But by singing several old ballads that lay siege to the remembered sentiments of home and childhood, the prisoner so works upon the emotions of the constable that the latter ultimately connives at his escape.

"Spreading the News" is one of Lady Gregory's most amusing anecdotes. A farmer forgets his pitchfork in a market-place; and another farmer, finding it, hurries after

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Photograph by White, New York.

HELEN WARE IN "THE PRICE."

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CATHLEEN NESBITT WHO IS APPEARING WITH THE IRISH PLAYERS.

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DUSTIN AND WILLIAM FARNUM IN "THE LITTLEST REBEL."

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FOLA LA FOLLETTE AS *RACHEL MERTON* IN "THE SCARECROW."

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to return it to him. Somebody tells a deaf old apple-woman that Bartley Fallon is running after Jack Smith with a pitchfork. The news is spread from mouth to mouth until the current gossip has it that Fallon has murdered Smith; and then the popular imagination easily invents an elaborate motive for the murder. The police are called into action; Bartley Fallon is arrested; and every one is astounded when Jack Smith strolls back safe and sound, and inquires what the hubbub is about.

In "The Workhouse Ward," two old paupers are disclosed, lying in adjacent beds. They have been lifelong companions; but, having nothing else to do, they spend their entire time in arguing and quarreling. A relative of one of them appears, and offers to take him away from the workhouse and give him a home. He refuses to go unless the offer is extended also to his friend, the other pauper. This being impossible, the providential relative departs. As soon as they are left alone, the inseparable friends fall once more to wrangling, and end up with a pillow-fight.

These three sketches by Lady Gregory are sufficiently indicative of the anecdotal method of the Irish dramatists. There is more action, however, in "Birthright," a two-act play by T. C. Murray. This little drama exhibits the jealousy existing between two brothers of contrasted temperaments—a jealousy that flares up into hatred when their father decides to transfer the birthright of the elder to the younger. The play ends with a sudden fierce fight between the two by firelight, in which the younger brother kills the elder slowly with his hands.

"The Building Fund," a three-act play by William Boyle, is a rich, delicious comedy of character. It exhibits a miserly old woman clinging to her gathered fortune on the very verge of the grave, and her equally parsimonious son, who is waiting for her death to make him rich. After the old woman dies, he discovers, to his dismay, that she has left her money to the building fund of the parish. The plot, of course, is inconsiderable; there is very little action; but the humor of characterization is so rich as to remind us, not so very distantly, of no less a master than the incomparable Molière.

But the greatest of the Irish dramatists—in fact, the only one of whose essential greatness there can be no question—is the late John M. Synge. He understood profoundly the poetry of illusion and the humor of disillusionment. He could blend the ideality of dreams and the grotesqueness of actuality in a fabric at once beautiful and funny; and he could write with the eloquence of angels. The first of his pieces to be exhibited in New York was his searching three-act parable entitled "The Well of the Saints." Martin Doul and his wife are beggars, ugly and old; but mercifully they are blind, and in their blindness each imagines the other to be beautiful. A wandering friar who works miracles anoints their eyes with holy water and restores to them the tragic gift of sight. They find the actual world less lovely than that other world of dream-illumined darkness in which they have lived illusioned for so long. In time their eyes grow dim again and blindness overwhelms them. The friar returns, and offers once again to give them back their sight. But Martin dashes the holy water from the friar's hand.

Synge's masterpiece, however, is that incomparable comedy which is greatly named "The Playboy of the Western World." It is a bit of beautiful reality, irradiated with humor and with poetry. The action passes among the whimsical and dreaming Celtic people on the sea-girt western coast, a people untamed and primitive and childish. A young lad with a queer poetic strain in his undeveloped soul, having endured for a long time the persecutions of a matter-of-fact father who despises him, impulsively hits him over the head and leaves him dying. He flees to a neighboring hamlet, where, when he furtively tells that he has killed his father, embroidering the tale of persecution and revolt as he narrates it, he oddly finds himself accepted as a hero, and wins the wistful admiration of all the women-folk. He falls in love with a lass, who loves him in return because of his fine savagery and the romance of his committed murder. Then in strolls his father, scotched but not killed, with bandaged head and brandished stick, to order the boy about. It becomes evident that the romancing lad is not a hero after all; his imaginative narrative was based on nothing; he lacks even the necessary courage to face his father stoutly; and the women who worshiped him now jeer at him in scorn.

Goaded to desperation, he strikes his

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VIOLA ALLEN AND HENRY KOLKER IN, "THE LADY OF COVENTRY."

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father again. But the very folk who regarded parricide as a heroic act when they were merely told about it in an idealizing narrative, now revolt from it as a dirty deed when they see it attempted before their very eyes. The hero of an hour is now utterly discóuntenanced; he escapes hanging only because his father has a second time survived the murderous assault; the lass he loves will now have none of him; and he is doomed to wander forth with his father, unbefriended in a lonely world.

The effect of this fantastical and witty work can scarcely be suggested by a summary of the story. The appeal of the comedy lies inherent in the lines. It is written with an overwhelming eloquence of speech, in which ancient, homely words fall into wooing rhythms that haunt the heart and echo ever after in the ear. And "in the end of all," the enchanted auditor feels like applying to the play itself the parting words of the Playboy—

Photograph by White, N. Y.

HEDWIG REICHER IN "THE LADY FROM THE SEA."

"I'll surely go romancing through a romping lifetime from this hour to the dawning of the Judgment Day."

"THE PRICE"

It seems a little startling to turn suddenly from the contemplation of the sincere and simple writings of the Irish playwrights to the consideration of such a conventional and artificial fabric as Mr. George Broadhurst's melodrama called "The Price," which serves as a vehicle for the tense, emotional acting of Miss Helen Ware. The whole play is evidently manufactured. It exhibits many situations in which the action is intense; but these situations have been too obviously fabricated for the sake of mere theatrical effect. What the play lacks is the look of life—the touch of nature that establishes a kinship between the people on the stage and the people in the audience.

The heroine is first disclosed as the secretary of a famous painter, whose wife is a

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commonplace, uninteresting woman. The heroine has been the mistress of the painter; but she is one of those who rise on stepping-stones of their dead loves to new emotions, and at present she finds herself in love with a certain doctor. She chooses a moment when the painter is suffering from heart-disease to confess to him that she no longer cares for him; and, overcome by the shock of this sudden revelation, he tumbles dead at her feet.

The heroine marries the doctor; and the widow of the painter resolves to be revenged upon her. Against the will of the heroine—and this is a weak point in the plot—she persuades the doctor to employ her as a housekeeper. Once established in the household, she finds it very easy to make the heroine's life unbearable; and ultimately she tells the doctor that the heroine had formerly been the mistress of her husband. The doctor is greatly stirred up by this revelation; but, after a siege of pleading from his tearful spouse, he is persuaded to forgive her. Subsequently a sudden thought that she may perhaps have killed the painter disrupts his magnanimity of mood, and he leaves the house in a huff. The heroine thinks of suicide; but decides ultimately that it will be better to sit down and wait until her husband resolves to return to his pleasant little home.

It is impossible to take this violent concoction seriously. The story is incredible; the people are unreal; and the dialogue is commonplace. It seems inexplicable that "The Price" should have been written by Mr. Broadhurst in the same year as "Bought and Paid For," which is a sincere and truthful study of an important phase of life.

"THE LITTLEST REBEL."

The appeal of children on the stage is not easy to resist; and it is to the very charming acting of a little girl named Juliet Shelby that the success of Mr. Edward Peple's old-fashioned and pleasing melodrama, called "The Littlest Rebel," must mainly be ascribed. Little Miss Shelby is sturdily supported by those manly and heroic figures, the Farnum brothers—Dustin and William. The play is set in Virginia, in the last year of the Civil War. William Farnum plays a Confederate officer who is the father of the little girl. Dustin Farnum plays a Union officer whose immediate duty is to capture him. Dustin effects the capture, but is moved by the irresistible charm of the little heroine to allow her father to escape and make his way to Richmond. By so doing, he falls into difficulties with his own command and is arrested and arraigned for treason. But the Confederate is ultimately able to save his life in turn; for the little girl is led into the august presence of General Grant himself, and by her pleading secures a pardon for the Union officer.

Mr. Peple is to be congratulated on writing a Civil War play in which there is neither a Northern officer in love with a Southern girl nor a Southern officer in love with a Northern girl. "The Littlest Rebel" is, of course, a sentimental composition; but Mr. Peple shows a very pretty tact in setting forth that sweet, alluring sentiment which makes us follow easily the leading of a little child.

"THE SENATOR KEEPS HOUSE"

"The Senator Keeps House," which was written by Martha Morton for that accomplished and experienced actor, Mr. William H. Crane, is a wholesome and amiable comedy. It is a play to which any schoolgirl may safely take her mother: it is, indeed, the very sort of play with which Mr. Crane used to amuse and charm the mother when she was herself a schoolgirl. To be sure, it is old-fashioned; but there is a saying about old armchairs—and old friends. . . .

Mr. Crane impersonates a senator from the Northwest who is both affable and honest. Moreover, he is a widower and rich. His domestic peace has been disrupted by a frequent exchange of old housekeepers for new. They come like water, and like wind they go; and the reason is that each of them, after she has managed his household for a month, has always tried to marry him. But ultimately the Best of All Housekeepers appears, and sets his house in order. She has a charming little daughter, with whom the senator's nephew promptly falls in love: and the senator finds himself about to follow suit, when he discovers that his housekeeper originally sought employment in his home in order that she might gradually persuade him to support a claim that she is prosecuting against the government.

This claim, as the senator has found out by direct investigation, is unjust; and when

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he learns that his housekeeper is the claimant, he dismisses her, and slaps the face of the intriguing congressman who had recommended her employment. It takes the senator another act to find out that the lady had never known of the injustice of her claim and has not been guilty of dishonesty and treachery. Meanwhile, his nephew has already married the little girl; and there is nothing for the senator to do but alter his housekeeper's salary to a wife's allowance.

"THE WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE"

That Mr. A. E. W. Mason is an able novelist is evidenced by his play, entitled "The Witness for the Defense," which serves to reveal the ever-growing and maturing art of Ethel Barrymore. This play is constructed like a novel. It has an intricate and interesting plot; the characters are truthfully conceived; and the dialogue is written with literary nicety; but the dramatic effect is discounted by the long divorce of time between the first and the succeeding acts, and by the author's tendency to lapse into passages of narrative which merely go over ground that has been already covered, without advancing the progress of the action.

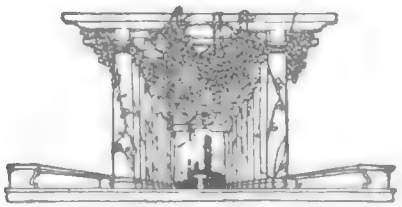
The play opens with an act of thrilling melodrama. The scene is the interior of a large and sumptuous tent in Rajputana. The heroine has been married for six years to an official of the government of India, who is secretly a drunkard and who treats her with unbearable brutality. A barrister named Henry Thresk, with whom she had been in love before her marriage, looks in upon them unexpectedly for dinner and perceives the state of affairs. After Thresk's departure, the husband, in a fit of drunken madness, rushes at his wife with threatening, elevated fist; and, in self-defense, she shoots him dead.

The next important incident in the story happens off the stage, in the long interval between the first act and the second. The heroine, on trial for murder, is about to develop the plea of self-defense, when Thresk appears, and by gratuitous testimony apparently proves that the man was murdered by his native servants. The heroine is acquitted, but subsequently finds it difficult to reestablish herself in English society.

Two years later she has fallen in love with a young English gentleman who is eager to marry her. This young gentleman's father is an earnest champion of her innocence; but, to make his feeling sure, he sends for Thresk. The latter succeeds in convincing him that the judgment of the jury was unquestionably just. But later, in a midnight scene alone with the heroine, the witness for the defense urges upon her the obligation of telling the full truth to her fiancé—whom, it then transpires, she has already married in secret. In this scene the heroine narrates to Thresk for the first time all the harrowing circumstances that led up to the murder; and the narrative affords Miss Barrymore an emphatic opportunity for overmastering the emotions of her auditors.

In the next, and final, act, the heroine makes a confession to her husband, and is rewarded with an understanding that makes unnecessary any question of forgiveness. This act brings the story to a happy close, but does not advance the dramatic action beyond the point which it had reached already at the culmination of the preceding act.

It will be noticed that this play is loosely constructed, and that too many of its most dramatic incidents are allowed to happen off the stage and to reach the audience only through the medium of retrospective narrative. But the story is, in itself, a good one; and the actors are sufficiently skilful to keep it always interesting.



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A PRESIDENTIAL JOKER

by WALTER LIPPMANN

FROM the very decided way in which Canada turned her back on reciprocity, most people jumped to the conclusion that the bill was dead and done with. They thought that the Taft program had collapsed entirely; they remembered the gloom which fell upon the President when the Canadian election returns came in; and they assumed quite naturally that all the ponderous debates and fat volumes of hearings, statistics, arguments, and what not had gone for nothing. Then when President Taft vetoed the wool and cotton bills, people generally got the impression that the extra session of Congress was just one useless tariff speech after another.

So it would be interesting to find out just how many voters knew that Congress enacted important tariff legislation which is in effect to-day. It would be still more interesting to find out how many of them know that a section of the Reciprocity Bill itself is law to-day, just as if Canada had received us with open arms. For in this so-called reciprocity act there was a section tucked away which had nothing to do with reciprocity—a section which went into effect no matter what the Canadian Parliament had to say on the subject.

Nobody seems to have taken great pains to explain that fact to the American voters. I don't mean that the news of it was suppressed. It's simply that the news of it was given about as much prominence as, for example, the divorce scandal of the largest advertiser. Why didn't your favorite newspaper, which devoted columns to the reciprocity fight, and took special care to show you how inconsistent the insurgents were, take equal care to show you that part of this Reciprocity Bill would go into effect without reciprocal action by Canada? Perhaps when you consider what that section did you'll be able to answer without being told.

What the section *says* is this: There shall be no tariff on wood pulp if Canada makes no export restrictions, and none on news-print paper *valued at not more than four cents a pound.* But, as a practical matter, what it *means* is this: The Canadian Parliament which rejected the Reciprocity Bill doesn't make the restrictions on these exports. That is done by the individual provinces. Some of them have restrictions and some haven't. Those that haven't may send in wood pulp and print paper valued at not more than four cents a pound, free of duty. They are already doing it.

We shall probably have to grant the same privileges to all countries with whom we have treaties containing the "most-favored-nation" clause. This clause means that what favors we grant to the most favored nation must be given to all the nations with whom we have such a treaty. The removal of a tariff on Canadian imports is a special favor. We shall probably have to extend the same favor to Sweden; for that country and several others have already protested that we should. It is hard to see how our government can dodge the justice of that. So in all probability wood pulp and news-print paper will come into this country, practically free.

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Isn't that a queer result of an attempt to establish "reciprocity" with Canada? Canada refuses the bargain, yet the tariff in one industry is removed. Out of an unsuccessful commercial agreement with Canada, one industry gets free trade. You would hardly expect a bill which most people thought was dead to show so much life. For a supposed corpse, what an unusually active one!

Somebody must be glad, for somebody has crawled out from under the Payne-Aldrich bill, and is enjoying himself. The happy man must, of course, be the consumer; but the consumer of what? Of paper. But note that not all consumers of paper are happy. It is only the consumers of paper *valued at not more than four cents a pound*. These consumers happen to be the publishers of the newspapers of America.

We don't begrudge them their happiness. We know that the old duty on paper can not possibly be defended. We know that the newspapers needed relief from the extortions of the Paper Trust. We know that the report of the Tariff Board amply justifies the removal of the duty.

What we want to know is why the section which removed the duty was tucked away in the Reciprocity Bill. It had nothing really to do with reciprocity. It was nothing more nor less than a straight piece of tariff legislation. Why, for example, wasn't a wool schedule embedded in the bill? Why was free paper tacked on as Section 2, and not cotton? Why, since it was a just measure, wasn't it passed in open daylight as a straight tariff bill? Why make a good thing a joker?

An expert on tariff legislation to whom for over twenty-five years senators have been going for technical advice—a man who is said to know more than anybody at the Capitol about the history of the tariff, from Alexander Hamilton to William Howard Taft, said it was the queerest fish he had ever heard about. When I pressed him to tell me whether such a thing had been done before, he smoothed down his long white beard and chuckled.

Perhaps the Administration can classify this rare specimen of the lower order of tariffs. As yet it hasn't taken the nation into its confidence, though. Until it does we shall have to state simply what we already know, namely that:

The Taft Administration is unpopular. The newspapers had a legitimate grievance as consumers. Taft set his heart on reciprocity. It was to be the big stroke of his term. He needed support from the press. So, instead of giving the newspapers what they needed in an open way, he put their interests into the same bundle with reciprocity.

They fell for it. Here is the evidence:

(Copy of instructions to editors sent by Herman Ridder, president American Newspaper Publishers' Association.)

New York, February 17.

By request, private to Editors. It is of vital importance to the newspapers that their Washington correspondents be instructed to treat favorably the Canadian reciprocity agreement, because print paper and wood pulp are made free of duty by this agreement.

Herman Ridder,
President American Newspaper Publishers' Association.

That was sent to the three hundred members of the Association.

There is something peculiarly insidious about the point of view in that telegram. A democracy must, above all other things, keep the sources of public opinion clean. The sale of franchises, the graft of an alderman—these things we can conquer. But if thought is to be sold and bartered, if "favorable treatment" for an issue is to depend on money, we are in a bad way indeed.

For that reason, it is particularly gratifying to call attention to a big and powerful newspaper which had about forty thousand dollars at stake, and which resisted the temptation. That paper is the Philadelphia *North American*. This is the honorable thing that it said:

The *North American*, like every other American newspaper of large circulation, will be a beneficiary of the measure. But we must repeat what we have said over and over again during the debates in Congress: That merely because we consider honest and equitable a reduction of the paper schedules of the tariff which would save the *North American* large sums of money every year is no reason why this newspaper should give its indorsement to an agreement which is to our self-interest, but in nearly every other clause is a sham and a perversion of real reciprocity and an imposition upon millions of people.

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THE SQUIRREL CAGE

BY DOROTHY CANFIELD

Author of "GUNHILD," etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JOHN ALONZO WILLIAMS

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING INSTALMENTS.

The story opens with the return of Lydia Emery from a year abroad—a year that is the climax of an elaborately useless boarding-school education, and the preface to her entrance into Endbury society. During her first day at home, she twice meets Daniel Rankin, a young man who has outraged Endbury by abandoning business to become a cabinet-maker and live in the woods. In response to the girl's questioning, Rankin explains to her the reason for his withdrawal from the "squirrel cage" of Endbury's social and business competition, whose standards are fixed by what "every one else has and does." Lydia, who has herself an instinct for essentials, but has accepted her family's ideals unquestioningly, is bewildered, but profoundly interested. Later talks with Rankin give her a clearer understanding of his purposes and deepen his influence over her. Meantime, the Emerys are cherishing the belief that Lydia is eventually to marry Paul Hollister, a young "captain in the army of electricity," whose whole vigorous personality is concentrated on Success. Paul calls on Lydia, and she falls under the spell of his dominance. The next day, shaken and bewildered, conscious of the disharmony between her own half-formed ideals and her family's plans for her future, she goes to talk with Dr. Melton, her godfather and closest friend. Here she meets Rankin, and on their way home in the autumn evening he stumblingly offers to help her. As he leaves, he kisses her hand. Her mother and sister have seen, and this is the beginning of open conflict. Mrs. Emery forbids Rankin the house and aids Paul's persistent wooing. Finally, uncertain, unhappy, Lydia yields to the pressure and becomes engaged to Paul. At the same time, feverish preparations for her party are going on about her, and she is presently plunged into a social season of which she proves the most popular débutante. Before the winter is over, the entire family is nervously exhausted, and Dr. Melton, who is violently rebellious over the engagement, is predicting collapse. One afternoon, when Lydia is to start for a house party, he contrives to get her on the same car with Daniel Rankin, and their long talk together shows Lydia still responsive to his influence. All during her engagement she rebels against the Endbury ideal of married life and, after her marriage, against the social rush and the struggle to "keep up appearances" in which she is involved. On the day before their first dinner party, she is confronted with a new problem in the discovery that her cook is blackly corrupt. Lydia dismisses her and, with incompetent help, prepares the dinner herself. It is a lamentable failure, and Paul, unsympathetic with her attitude toward the cook, silently makes her feel the weight of his angry humiliation.

CHAPTER XIX—THE VOICE IN THE WOODS

LYDIA dated her estrangement from Marietta, which grew so rapidly during the next year, from the conversation on the day after the dinner-party. She was cruelly wounded by her sister's attack on her then, but she could never remember the scene without one of her involuntary laughs, so grotesque was the contrast between Marietta's injured conception of the brilliant social event from which she had been excluded and the leaden fiasco which it had really been. Even at the time, in the midst of her indignant denial of her sister's charges of snobbishness and social ambition, she was unable to keep back a shaky laugh or two as she cried out: "Oh, Etta, if you could know how things went! You ought to be too thankful to have escaped it. It was awful beyond words." But she did not laugh after Marietta's unappeased departure.

Dr. Melton, who came to make her a professional call that morning, found her with reddened eyes, slowly washing and putting away innumerable dirty dishes. She told him that the second-girl, apparently overcome by the events of the day

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before, had disappeared. Dr. Melton thrust out his lips and said nothing, but he took off his coat, put on an apron, and, pushing his patient from the sink, attacked a huge pile of sticky plates. He worked rapidly and silently, with a surgeon's deftness.

Lydia sat quiet for some time, looking at him. Finally, "I hadn't been crying because of dirty dishes," she told him. "I'm not such a child as that. Marietta has been here. She said some things pretty hard to bear about her not having been invited to that awful dinner-party."

"You mustn't blame Marietta too much," said the doctor, rinsing and beginning to wipe the plates with what seemed to Lydia's fatigued languor really miraculous speed. "Although it's true that she watches your social advance with the calm disinterestedness of a cat watching somebody pour cream out of a jug. She wants her saucerful."

He was so used to delighting in Lydia's understanding of his perversely obscure figures of speech that he turned about, surprised to hear no appreciative comment. She was looking away with a troubled face.

"What are you thinking about?" he asked brusquely.

She raised tragic eyes to his. "About the mashed potatoes last night," she brought out piteously. "They didn't have a bit of salt in them—they were too horrid for——"

"Oh, pshaw! It makes no difference whether your dinner-party was a success or not. You know that as well as I. A dinner-party is a relic of the Dark Ages, anyhow—if not of the Stone Age! As a physician I shudder to see people sitting down to gorge themselves on the richest possible dishes, all rendered as extra-palatable as possible in order that they may put on their bodies the burden of throwing off an enormous amount of superfluous food. A dinner-party of to-day bears no more relation to a rational gathering of rational people for the purpose of rational social intercourse than . . . . ."

He had run on with his usual astonishing loquacity, without drawing breath, overwhelming Lydia with a fresh flood of words when she tried to break in; but she now sprang up and motioned him peremptorily to silence. "Please, please, godfather, don't! I asked you not to unsettle me—you're not kind to do it! I must think it's important and—and the most necessary thing to do. I *must!*" She put her hands over her eyes as she spoke. She was trying to shut out a vision of Paul's embittered face of wrathful chagrin.

"Why '*must*' you?" asked the doctor bluntly, crumpling his dish-towel into a ball.

Lydia looked at him and saw Paul so evidently that the doctor saw with her. "I must! I must!" she only repeated.

Dr. Melton opened his mouth wide, shut it again with a snap, and threw the tightly wadded ball in his hand passionately upon the floor with the gesture of an angry child.

Lydia, looking down on the red-faced little man as he peered up at her after his silent outbreak, found the contrast between his attitude of fury and the pacific white apron which enveloped him too much for her. She broke out into a laugh. Even as she laughed and turned away to answer a knock at the door, she was acutely thankful that it was not with Paul she had been set upon by that swiftly mobile change of humor; that it was not at Paul she had launched such disrespectful mirth.

The person who knocked proved to be a very large, rosy-cheeked female at whom Lydia looked in perplexity. She felt no thrill of premonition as this individual advanced into the kitchen, a pair of immense red hands folded before her.

"I'm Anastasia O'Hern, ma'am," she announced, with a thick accent of County Clare and a self-confident, good-humored smile, "though most calls me 'Stashie. I'm just over from th'ould country to my Aunt Bridgie that washed for you till the rheumatism got her, an' when she told me about what you'd done for her and Patsy, and what a nawful time you do be havin' with gurrls, and a baby comin', I says to myself and to Aunt Bridgie, 'There's the lady I'm goin' to worrk for, if she'll lave me.'"

As she looked into Lydia's pale face and reddened eyes, the smile died away to a look of transfiguring compassion. She cried out a Gaelic exclamation of pity with a much-moved accent. "It's time I was here!" she told herself. She wiped her eyes, passed the back of her hand across her nose with a sniff, picked up the dish-towel from the floor, emptied the silver into the dish-water with a splash, and set to work, turning her broad face to the astonished couple

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LIKE A WAKING DREAM CAME A FLOOD OF MELODY FROM WHAT SEEMED TO HER AN ANGEL CHOIR—FRESH, YOUNG VOICES PROCLAIMING THROUGH THE SUMMER NIGHT SOME JOYOUS MESSAGE.

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behind her to say to Lydia: "Now just you go and lie down and send th' little ould gentleman about his business. You need to be quiet—for the sake of th'one that's comin'. And don't you be forgetting I'm here. I'm here."

Dr. Melton drew Lydia away silently, and not until they had put two rooms between them and the kitchen did they dare face each other. With that first interchange of looks came peals of laughter—Lydia's light, ringing laughter, to hear which the doctor offered up heartfelt thanksgivings.

"That is your Fate, Lydia!" he said finally, wiping his eyes.

"Isn't she too delicious!" cried Lydia; although her face clouded somewhat as she added: "Of course she's fearfully incompetent! Paul won't like her." She began to laugh again, however, as the doctor mimicked the manner of his dismissal and, as she waved good-by to him from the door, she was still smiling.

Lydia had not been mistaken in a premonition of Paul's attitude toward the new maid. He found her quite unendurable; but the direful stories told by their Bellevue acquaintances about the literal impossibility of keeping servants during the heated term induced him to postpone his wrath against the awkward, irreverent, too-familiar Irishwoman until after Lydia should feel more herself. Paul's wrath lost nothing by keeping.

To Lydia, on the contrary, Anastasia's loyalty and devotion were inexpressibly comforting during the trying days of that summer. One day when her mother protested against 'Stashie's habit of familiar conversation with the family, Lydia answered: "I can not be too thankful for her love and kindness."

Mrs. Emery was outraged. "Mercy, Lydia! What things you do say!"

"Why not? Because she hasn't been to college? Neither have I. She's as well educated as I am, and a great deal better and stronger character."

"Why, what are you talking about, child? She can't *read!*"

"I don't," said Lydia. "That's worse."

Her mother turned the conversation, thinking she would be glad when this period of taut nerves and fantasies was over; although, as a matter of fact, nothing surprised her more than Lydia's equable physical poise during this time of trial and discomfort. She had expected so high-strung a creature to be "half wild with nerves." But Lydia, although she continued to say occasional disconcerting things, seemed, on the whole, to be gaining maturity and firmness of purpose.

Paul was away a great deal that summer, and she had many long solitary hours to pass—a singular contrast to the feverish hurry of the winter "season." Her old habit of questioning scrutiny came back, and it is possible that her motto of "Action at all costs" was passed under a closer review than during the winter. But though she went frequently to see her godfather and Mrs. Sandworth, she did not break her silence on whatever thoughts were occupying her mind except in one brief, questioning explosion.

It was on the occasion of her last visit to Endbury before her confinement. The three had been passing the long, hot August afternoon in the deeply shaded grape-arbor in the Melton "back yard," the doctor, as usual, with a book, Mrs. Sandworth, ungirdled and expansive, tinkling an ice-filled cup and crying out upon the weather " . . . and Marius keeps on reading improving books! It makes me so much hotter!"

"I'm not reading," said the doctor; "I'm thinking."

Lydia moved and sighed. "Ah, so am I—or trying to."

"Well, you'd be a great deal cooler if you didn't," Mrs. Sandworth advised them from the depths of all possible experience on the subject. "Lydia, did you make the armholes of those pinning-blankets buttonhole-stitched or bound?"

The two began a discussion of the layette, and the doctor, unnoticed, fell into one of his fidgety, finger-nail-gnawing reveries. He was wondering whether he dared tell Lydia of a talk he had had that morning with her father. After a look at her pale face he shook his head; but even as he closed his lips on his decision to silence, the interview came back to him with bitter vividness—Mr. Emery's nervous voice, his sharp, impatient gestures. The doctor looked graver and graver, as he did after each such visit to his old friend, and after each fruitless exhortation to "go slow and rest more." Mr. Emery was in the midst of a very important trial, and he had very reasonably reminded his physician that this was not a

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good time to relax his grasp on things. "Now I'm back in practise, in competition with younger men, I *can't* sag back! It's absurd to ask it of me."

"You were a fool to give up your judgeship and go back into practise at your age."

"A fool! I've doubled my income."

"Yes, and the condition of your arteries. —Look here, suppose you were dead—the bar would get along without you, wouldn't it?"

"But I'm not dead," the other truthfully opposed to this supposition, and turned again to his papers.

The doctor closed his medicine-case with a spiteful snap. "Don't fool yourself that it's devotion to the commonweal that drives you ahead! Don't make a pretty picture of yourself as working to the last in heroic service of your fellow man! You know that if you dropped out this minute, American jurisprudence would continue on its triumphant, misguided way as energetically as now."

Mr. Emery looked up, dropping for once the mask of humorous tolerance with which he always hid any preoccupation of his own: "Look here, Melton, I'm too nervous to stand much fooling these days. If you want to know the reason why I'm going on, I'll tell you. I've got to! I need the money."

"Gracious powers! Did you get caught in that B. and R. slump, too?"

The judge smiled a little bitterly. "No, I haven't lost any money—for a very good reason. I've never got ahead enough to have any to lose. Haven't you any idea of the cost of living the way we do——"

Dr. Melton interrupted him, wild-eyed: "Why, Nat Emery, you have yourself and your wife to feed and clothe and shelter—and you tell me that costs so much that you can't stop working when there's——"

"Oh, go away, Melton; you make me tired!" Mr. Emery made a weary gesture of dismissal. "You're always talking like a child, or a preacher, about how things *might* be! You know what an establishment like ours costs to keep up, as well as I do. I'm in it—we've sort of gradually got in deeper and deeper, the way folks do—and it'd take a thousand times more out of me to break loose than to go on. You're an old fuss, anyhow. I'm all right. Only, for the Lord's sake, leave me quiet now."

The doctor shivered and put his hand over his eyes as he remembered how, to his physician's eye, the increasing ill health of his old friend gleamed lividly from his pale face.

Mrs. Sandworth brought him back to the present with an astonished: "Good gracious! how can anybody even pretend to shiver on a day like this!" She added: "Look here, Marius, are you going to sit there and moon all the afternoon? Here's Lydia going already."

Seasoned to his eccentricities as she was, she was startled by his answer. "Julia," he said solemnly, "did you ever consider how many kinds of murder aren't mentioned in the statute-books?"

"Marius! What ideas! R e m e m b e r Lydia!"

"Oh, I remember Lydia," he said soberly, going to lay a hand fondly on her shoulder. "Are you really going now, my dear? I'll walk along to the waiting-room with you."

"Don't talk her to death," called Mrs. Sandworth after them.

"I won't say a word," he answered.

It was a promise he almost literally kept. He was in one of the exaggeratedly humble moods which alternated with his florid, talkative, cocksure phases. Lydia, too, was thoughtful and abstracted. In a complete silence they descended the dusty street, blazing in the late afternoon sun, and passed into the inferno of a crowded city square in midsummer; but, as they stood before the waiting-room at last, Lydia broke her long silence to cry out: "Oh, godfather! Godfather! How can we, any of us, do any better?"

He made a gesture of impotence. "God knows!" he said and, turning, went his way.

Lydia entered the waiting-room and went to ask a man in uniform when the next car for Bellevue left.

"There's been an accident in the power-house, lady," he told her. "That line ain't runnin'."

Lydia gave an exclamation of dismay. "But I must get back to Bellevue to-night!"

Paul was out of town, but she knew the agonies of anxiety 'Stashie would suffer if she did not appear. "Oh, but I can telephone," she reminded herself aloud.

"You kin get out there, if you don't mind takin' the long way round," the man explained with a friendly interest. "If you take the Garfiel' Avenue line and change at Ironton to the Onteora branch, it'll bring

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you back on the other side of Bellevue, and Bellevue ain't so big but what you can walk to where you live, I reckon."

Lydia thanked him, and, assuring herself that she had time to eat something before the car's departure, betook herself to a dairy-lunch room, where she ate a conscientiously substantial supper. The heat of the day had left her little appetite; but "to take care of herself" now seemed at last one of the "worth-while" things, to do which she had always so eager a longing.

At seven o'clock she took the trolley. For some time she was the only passenger, for the evening rush was over. Then a tired-looking middle-aged man, an accountant perhaps, in a shabby alpaca coat, boarded the car and sank at once into a restless doze, his heat-paled face nodding about like a broken-necked doll's. Lydia was excessively tired, but she was not sleepy. She looked out intently at the flat, fertile, kindly country, gradually darkening in a soft summer twilight. She was very fond of her home landscape. She had not taken so considerable a trip on a trolley for a long time—not since the trip to the Mallory house-party—that was a long time ago——

At the edge of thick woods the car came to a sudden stop. The lights went out. The conductor disappeared, twitched at the trolley, and went around for a consultation with the motorman, who had at once philosophically pulled off his worn glove and sat down on the step. "Power's off!" he called back casually into the car. "We've got to wait till they turn her on again."

"How long 'll that be?" asked the middle-aged man, anxiously.

"Oh, I dunno. The whole system is on the bum to-day. May be half an hour. May be more."

After a time of silent waiting, enlivened only by the murmur of the conversation between the motorman and the conductor outside, the gray-haired man suggested to Lydia that it would be cooler under the trees and if she would like to go he would be glad to help her. When he had her established on a grassy bank, he forbore further talk and sat so still that, as the minutes slipped by, Lydia almost forgot him.

It was singularly pleasant there, with the rustling blackness of the wood behind them, and before them the sweep of the open farming country shimmering faintly in the light of the stars, now beginning to show in the great, unbroken arch of the heavens. The talk of the two men on the steps of the car was distinctly audible, and Lydia with much interest pieced together a character and life-history for each, out of their desultory, friendly chat; but presently they, too, fell silent, listening to the stir of the night-breezes in the forest. Lydia leaned her head against a tree and closed her eyes.

She never knew if it were from a doze or only from a reverie that she was aroused by a sudden thrilling sound back of her—the clear, deep voice of a distant 'cello. Her heart began to beat faster, as it always did at the sound of music, and she sat up, amazed, looking back into the blackness of the wood. And then, like a waking dream, came a flood of melody from what seemed to her an angel choir—fresh, young voices proclaiming through the summer night some joyous, ever-ascending message. Lydia felt her pulses loud at her temples, and almost a faintness of pleasure came over her. There was something ineffably sweet about the disembodied voices sending their triumphant chant up to the stars.

The sound stopped as suddenly as it began. The motorman drew a long breath.

"They do fine, don't they?" he said. "My oldest girl's learning to sing alto with them."

"He ain't musical himself, is he?" asked the conductor.

"No, *he* ain't. It's some Dutch friends that does the playing. But he got the whole thing up and runs the children. It's a nawful good thing for the kids around here, let me tell you!"

"What's he doin' it for, I wonder?" queried the conductor idly.

"Aw, I dunno. He's kind o' funny, anyhow. Said he wanted to teach young folks how to enjoy themselves without spendin' money. That kind o' talk hits their *folks* in the right spot, you bet. He owns a slice of this farm, you know, and he's given some of the younger kids pieces of ground for gardens, and he's got up a night-class in carpentering for young fellows that work in town all day. He's a crackajack carpenter himself."

"He'll run into the unions if he don't look out," prophesied the conductor.

"I guess likely," assented the motorman. "They got after Dielman the other day,

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did you hear, because he—" The talk drifted to gossip of the world of workpeople. It stopped short as the 'cello again sent out its rich, vibrant introduction to the peal of full-throated joy. There seemed no other sound in all the enchanted, starlit world than this fervid harmony.

This time it did not stop, but went on and on, swelling and dying away and bursting out again into new ecstasies. In one of the pauses when nothing but the 'cello's chant came to her ears, Lydia suddenly caught, mingling with it, the sweet, faint voice of a little stream whispering vaguely near her. It sounded almost like rain on autumn leaves.

The lights in the car flared up, blinding white, but the two men on the steps did not stir. The conductor sat with his arms folded on his knees, his head on his arms. The motorman leaned against the end of the car. When, after one long, ringing, exultant shout, the music finally ceased, no one moved for a time. Then the motorman stood up, drawing on his gloves. "Quite a concert," said the conductor, starting for the back platform.

"They do *fine!*" repeated the motorman.

The middle-aged man came forward from the shadow and helped Lydia up the steps. There were traces of tears on his tired face.

In September, when her mother leaned over her to say in a joyful, trembling voice, "Oh, Lydia, it's a girl, a darling little girl," Lydia opened her white lips to murmur, "She is Ariadne."

"What did you say?" asked her mother.

"We must see that she has the clue," said Lydia faintly.

Mrs. Emery tiptoed to the doctor. "Keep her very quiet," she whispered. "She is a little out of her mind."

CHAPTER XX

FOR ARIADNE'S SAKE

LITTLE Ariadne was six months old before Lydia could begin to make the slightest effort to resume the usual social routine of her life. This was not at all on account of ill health, for she had recovered her strength rapidly and completely and, like a good many normal women, had found maternity a solvent of various slight physical disorders of her girlhood. She felt now a more assured physical poise than ever before, and could not attribute her disappearance from Endbury social life to weakness. The fact was that Dr. Melton had upheld her in her wish to nurse her baby herself, which limited her to very short absences from the house, and to a very quiet life within doors. She also discovered that the servant problem was by no means simplified by the addition of a new member to the family.

Anastasia O'Hern was always there, to be sure—heavy-handed, warm-hearted 'Stashie—who took the new little girl to her loyal spinster heart and wept tears of joy over her safe arrival; but 'Stashie had proved, as Paul predicted from the first time he saw her, incorrigibly rattle-headed and loose-ended. She had learned to prepare a number of simple, homely dishes, quite enough to supply the actual wants of the every-day household, and what she cooked was unusually palatable. She had the Celtic feeling for savoriness. She had also managed, under Lydia's zealous tuition, to overcome the Celtic tolerance for dirt, and, thanks to her square, powerful body, as strong as a ditch-digger's, she made light work of keeping the house in a most gratifying state of cleanliness.

But there were gaps in her equipment which were not to be filled by any amount of tuition. In the first place, as Paul said of her, she was as much like the traditional trim maid as a hippopotamus is like a gazelle. Furthermore, as Dr. Melton had summed up the matter in answer to one of Paul's outbreaks against her, she was utterly incapable of comprehending that satisfied vanity is the vital element in human life. For all that pertained to the appearance of things 'Stashie was deaf, dumb, and blind. She would as soon as not put one of her savory stews on the table in an earthen crock, and she never could be trusted to set the table properly. There were always kitchen spoons among the silver, and the dishes looked, as Paul said, "as though she had stood off and thrown them at a bull's-eye in the middle of the table."

Anastasia could only love on her knees, and serve and sympathize and cherish; she could not remember to comb her hair, or to put on a clean apron when she opened the front door, even if it were Madam Hollister herself who rang. She had once

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opened to that important personage attired in a calico wrapper, a sweater, and a pair of rubber boots, having just come in from emptying the ashes—one of the heavy tasks outside her regular work which she took upon her strong, willing self.

"But I was clane, and I got her into the house in two minutes from the time she rang," she protested to Lydia, who, at Paul's instance, had taken her to task.

Lydia explained: "But Mr. Hollister's aunt is a person who would rather wait half an hour in the cold than see you without an apron."

To which 'Stashie exclaimed in awestruck wonder before the mysteries of creation. "Folks do be the beatin'est, don't they now, Mis' Hollister!"

There was something more lacking in the Irishwoman's mental outfit, namely, the capacity even to conceive that ideal of impersonal self-effacement which, as Paul said truthfully, is the everywhere accepted standard for servants. Her loquacity was a never-ending joke to Madeleine Lowder and her husband, who were temporarily exulting in a couple of deft, silent, expensive Japanese "boys," and who, since Madeleine frankly expressed her horror at the bother of having children, seemed likely to continue ignorant, except at comfortable second-hand, of harassing domestic difficulties.

So intensely did Paul dislike 'Stashie that, if Lydia had not been in such dire need of another pair of hands in that large house, besides her own slender ones, or if the supply from Endbury intelligence offices had been a whit less unreliable and uncertain, she would not have felt justified in keeping the burly, awkward Celt, in spite of her own affection. As it was, she felt guilty for 'Stashie's presence and miserably responsible for her uncouth conduct. 'Stashie was a constant point of friction between husband and wife; and Lydia was trying with desperate ingenuity to avoid points of friction by some other method than the usual Endbury one of divided interests. Many times she lay awake at night, convinced that her duty was to dismiss Anastasia; only to rise in the morning equally convinced that things without her would, in the long run, be even more disagreeable for Paul than they were now. The upshot of the matter was that she herself was a very incompetent person, she was remorsefully sure of that; although her mother and Marietta and Paul's aunt all told her that she need expect nothing during the first year of a baby's life but one wretched round of domestic confusion.

Lydia did not find it so. She was immensely occupied, it is true; for, though Ariadne was a strong, healthy child who spent most of her time, so her grandmother complained, in sleeping, to Lydia's more intimate contact with the situation there seemed to be more things to be done for the baby in addition to the usual cares of housekeeping than could possibly be crowded into twenty-four hours. And yet she was happier during those six months than ever before in her life—happier than she had ever dreamed any one could be. She stepped about incessantly from one task to another, and was very tired at night, but there was no nervous strain on her, and she had no moments of blasting skepticism as to the value of her labors. Everything she did, even to the most menial task connected with the baby, was dignified to her mind by its usefulness.

She found also that she was able so to systematize and organize her work that she was always ahead of it. Paul was obliged to alter his judgment of her as impractical and incapable—although, of course, the dearest and sweetest of little wives—for nothing could have been more competent than the way she managed the baby and her simple housekeeping. Indeed, there came to the young husband's mind not infrequently, and always with a slight aroma of bitterness, the conviction that Lydia was perfectly able to do whatever she really wished to do and considered important; and that previous conditions must have been due to her unwillingness to set herself seriously at the problems before her. It was a new theory about his wife's character, which the intelligent young man laid by on a mental shelf for future use after this period of intense domesticity should be past.

At present he accepted thankfully his clean house and his savory food, was not too much put out by 'Stashie's eccentricities, since there was no one but the immediate family to see them, and rejoiced with a whimsical tenderness in Lydia's passion of satisfaction with her baby. He saw so little of the droll, sleeping, eating little mite that he could not as yet take it very seriously for *his* baby. It was, on the whole, a happy half-year for him too. He was

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much moved and pleased by Lydia's joy. He had meant to make his wife happy.

Lydia herself was transported by the mere physical intoxication of new motherhood, a potion more exciting, so her much-experienced physician said, than any wine ever fermented. She hung over her sleeping baby, poring upon the exquisite fineness of the skin, upon the rosy little mouth, still sucking comically at an imaginary meal, upon the dimpled, fragile hands, upon the peaceful relaxation of the body, till the very trusting, appealing essence of babyhood flooded her senses like a strong drug. And when the child was awake, and she could bathe the much-creased little body and handle the soft arms, and drop passionate kisses on the satin-smooth skin, and rub her cheek on the downy head, she found herself sometimes trembling and dizzy with emotion. She felt constantly buoyed up by a deep trust and belief in life which she had not known before. The huge and steadying continuity of existence was revealed to her in those days. It was a revelation which never was to leave her. She outgrew definitely then the sense of the fragmentary futility of living which had always been, unvoiced but intensely felt, the torment of her earlier life.

"I am living! I am living!" she told her godfather one day, holding up the baby to him, "and I like it as well as I thought I should."

"Most people do," he informed her, "when they get a peck at it. It generally takes something cataclysmic, too, to tear them loose from their squirrel cages—like babies or getting converted."

If he thought that early married life could also be classed among these beneficently uprooting agencies, he kept his thoughts to himself. Lydia's marriage had been eminently free from disagreeable shocks or surprises and amply deserved to be called successful in the usual reasonable and moderate application of that adjective to matrimony; but there was nothing in it, certainly, to destroy, even temporarily, any one's grasp on what are known as the realities of life.

The doctor considered, and added to his last speech: "Getting converted is surer. Babies grow up."

Lydia felt that her godfather was right and that babies gave one only a short respite when, toward spring, she observed in all the inhabitants of her world repeated signs of uneasy dissatisfaction with her "submergence in domesticity," as Mrs. Emery put it in a family conclave. Lydia recognized with a rueful smile the closing about her of familiar influences, in the very choice of her mother's words.

Marietta had never resumed an easy intercourse with the Hollisters since the affair of the dinner-party, but she came to call at not infrequent intervals, and Paul's sister dropped in often. Both of these ladies were loud in their exhortations to Lydia not to allow maternity to be in her life the encumbering, unbeautifying, too lengthy episode it was to women with less force of character than their own. "You do get so *out* of things," Madeleine told her, with her usual breathless italicizing, "if you stay away too long."

Marietta added her quota of experienced wisdom to the discussion: "If you just hang over a baby all the time, you get queer and different."

Lydia's elder brother George, the rich one, who lived in Cleveland and manufactured rakes and hoes, wrote her one of his very rare family letters to the same effect. Lydia thought it likely that he had been moved to this unusual show of interest in her affairs by proddings from her mother and Marietta. If this surmise were correct, and if a similar request had gone to Henry, the other member of the Emery family, the one who had married the grocer's daughter, the appeal had a strikingly different effect. From Oregon came an impetuous, slangily worded exhortation to Lydia not to make a fool of herself and "miss the best fun in life to live up to the tommy-rot standards of Endbury." The Emerys heard but seldom from this erring son, and Lydia, who had been but a child when he left home, had never before received a letter from him. He wrote from a fruit-farm in Oregon, the description of which, on the grandiloquent letter-head, gave an impression of ampleness and prosperity which was not contradicted by the full-blooded satisfaction in life that breathed from every line of the breezy, good-natured letter. The incident stirred Lydia's imagination. It spoke of a wider horizon, a fresher air, than that about her.

During this time Paul's attention was concentrated on bringing about a re-allotment of American Electric territory in the

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IT CAME TO HIM THAT SHE DID NOT SEE HIM AT ALL, BUT RATHER SOME DEVASTATING INNER SIGHT, WHICH SEARED HER HEART.

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Middle West, a re-allotment which would add several busy cities to his district and make a decided difference in his salary and commissions. He worked early and late in the Endbury office and made many trips into all parts of the field.

Lydia had tried hard to get from him information enough to understand what it was all about, but he put her off with vague, fatigued assurances that it was too complicated for her to grasp, or for him to go over without his papers; that it would take him too long to explain. "Oh, it's all right, Lydia! Just you trust me!" he would cry, with a hint of vexation, as if he felt that questions from her could only mean suspicion.

Lydia's tentative efforts to construct a bridge between her world and his met constantly with this ill success. She had had so little training in bridge-building, she thought sadly.

One evening that spring, such a futile attempt of hers was interrupted by the son of one of their neighbors, a lad of eighteen, who had just been given a subordinate position in his father's business. As he strolled up to their veranda steps, Lydia looked up from the dress she was enlarging for the rapidly growing baby, and reflected that astonishingly rapid growth is the law of all healthy youth. The tall boy looked almost ludicrous to her in his ultra-correct man's outfit, so vividly did she recall him, three or four years before, in short trousers and round-collared shirt-waists. His smooth, rosy face had still the downy bloom of adolescence.

"How'd do, Walter," said Paul, glancing up from a pile of blue-prints.

"Evening," answered the boy, nodding and sitting down on the top step with one knee up. "D'you mind if I smoke, Mrs. Hollister?"

"Not at all," she answered gravely, amused by the elaborate carelessness with which he handled his new pipe.

"What you working on, Hollister?" he went on, with the manner of one old business man to another. Lydia hid a smile. She found him delicious. She began to think how she could make Dr. Melton laugh by her account of Walter the Man.

"The lay-out of the new power-house, Elliott-Gridley works in Urbana," answered Paul, in a straightforward, reasonable tone, a little absent.

Lydia stopped smiling. It was a tone he had never used to answer any business question she had ever put to him. "I'm figuring on their generators," he went on in explanation.

"Big contract?" asked Walter.

"Two thousand kilowatt," answered Paul.

The boy took his pipe out of his mouth to exclaim, "Gee! I didn't suppose they had the cash."

"They haven't," said Paul.

"Oh, chattel-mortgage?" surmised the other.

"Lease-contract," Paul corrected. "That doesn't have to be recorded."

"What's the matter with recording it?"

"Afraid of their credit. They don't want Dun's sending all over creation that they have chattel-mortgages on their equipment, do they?"

"No, sure! I see." The boy grasped the other's meaning with a quick nod. After an instant's pause, "Well, that's *one* way of gettin' round it!" he said admiringly.

Lydia had laid down her work and was looking intently at her two companions. At this she gave a stifled exclamation which made the boy turn his head. "Say, Mrs. Hollister, aren't you looking kind o' pale, this evening?" he asked. "These first hot nights do take it out of a person, don't they? Mr. Hollister ought to take you up to the lake for a holiday. Momma'd take care of the baby for you and welcome. She's crazy about babies." He was again the overgrown schoolboy whom Lydia knew.

The conversation drifted to indifferent topics. Lydia did not take her usual cheerful share in it, and when their caller had gone Paul inquired if she really were exhausted by the heat.

"Oh, no," she said. "You know I don't mind hot weather."

"You didn't say much when Walter was here, and I——"

"I was *thinking!*" Lydia broke in. "I was thinking that I couldn't understand a word you and Walter were saying any more than if you were talking Hebrew. I was thinking that that little *boy* knows more about your business than I do."

Paul did not attempt to deny this, though he laughed at her dramatic accent. "Sure he does! And about how to tie a four-in-hand and what's the best stud to wear in

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the back of a collar and where to buy socks. What's that to you?"

Lydia looked at him with quivering, silent lips.

He answered with heat: "Why, look-y-here, Lydia, suppose I were a doctor—you wouldn't expect to know how many grains of morphine I used in every case of——"

"But Dr. Melton *is* a doctor, and I know lots of what he thinks of as he lives, day after day—there are other things than technical details — other problems — human things. Why, for instance, there's one question that torments him all the time—how much it's right to humor people who aren't sick, but think they are. He talks to me a great deal about such——"

Paul laughed again, as he gathered up his blue-prints. "Well, I can't think of any problem that torments me but the everlasting one of how to sell more generators than my competitors. Come on indoors, honey. I've got to have more light if I finish these to-night."

His accent was evidently intended to end the discussion, and Lydia allowed it to do so, although the incident was one she could not put out of her mind. She watched Walter going back and forth to Endbury in the same trolley with Paul with a jealousy the absurdity of which she herself realized, and she listened with a painful intentness to the boy's talk during his occasional idling sojourns on their veranda steps.

One evening when he came lounging over, she was busy indoors, but later she stepped to the door in time to hear Paul say, laughing, "Well, for all that, he's not so good as Wellman Phelps's stenographer."

"How so?" asked the boy, alert to appreciate a pleasantry from his elder.

"Why, Phelps carries this fellow round with him everywhere he goes—has had him for years—and twice a week all he has to do is to say, 'Say, Fred, write my wife, will you?'"

His listener broke into a peal of boyish laughter. "Pretty *good!*" he applauded the joke.

"It's a fact," Paul went on. "Fred writes it and signs it and sends it off. Phelps never has to bother his head about it."

Lydia stepped back into the darkness of the hall.

She had never felt more helplessly her remoteness from her husband's world than during that spring. It was a sentiment which Paul apparently did not reciprocate. In spite of his detached manner about most domestic questions, he had as definite ideas as every one else about his wife's resumption of her social duties. It made him uneasy to be, as he put it, losing a point in the game." The matter was finally compromised by Lydia's accepting a number of invitations for the latter part of the season, although this necessitated, much to her distress, the weaning of Ariadne at a rather early age. She also gave a series of receptions in May. They were not by a hair nor a jot nor a tittle to be distinguished from their predecessors of the year before. As they seemed hardly adequate, Lydia suggested half-heartedly that they give a dinner-party, but Paul replied: "With 'Stashie to pour soup down people's backs and ask them how their baby's whooping-cough is, as she passes the potatoes?"

The hot weather came with the rush that was always so unexpected and so invariable, and another season was over.

CHAPTER XXI

"THROUGH PITY AND TERROR EFFECTING A PURIFICATION OF THE HEART"

ONE hot day in August, Ariadne slept later than usual, and when she woke up was quite unlike her usual, active, romping self. Her round face was deeply flushed, and she lay listless in her little bed, repulsing with a feeble fretfulness every attempt to give her food. Lydia's heart swelled so that she was choked with its palpitations. Paul was out of town. She was alone in the house except for her servant. To that ignorant, warm heart she turned with an inexpressible thankfulness. "Oh, 'Stashie! *'Stashie!*" she called, in a voice which brought the other clattering up the stairs. "The baby—look at the baby—and she won't touch her bottle!"

The tragic change in the Irishwoman's face as she looked at their darling, the anguished community of feeling—there was instantly a bond for the two women which wonderfully ignored all the dividing differences between them. Lydia felt herself—as she rarely did—not alone. It brought a wild comfort into her tumult. The other turned and ran back down the stairs— "to 'phone th' little ould doctor!" she called.

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Lydia ran to catch up Ariadne. The child turned from her mother with a moan and closed her eyes. A moment later, to Lydia's terror, she had sunk into a stupor.

The doctor found the mistress and maid hanging over the baby's bed with white faces, hand in hand like sisters. He examined the child silently, looking at the clinical thermometer with a face of inscrutable blankness, and then drew Lydia from the room. In the hall he cast at her a look of almost angry exhortation to summon her strength.

"Ariadne's very sick. I oughtn't to have allowed you to wean her with hot weather coming on. You'd better wire Paul."

"Yes," she said, not blenching. "What else can I do?"

"'Phone to the hospital for a trained nurse, start some water boiling to sterilize things, and get somebody here in a hurry to go to the nearest drug-store for me. I'll go back to her now."

"Is she—is she—dangerously—" asked Lydia in a low, steady voice.

"Yes, she is," he said unsparingly.

The telegram Lydia sent her husband read: "Ariadne taken very sick. Dr. Melton says dangerously. He thinks she does not suffer much, though she seems to. When shall I expect you?"

The answer she received in a few hours read: "Have two nurses. Get Jones, Cleveland, consultation. Impossible to leave."

It was handed her as she was running up the stairs with a pitcher of hot water. She read it, as she did everything that day, in dream-like rapidity, and showed it to Dr. Melton without comment. He handed it back without a word. Later he turned from the little bed to say irrelevantly: "Petersen of Toledo would be better than Jones if I have to have anybody. But so far it's simple—damnably simple."

He was obliged to leave for a time after this, called by a patient at the point of death. That seemed quite natural to Lydia. Death was thick in the air. He left the baby to a clear-eyed, impersonal, trained nurse, on whom Lydia waited slavishly, sitting motionless in a corner of the room until sent for something, and then flying noiselessly upon her errand. She could not bear to be out of sight of the little figure with the flushed cheeks, moving her head back and forth on the pillow and gazing about with bright, unseeing eyes. As night came on, the baby began to give, in a voice not her own, little piteous cries of suffering, or strange, delirious mockeries of her pretty laughter and quaint, unintelligible, prattling talk. Once, as the long, hot night stood still, she called out quite clearly, "Mama! Mama!" It was the first time she had ever said the word.

Lydia sprang up and rushed toward the bed like an insane person, her arms outstretched, her eyes glittering. Dr. Melton did not forbid her to take up her child, but he said in a neutral tone, "It would be better for her to lie quiet."

Lydia stopped short, shuddering. The doctor did not take his eyes from his little patient. After a moment the mother went slowly back to her seat. "Hand me the thermometer," said the doctor to the nurse.

In the early morning came a telegram from Paul: "Wire me frequently baby's condition. Spare no expense in treatment."

Lydia answered: "Ariadne slightly worse. Doctor says crisis in three days." This time her message was within ten words, like his own. She despatched him thereafter a bulletin every four or five hours. They ran mostly to the effect that Ariadne was about the same.

The doctor came and went, the nurses relieved each other, the telephone rang for the inquiries of the family, Flora Burgess called once a day to get the news from 'Stashie. Lydia was slave to the nurses. 'Stashie was the only person who paid the least attention to her. 'Stashie made her eat, 'Stashie saw to it that once or twice she lay down, 'Stashie combed her hair and bathed her white face; most of all, 'Stashie went about with eyes which reflected faithfully the suffering in Lydia's own. She said very little, but, as they passed, the two women sometimes exchanged brief words.

"Niver you think it possible, Mis' Hollister."

"No," Lydia would answer resolutely, "it's not possible."

But as the hours filed past, the doctor told her bluntly that it would be quite possible. "There's just a fighting chance," he added relentlessly. "If I hadn't been such a fool as to let you wean her——"

There was in his manner absolutely nothing of his usual tenderness to his godchild. He was the physician wholly. Lydia was grateful for this. She could not have borne

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a kind touch then . . . but she was horribly alone.

No, not alone! There was always 'Stashie, silent 'Stashie with red eyes, her heart bleeding. But even 'Stashie's loyal heart could not know all the bitterness of Lydia's. 'Stashie's breasts did not swell and throb as if in mockery. 'Stashie did not hear over and over: "If she had not been weaned——"

On the night and near the hour when the crisis was expected, Lydia was at the end of the hall, where she had installed an oil stove. She was heating water needed for some of the processes of the sick-room. It had begun to steam up in the thick, hot night air, was singing loudly, and would boil in an instant. She sat looking at it in her tense, trembling quiet. There was no light but the blue flame of the stove.

Suddenly there rang loudly in her ears the question to which she had deafened herself— "What if Ariadne should die?" She looked down into the black abyss from which she had wilfully turned away her eyes and saw that it was fathomless. A throe of revolt and hatred shook her. She bowed her head to her knees, racked by an anguish compared to which the torture of childbirth was as nothing; and out of this deathly pain came forth, as in childbirth, something alive—a vision as swift, as passing, as a glimpse into the gates of Paradise, a blinding certainty of the immensity of the whole of which she and Ariadne were a part, of the sacredness of life, which was to be lived sacredly, even if——

She raised her head, living a more exalted instant than she had ever dreamed— The water broke into quick, dancing bubbles. In a period of time incalculably short, transfiguration had come to her.

The door at the other end of the hall opened, and Doctor Melton's light, uneven footstep echoed back of her. She did not turn. He laid a hand on her shoulder. It was trembling and, with a wonderful consciousness of endless courage, she turned to comfort him. His lips were twitching so that for an instant he could not speak. Then, "She'll pull through. I'm pretty sure now she'll—" he got out, and leaned against the wall.

Lydia took him into a protecting embrace as though it were *his* baby who had turned back from the gates of death. She had come into a larger heritage. She was mother to all that suffered. Looking down on the head which lay on her bosom, she noticed how white the hair was. He was an old man—her godfather; he had been on a long strain.

He looked up at her. And then it was over. He had mastered himself and grasped the handle of the basin. "How long has this been boiling?" he asked.

Lydia pointed to her watch hanging on the wall. "Three minutes by that," she said. "May I leave to tell 'Stashie?"

The doctor nodded absently.

Neither spoke of Paul.

Lydia hurried across the dark, silent house with swift sureness. The happiness she was about to confer cast a radiance upon her. She touched the door to the servant's room and ran her fingers lightly over it to find the knob. Faint as the noise was, it was answered by a stir inside. There was a thud of bare feet and a quick rush. Lydia felt the door swing open before her in the darkness and spoke quickly to the trembling, breathing form she divined there. "The doctor says she's safe."

Strong arms were about her, hot tears, not her own, rained down on her face. Before she knew it, she was swept to her knees, where, locked in the other's close embrace, she felt the big heart thump loud against her own and heard go up above her a wild: "Oh, God! Oh, Mary Mother! Oh, Christ! Oh, Mary Mother! Glory be to God! Hail, Mary Mother of God! Thanks be to God! Thanks be——"

Kneeling there in the blackness, with her servant's arms about her, Lydia thought it the first prayer she had ever heard.

Ariadne grew well with the miraculous rapidity of children, and when Paul came back was almost herself again, if a little thinner. It was upon Lydia that Paul's eyes fastened—Lydia, very white, her face almost translucent, her starry eyes contradicting the tremor of her lips. He drew her to him in a close, affectionate, startled embrace, crying out: "Why, Lydia darling, you look as though you'd been drawn through a knot-hole! This has been harder on you than on the baby. What wore *you* out so? I thought you had two nurses!"

He looked closely into her face, seeing more changes. "Why, you poor, poor, poor darling!" he said compassionately. "You look positively years older."

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"Oh, I am that," she told him, oddly enough, he thought, exultantly.

He expostulated with her lovingly: "You just shouldn't allow yourself to get so wrought up over Ariadne! You'll wear yourself out. What earthly use did it do the baby? Sickness is a matter for professionals, I tell you *what!* You had the two nurses and your precious old doctor. What more could be done? That's what I felt. I knew well enough there wasn't an earthly thing I could do to help."

Lydia looked at him so strangely that he noticed it. "Oh, of course, I could have been company for you. But that was the only thing. Besides, you had 'Stashie to wait on you."

"Yes, I had 'Stashie," admitted Lydia.

Paul perceived uneasily some enigmatic quality in her quiet answer and went on: "Now Lyddie, don't go making yourself out a martyr because I didn't come back. You know I'd have come from the ends of the earth to nurse her, if we'd had to do that. But thank the Lord I make money enough to do better by the little tad than that!"

"Suppose I had gone to the theatre that night?" asked Lydia slowly. "There was nothing I could do here."

Paul looked justifiably aggrieved. "Good Lord, Lydia! I wasn't off amusing myself. I was doing *business!*" His special accent for the word was never more pronounced. "Making money to pay for the nurses that saved her life," he ended. His conviction of the unanswerable force of this statement put him again in a good humor: "Now, little madam, you listen to me. You're going to take a junketing honeymoon off with me or I'll know the reason why. I'm going to take you up to Put-In Bay for a vacation! Pretty near all our card-club gang are there, and we'll have a gay old time and cheer you up. I'll bet you worried yourself half sick, didn't you, now?"

During this speech Lydia stood leaning against him, feeling the cloth of his sleeve rough on her bare forearm, feeling the stir and life of his body, the warmth of his breath on her face. She had an impulse to scream wildly to him, as though to make him hear and stop and turn, before he finally disappeared from her sight; and she faced him dumbly. There were no words to tell him—he had not been there—he could never know.

She moved away and rearranged the flowers in a vase. "Oh, yes, I worried, of course. The baby was awfully sick for three days."

Paul was unpacking his suit-case. "Don't they get over things quickly?" he commented, looking around at the baby. "To see her creeping round like a little hop-toad and squeaking that rubber bunny—why, I declare I can't believe she's had anything the matter with her. I guess you and the doctor lost your nerve."

Three or four days later he was called away again. Their regular routine began. Ariadne grew fast, constantly developing new faculties. By the autumn she was no longer a baby, but a person. The young mother felt the same mysterious forces of change and growth working irresistibly in herself. The long summer, thoughtful and solitary, marked the end of one period in her life. She looked forward shrinkingly to the winter. What would happen to this new self, whose growth in her was keeping pace with the growth of her child?

What would happen next?

CHAPTER XXII

A BLACK MILE-STONE

WHAT happened was, in the first week of October, the sudden death of her father. It was sudden only to his wife and daughters, whom, as always, the judge had tried to spare at all costs the knowledge of anything unpleasant. Dr. Melton thought that perhaps a strong man's incredulity of anything for him to fear had a good deal to do with his repeated refusals to allow his wife or daughters to be warned of the danger of apoplexy. Without that hypothesis it seemed incredible, he told Mrs. Sandworth, that so kind a man could be so cruel.

Mrs. Emery's attitude was a revelation to the doctor—a revelation which left him almost as angrily full of grief as she was herself. He had thought best, on the whole, not to disclose to her the substance of the several conversations he had had with his dead friend on the subject of finances. With two prosperous sons, the widow would be well taken care of. But when Mrs. Emery, divining the truth with an awful intuition, came flying to him after the settlement, he was not proof against the fury of her interrogations.

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"There is nothing left," she began, bursting into his office, "but the house, which has a mortgage, and the insurance—nothing! Nothing!"

The doctor thought bitterly that it was soon for her to be resentful.

"Had the judge lost any money, do you know?" she went on.

"No, I think not."

"But where—what—we had at one time five thousand dollars at least in the savings-banks. I happened to know of that small account. I supposed of course there was more. There is no trace of even that, the administrator says."

"That went into the extra expenses of the year Lydia made her début. And her wedding cost a great deal, he told me—and her trousseau—and other expenses—" Used as the doctor was to the universal custom of divided interests among his well-to-do patients, it did not seem too strange to him to be giving information about her own affairs to this gray-haired matron. She was not the first widow to whom he had been forced to break bad news of her husband's business.

Mrs. Emery stared at him, her dry lips apart, a glaze over her eyes. He thought her expression strange. As she said nothing, he added, with a little sour pleasure in defending his dead friend, even if it should give a prick to a survivor: "The judge was so scrupulously honest, you know, he was never willing to make anything on the side, as the phrase goes."

The widow sat down and stared hard at him. It came to him that she did not see him at all, but rather some devastating inner sight which seared her heart, but from which she could not turn away her eyes. He himself turned away, beginning to be aware of some passion within her beyond his divination. There was a long silence.

Finally: "That was the reason he would not stop working," stated the woman, in a voice which made the physician whirl about. He looked sharply into her face, and what he saw there took him in one stride to her side. She kept her stony eyes still on the place where he had been—eyes that saw only, as though for the first time, some long procession of past events.

"I see," she went on, with a flat intonation. "He *could* not stop. That was the reason he would never rest."

She got slowly to her feet, smoothing over and over one side of her skirt with a strange, automatic gesture. She was looking full into the doctor's face now. "I have killed him," she said quietly, and fell as though struck down by a blow from behind.

Her long, long illness was spent in the Melton house, with the doctor in attendance, and Julia Sandworth, utterly devoted, constantly at hand. The old Emery house, the outward symbol of her married life, was sold and the big "yard" cut up into building lots before she was able to sit up. Lydia came frequently, but, acting on the doctor's express command, never brought Ariadne. The outbreaks of self-reproach and embittered grief which were likely to burst upon the widow even in the midst of one of her quiet, listless days were not, he said, for a child to see or hear. He told Lydia they were delirious, but to his sister he said sadly that he wished they were. "I imagine they are the only times when she comes really to herself," he added.

The especial agony for the sick woman was that nothing of what had happened seemed to her now in the least necessary. "Why, if I had only known—if I had only dreamed how things were—" she cried incessantly to those about her. "What did I care about anything compared to Nat! I loved my husband! If any one had given me the least hint it was so serious—I only did all those things because—because there was nothing else to do! I loved Nat! I want my husband!"

Used as he was to pitiful scenes in the life of suffering humanity, these violent outbreaks made an almost intolerably profound impression upon the doctor. He was like a sick person himself, going about his practise with sunken eyes and a gray face. His need for sympathy was so great that he abandoned the tacit silence about the Emerys which had existed between him and Rankin ever since Lydia's marriage and, going out to the house in the Black Rock woods, unburdened to the younger man the horror of his heart.

"She's literally broken-hearted!" he cried. "She is! It's real! And what has she had to make up for it? Oh, it's monstrous that things should be so! She keeps saying over something that rings in my ears day and night. That gray-haired woman, a human being my own age—the silly, tragic, childish thing she keeps saying—'I

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only did all those things because there was nothing else!' *Nothing else!*" He turned on his host with a fierce: "Good God, she's right! What else was there ever for her—for any woman like her——"

"We ought to share more evenly with them our most precious possession," said Rankin.

The doctor stared. "You mean——"

"I mean work."

The word echoed in a long silence.

The doctor rose to go. "Generally I forget we're of different generations," he said, with apparent irrelevance. "But there are times when I feel it keenly."

"Why now, especially?" Rankin asked. "I've stated a doctrine that's yours too."

"Yes, it's mine—in theory. I believe in it as people believe in Christianity—I'd be equally loath to see anybody doubt it or practise it. Ah, I'm a fool. Besides, I was born in Kentucky! And I am sixty-seven years old." He shut the door behind him with emphasis.

He was on his way to Bellevue to visit Lydia. Knowing her tender heart, he had expected to see her drowned in grief. Her dry-eyed quiet made him uneasy. When he found her that morning, with Ariadne on her lap, he said bluntly: "Don't keep the tears back, Lydia; you make me afraid."

She gave him as great a shock of surprise as her mother had done. "If I could cry," she said quietly, smoothing Ariadne's dark hair, "it would be because I feel so little sorrow. I do not miss my father at all—or hardly at all."

The doctor caught at his chair and stared.

"How should I?" she went on drearily. "I almost never saw him. I never spoke to him about anything that really mattered. I never let him know me."

"What are you talking about?" cried the doctor. "You always lived at home."

"I never lived with my father. He was away in the morning before I got up. I was away or occupied in the evening when he was there. On Sundays he never went to church as mother and I did—I suppose, now, because he had some other religion of his own. But if he had, I never knew what it was, or anything else that was in his mind or heart. It never occurred to me that I could. He tried to love me—he was so glad to see me when I got home from Europe—*that* makes me cry to remember!—but he never knew anything that happened to me. I told you before how, when I had pneumonia and nearly died, mother kept it from him because he was on a big case. It was all like that always. He was never to know unless it happened to be convenient."

Dr. Melton broke in, his voice uncertain, his face horrified. "Lydia, I can not let you go on. You shock me! You are cruelly unfair! You are morbid. I knew your father intimately. He loved you beyond expression. He would have done anything for you. But his profession is an exacting one! Put yourself in his place! It's all or nothing in the law—as in business."

"When you bring children into the world you expect them to cost you some money, don't you? You know you mustn't let them die of starvation—why oughtn't you to expect to have them cost you some thought, and some sharing of your life with them, and some time—real time—not just scraps that you can't use for business?"

As the doctor faced her, open-mouthed and silent, she went on, still dry-eyed, but with a quaver in her voice that was like a sob: "But oh! the worst of my blame is for myself. I was a blind, selfish, self-centered egotist . . . poor papa! . . . . I could have changed things if I had only tried harder! I am paying for it now. I am paying for it!"

She took her child up in her arms and bent her head over the dark, silky hair. She whispered: "It's not that I have lost my father. I never had a father—but you!" She put out her hand and pressed the doctor's hard. "And my poor father had no daughter!"

She set the child on the floor with a gesture almost violent and cried out loudly, breaking for the only time her cheerless calm, "And now it is too late!"

Ariadne turned her rosy, round face to her mother's, startled, almost frightened.

Lydia knelt down and put her arms about the child. She looked solemnly into her godfather's eyes and, as though she were taking a great and resolute oath, she said: "But it is not too late for Ariadne."

The next instalment of "The Squirrel Cage" will appear in the March number.

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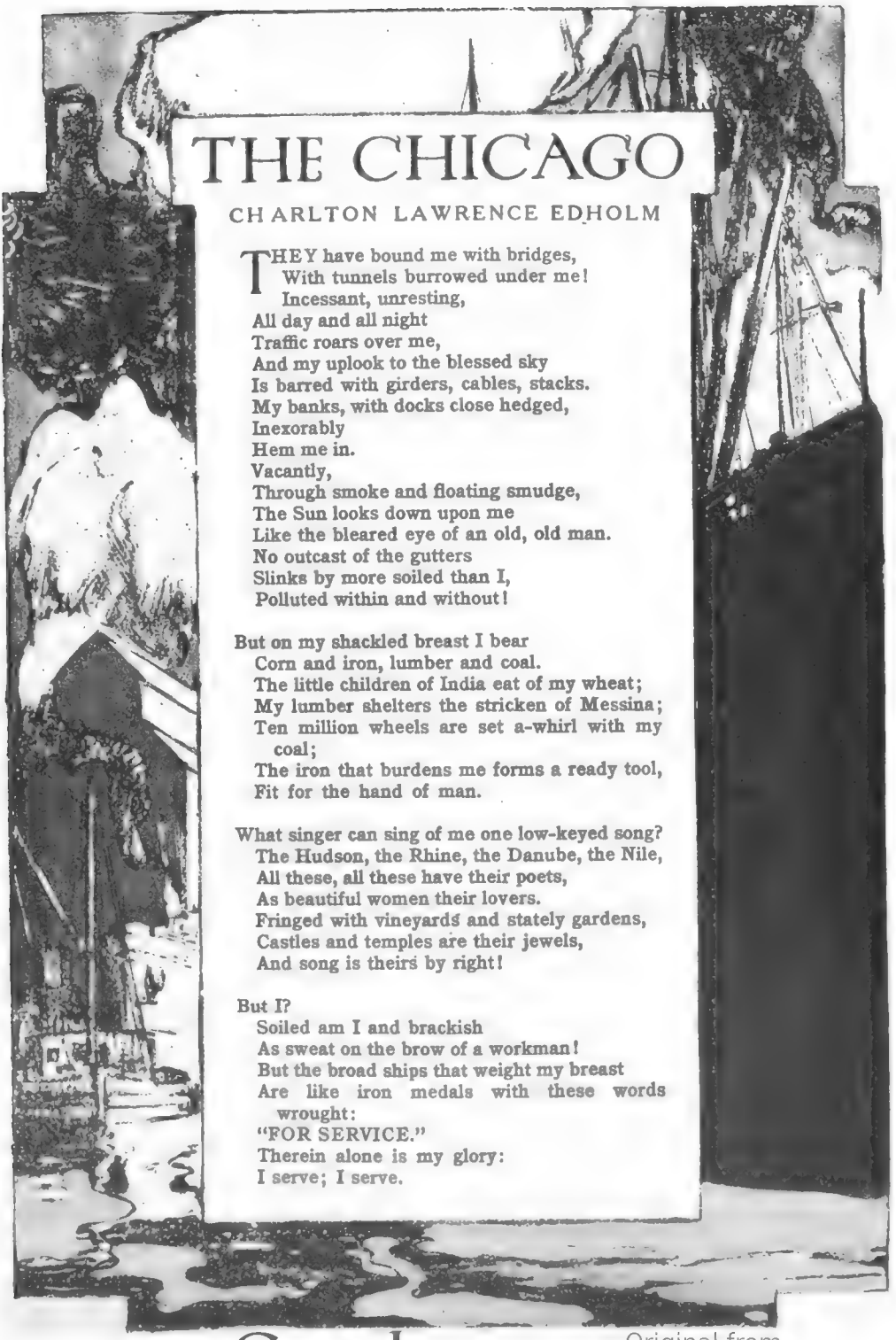

THE CHICAGO

CHARLTON LAWRENCE EDHOLM

THEY have bound me with bridges,
With tunnels burrowed under me!
Incessant, unresting,
All day and all night
Traffic roars over me,
And my uplook to the blessed sky
Is barred with girders, cables, stacks.
My banks, with docks close hedged,
Inexorably
Hem me in.
Vacantly,
Through smoke and floating smudge,
The Sun looks down upon me
Like the bleared eye of an old, old man.
No outcast of the gutters
Slinks by more soiled than I,
Polluted within and without!

But on my shackled breast I bear
Corn and iron, lumber and coal.
The little children of India eat of my wheat;
My lumber shelters the stricken of Messina;
Ten million wheels are set a-whirl with my coal;
The iron that burdens me forms a ready tool,
Fit for the hand of man.

What singer can sing of me one low-keyed song?
The Hudson, the Rhine, the Danube, the Nile,
All these, all these have their poets,
As beautiful women their lovers.
Fringed with vineyards and stately gardens,
Castles and temples are their jewels,
And song is theirs by right!

But I?
Soiled am I and brackish
As sweat on the brow of a workman!
But the broad ships that weight my breast
Are like iron medals with these words wrought:
"FOR SERVICE."
Therein alone is my glory:
I serve; I serve.

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HIS HEAD WAS ALL RIGHT, 'CEPT FUR ITS BEIN' IN SYMPATHY 'ITH HIS STUMMICK.

SETH and SI

by EDFRID BINGHAM

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. MACHEFERT AND C. F. PETERS

GOODNESS me! If I didn't come nigh furgittin' the very thing I was most set on tellin' you. It makes me scairt, it does, to disremember so. Tildy says to me a while back, says she: "Ma, you ain't got no more mem'ry 'n that Plymouth Rock hen that c'n never rec'lect where she's laid her last aig." I'd certain'y 'd 'a' boxed Tildy's ears good fur that, but she dodged an' run, an' then I couldn't chase her fur laughin'.

But that ain't nothin' to do 'ith the Tuppers—Seth an' Si. They lived near neighbors t' us fur more 'n thirty years, an' some ways they seemed like kin. Your uncle al'ays set more store by Seth than Si, fur some reason or 'nother, but I liked Si best, maybe 'cause he kinder needed likin' most. Sometimes when they'd git to goin' it hot an' heavy, like Henry Clay an' Dan'l Webster, hours at a time, over that foolish red schoolhouse that none of us ever seen, your uncle an' I'd git into a kind of auxil'ry debate as to which of 'em oughter win.

Once Seth an' Si stopped arguin' to listen to us discussin' their faults an' their virtues—mostly their faults, it was—an' the' was only the fence between us, an' I never was so mortified! After that I'd never argue agin, 'cept to say we'd see which one was right some day. An' sure 'nough we did!

They was near the same age, though Si looked a heap older, an' his red beard was scraggly where Seth's was kep' trimmed, an' he got bald a lot sooner'n Seth. They was in the same comp'ny in the war, an' fought side by side till they got to Antietam, an' that's where Fate begun bein' partial. Seth got to be a lootenant, when most ev'rybody else in th' comp'ny was killed or taken; but poor Si was captured an' carted off to one o' them awful prison pens, from where the prisoners was sent home at the end o' the war 'ith their bones stickin' out, an' their insides rattlin' like the time our old yaller cat went mad in the pantry where all the fruit glasses was put away.

Si wasn't good fur much after that—physic'ly, I mean. His head was all right, but he couldn't do any more work, 'cept odd jobs, an' once he was postmaster till the Democrats got in an' give the place to that old skinflint Jenkins, who had lots o' money an' made his boys take long steps to

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save sole-leather. But Seth al'ays took care o' Si, an' when Si never married, but jist 'peared to settle down into a lingerin' old age 'fore he was forty, Seth kep' him at home like one of his own fam'ly, as o' course he was.

Seth went into the store business, after the war, an' got to be worth a right smart o' money, one way an' t'other. He was 'lected justice o' the peace time an' agin, an' when his childern growed up he sent 'em all to the academy at Wilkinsville, an' his new house was the nicest next to Bradley's, who'd made a pailful of money out o' the stone quarries. But fur all the years he was justice o' the peace, an' right successful settlin' other people's disputes, he never somehow got round to 'judicatin' that row 'ith Si over the old schoolhouse. I reckon now that's the way 'ith a heap o' jedges that's mighty wise on their benches an' no sensibler'n the rest of us when they git down an' set in ord'nary chairs an' tackle the pesky little problems of life.

I never did know how the argument got started, but it was a reg'lar thing fur the thirty years we was neighbors to the Tuppers. Sometimes it was on'y an argument, an' sometimes it was a heap worse. The' was days an' days when they wouldn't even speak, after a row. I must say—an' I wouldn't if I didn't jist haf to—it was mostly Si's fault when it got to be a disturbance. Maybe it wasn't his fault so much's 'twas his stummick. Si had frightful bad spells with his stummick, an' then he'd git thin and yaller, an' it was them times he gen'rally wanted to argue about that schoolhouse. It was jist so the day they had their last dispute, which turned out not to be the last'n, after all.

Si'd had a bad spell, an' the doctor'd been to see him four days runnin', an' he was jist able to crawl down the stairs an' set out in the back yard. But his head was all right, 'cept fur its bein' in sympathy 'ith his stummick, an' he set all crumpled up an' white in a rockin'-chair, makin' sarcastic remarks while we was workin' over the apple-butter. I was helpin' Mis' Tupper—that's Seth's wife—put up her fruit, mine bein' all put up the week before. I al'ays did like to git my fruit up early, so's to have it off my mind. So I was helpin' Mis' Tupper, an' that's how I come to know exactly what happened. We hadn't been payin' much notice to Si's sarcasms, an' what with that an' the pain in his stummick he was feelin' purty peevish toward evenin', when Seth come home.

Seth come out into the back yard, an' I c'd see a kind of glitter in Si's eyes, an' he was wettin' his lips 'ith his tongue.

"Good evenin', Mis' Sutton," Seth says to me.

"Same to you, Seth," says I.

"How's the apple-butter, Susan?" says he to his wife.

"A mite slow, Seth," says Mis' Tupper. "I don't think them was the best apples in the world."

Then he walks over to where Si was settin', an' places his hand on Si's shoulder, very 'fectionate-like, an' his voice had a touchin' softness in it.

"How're you feelin', Si?" he asks.

"First-rate," says Si.

He certain'y didn't look it, but Si never would admit he was ailin' any, an' gen'rally was mighty insulted if you asked any questions about his stummick. It wasn't s'much his sickness he was touchy 'bout as 'twas he didn't want to give up that the Rebs'd got the best o' him. So Si vowed he was feelin' fine.

"What you been doin'?" asks Seth, still with his hand on Si's shoulder.

"Jist thinkin' about old times," answers Seth.

"Have you?" says Seth. "An' what you been thinkin'?"

"I've been thinkin'," says Si, "about them p'simmon trees on the hill above Bascom's."

"Yes," says Seth, warmin' up at the mem'ry o' fifty years an' gone, "we used t' fill our dinner-pails comin' home f'm school. My, but they was good!"

Seth was smackin' his lips an', not noticin', he'd fell plunk into Si's little trap.

"They *was* good, Seth," Si goes on. "I've been wonderin' if them trees wasn't jist about on the line 'tween Guernsey and Noble County."

Si looked at Seth right sharp, an' I could see he was havin' a row inside himself to keep from answerin' as Si wanted him to.

"They certain'y was good p'simmons," he says after awhile. "I wish I had some of 'em right now."

Si was still a minute, an' then he sorter squirmed around in his chair, an' pulled at his scraggly red beard.

"Maybe they was mostly in Noble

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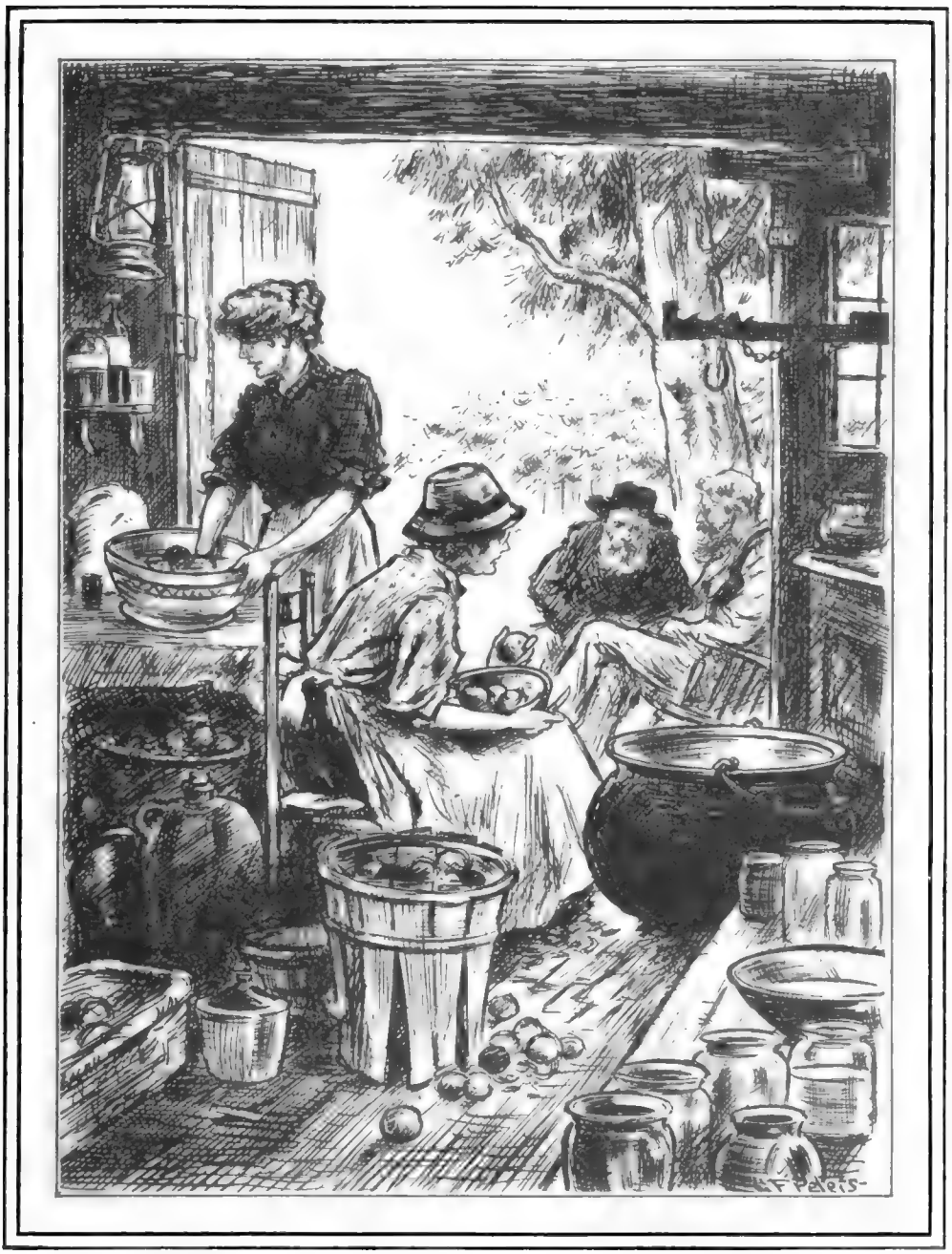

A MAN'S DIFFERENT F'M APPLE-BUTTER, AN' SI KNOWED IF HE KEP' STIRRIN' SETH LONG ENOUGH, HE'D BOIL OVER.

County," he says. "I can't be certain 'bout that. It didn't make no difference t' us in them days what county they was in. We didn't mind a bit if we did live in Noble County," he added maliciously, "an' went to school in Guernsey."

Si kep' strokin' his whiskers, an' watchin' Seth out o' the corners of his eyes. Fur a minute it was so quiet you c'd hear the leaves o' the plum-tree rattlin'. Mis' Tup-

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per an' I went on stirrin' apple-butter very soft, an' waitin' right curious to see if Seth'd git riled. I c'd see his whiskers—they was red like Si's, on'y not so scraggly—I c'd see 'em bristlin' an' quiverin', an' I knowed Seth was boilin' inside. A man's different f'm apple-butter, an' Si knowed if he kep' stirrin' Seth long enough, he'd boil over.

"Oh!" says Si, "I'm glad your mem'ry's come back to you. You rec'lect, now, the schoolhouse was in Guernsey, don't you?"

"Guernsey nothin'!" roared Seth, not bein' able to stand it any longer. "I've explained to you a thousand times, Si, how that line run down the holler jist beyond the schoolhouse, an' on through the middle of Richardson's twenty-acre pasture."

"'Tain't so!" says Si, sittin' up straighter in his chair, an' lookin' most happy 't havin' the row started agin. "'Tain't so, fur Richardson paid his taxes in Guernsey."

"Yes, an' he paid some in Noble, too," answers Seth.

"An' maybe you know where he voted?" sneers Si.

"I do," says Seth. "He voted in Guernsey 'cause his house was in Guernsey. But he sent his childern to school in Noble."

"He didn't!" shouted Si.

An' then they went at it agin, jist as they'd been doin' once a week fur thirty years anyhow, to my knowledge. They argued roads an' fences an' pastures an' hick'ry trees an' sich, an' drawed maps on the ground, an' scratched out each other's lines, an' all the time they was gittin' madder 'n' madder, an' glarin' 't each other 's if they was Japs an' Rooshans 'stid o' brothers. By an' by Mis' Tupper ups an' says:

"Land o' goodness, Seth! What difference is't which county it was in? You ain't neither of you seen that schoolhouse in nigh fifty years, an' it's most likely nothin' but a heap o' rotten logs by now, anyhow."

"Never you mind, Susan!" says Seth. "You jist keep on makin' apple-butter, an' leave us be."

So Mis' Tupper didn't say another word, an' went on makin' apple-butter as Seth told her to, an' the brothers jawed like one o' them peace conf'rences where they telegraph home to their kings 't the dove is hoverin' near, an' to please order more battleships.

It must 'a' been about an hour after that when sumpin' happened to Si. I heard Seth say 't wasn't no sense, anyway, arguin' 'ith a person who hadn't used his brains in more 'n forty years. That was mean o' Seth, considerin' what Si'd been through, an' he was sorry fur it many a time afterwards.

I turned my head so's to see Si when he'd answer that, an' I declare to goodness, if I didn't drop my ladle into the kettle! Si was standin' with one arm raised, an' his mouth wide open, an' not speakin', an' he was turnin' yaller—sick yaller like the janders. An' all of a sudden he jist 'peared to shrivel up an' c'lapse, an' 'fore I hardly knowed it he flopped down on the ground in a crumpled heap. I d'clare, I was stiff an' cold all over fur a minute, an' by the time I could git my fool wits together an' foller Mis' Tupper to him, Seth was kneelin' over him, an' speakin' his name, very scairt-like, an' slappin' his hands, an' callin' fur water. An' when I got sight of Si's face, I says to myself, says I: "The' won't be any more arguments about that pesky schoolhouse."

An' so the' wasn't, 'xcept fur one more; an' that was the strangest thing of all. I've been 'tendin' death-beds near to forty years, an' I never seen any death-bed repentin' t' equal that. Si was mortal taken, an' after we'd carried him to his bed an' sent fur the doctor, it was more 'n two hours 'fore he come to. When he did, he knowed it was all up with him, an' he jist asked the doctor, careless-like:

"How long, doc?"

His voice had sumpin' in it you're bound to reconnize even 'f you've never heard it before.

"About three days," says the doctor, speakin' very low.

At that, Si jist smiled, an' turned his face to the wall, an' Mis' Tupper 'n' I tiptoes out o' the room, feelin' 't Si wanted to be alone with his Maker then. Seth stayed by his side a little longer, an' I don't know what they said, an' it's most likely they didn't say much of anything, leastwise about the old schoolhouse.

Well, the doctor was right about them three days, an' toward noon o' the third day 'twas plain 's could be Si was goin' fast. Bein' their next-door neighbor, I was there helpin' nurse, but I was jist about to run over home to see how Tildy was gittin' on 'ith the dinner. Tildy's inclined to be careless, specially on Monday, when her feller's been to see her the evenin' before, an' I

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was thinkin' o' that, an' might 'a' missed it all if Seth hadn't come in at that very minute.

'N' then I wouldn't leave fur nothin', fur I c'd see his head was full o' sumpin', an' his face was shinin' like the mourners' at revival meetin' when they overcome the devil inside of 'em an' stand up shoutin', "Glory to God!" The' was certain'y a great light on Seth's face, an' I wondered what on earth c'd 'a' struck him. He tried to hide it when he drew nigh to Si's bed, an' 'tween the smile't would come an' the look o' disappointment he wanted to show, his face was a sight. Si, fur all he was dyin', was watchin' purty close, an' if he hadn't used his brain fur forty years, as Seth 'd said, he was usin' sumpin' else 't answered mighty near as well.

"Well, Si," says Seth, settin' by the bed, an' takin' Si's hand, "I reckon I've got to haul down my flag after all these years o' fightin' fur it."

"What do you mean?" asks Si, very suspicious.

"Why, when you was took down t'other day," Seth says, "I got to thinkin' 't if I'd find out some day 't I'd been wrong about that schoolhouse, I'd never—I'd never furgive myself fur not findin' out 'fore—'fore now. An' if I *was* right, I thought you'd want to know, too, so's we c'd kinder square things in time."

IT MUST 'A' BEEN ABOUT AN HOUR AFTER THAT WHEN SUMPIN' HAPPENED TO SI.

Seth hesitated a minute then, an' I c'd see the sweat pourin' off his forehead. It was a mighty hard thing he was tryin' to do, an' I got a better opinion o' him 'n I'd ever had before. Si, meantime, was jist watchin'.

"So I wrote a letter—two letters," Seth went on, "to Guernsey County an' to Noble County. Ain't it funny, Si, we never did that before? I guess maybe I was afraid to write, fur fear I'd have to give in, an' you know how hard it al'ays was fur me to give in, don't you, Si? But anyhow

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DYIN' AS HE WAS, SI TUPPER MADE SETH PROP HIM UP IN BED SO'S HE C'D MAKE 'MAGINARY MAPS 'ITH HIS LONG, BONY FINGER ON THE QUILT.

I wrote the letters, thinkin' o' you an'—an' —what's comin'."

Seth couldn't speak any more fur a minute—his voice was chokin'; the' was a lot o' sniffles in the room, too, an' I know my apern was up to my eyes. Si was the on'y one 't was calm, an' he was watchin' Seth with the strangest look.

"An' I got an answer to-day, Si," Seth goes on by an' by. "An' it says the old schoolhouse is nothin' but a ruin now—nothin' but a ruin, the place where we went to school together, you an' me, Si. The logs 's all tumbled on one another, an' wild blackberry bushes 's growed up all around it, an' it 'd be hard fur anybody to find it if he didn't know 'xactly where to look. But the letter says the books show 't the schoolhouse *was* in Guernsey County, sure. An' so I've been wrong all this time, Si, an' you remembered better 'n I did, an' I want you to furgive me fur—fur——"

"Furgive nothin'!" says Si, raisin' his voice the most he could from the low place it was droppin' to. "The' ain't nothin' to furgive, 'cept fur lyin' to me now."

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"Si!" says Seth, reproachful-like; an' we all set up straight in our chairs.

"Let me see the letter," says Si, tryin' to set up in bed; but it wasn't any use, bein' so far gone as he was.

"Why, certain'y!" says Seth, an' he made a great to-do pretendin' to search fur it in this pocket an' in that, an' o' course not findin' it. "I must 'a' left it in my desk at the store," he winds up, tryin' to look honest.

"No, you didn't!" Si squeaks, 'ith that dyin' voice o' his. "You didn't git no letter like that, an' you didn't write no letter. You're jist lyin' to me so 's to make it easier fur me to die. Well, I ain't no baby, an' I don't need no easin'. Besides, it's fur me to ask furgiveness."

Now I ain't never made up my mind about what follered that, an' I can't say to this day whether Si was tellin' any kind o' truth, or was tryin' to be as gen'rous an' kind as Seth, or was jist so stubborn and strong-headed to the very end that he wasn't goin' to die in peace. However 'twas, he jist fought to the last, lyin' or not.

"Why, Si?" asks Seth, surprised.

"'Cause I knowed all along 't the schoolhouse wasn't in Guernsey County. I got started sayin' 'twas, jist 'cause you said it was in Noble. You know I al'ays was great fur arguin'—never c'd seem to be happy 'ithout it. An' so I stuck to Guernsey, though I knowed it was in Noble, an' I was wrong."

Seth stared at Si, an' his face got red.

"'Taint nothin' o' the kind!" says he, stickin' to his own story desperate. "You know it ain't, an' I'd like to know who's lyin' now!"

"Well, I ain't," says Si, very weak, but full o' fight as usual. "The schoolhouse is in Noble."

"It's not!" says Seth. "I've proved it 's in Guernsey."

"No, you haven't!" answers Si. "You can't show me no letter, an' I c'n put it 's plain 's c'n be in jist a minute."

An' I declare to goodness! dyin' as he was, that there Si Tupper, pale and dry and gaspin', made Seth prop him up in bed so 's he c'd make 'maginary maps 'ith his long, bony finger on the quilt—jist as dead set on fixin' the schoolhouse in Noble County 's he was before on puttin 'it in Guernsey. An' Seth, havin' to stand by that 'maginary letter, was jist as set on t'other side; an' so there they was, rowin' over it as they'd been fur thirty years to my knowledge, on'y t'other way about.

I s'pose they'd 'a' been at it yit, off 'n on, if Si c'd 'a' held out. But the doctor was purty nigh right—missed it about two hours, fur Si lingered till seven o'clock that evenin'. He was right in the middle of an argument, an' his eyes was jist poppin' f'm his head, an' his poor voice was full o' queer cracks an' gurgles, when of a sudden he stopped. His words 'peared to fade away, like the echo 'mong Trappers' Caves, an' the glitter went out of his eyes.

"Si!" cries Seth, leanin' closer.

Si braced himself, an' made a grand struggle, like the soldier he was, an' smiled, an' lifted one hand almost to Seth's shoulder 'fore it dropped. His voice come in jist a thin treble, like a child's, an' full o' choke, an' his last words was: "You're wrong, Seth. Noble County. Furgive—" Then he fell back, an' Seth cried out, hurt-like, an' flung himself upon him, an' hugged the poor dead brother in his arms. . . . .

Goodness me! Here I am, cryin' agin, jist 's if they was relations o' mine, 'stid o' mere neighbors. It certain'y beat any death-bed repentin' I ever seen. I don't know's the 's any Scripture justifyin' lyin' like that, but God ain't goin' to be hard on 'em, considerin' everything. The schoolhouse? I ain't the least idee. Seth failed purty fast after Si died, an' follered him in 'bout a year 'ithout ever findin' out where the schoolhouse was. I s'pose they're still arguin' on the other shore, fur Heaven wouldn't seem like much of a place to the Tuppers if they couldn't argue.

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LITTLE STORIES OF REAL LIFE

BACK TO THE SOIL

BY MARGARET BURROUS MARTIN.

STEPHEN RANDALL swung on to the last platform of the train as if he were twenty instead of more than twice that happy age. Fellow-travelers on the "Polly L"—the same crowd, more or less, that usually rode to the Loop with him—noted his radiant face in surprise.

"What's struck Randall?" asked one of the younger men. "Looks like he was just ready to pass the cigars and tell us, 'He weighs ten pounds.' I never saw him look so chipper."

"I guess Randall likes this weather," another daily sufferer on the Metropolitan Elevated answered idly. "He still counts himself from the country."

It was spring. Everywhere life was wakening. Some of the suburbanites at one end of the car were comparing notes on shrub and seed orders. But the really warm days, with their depressing lassitude, were yet to come. Spring hats and furs still alternated in favor with the women shoppers.

One of these shoppers occupied a seat with the unusually cheerful-looking Mr. Stephen Randall. "Oh, Mr. Randall," she gushed, "isn't this a delicious morning? And I'm going to spend it down at your place. I want to get the first chance at that sale on the fourth floor. . . . You don't know anything about it? Oh, really now! . . . Oh, you are going on a vacation to-morrow? Dear me! I supposed everybody took vacations in July or August. . . . No, I suppose they couldn't all get off at once. Mr. Mulligan!"—this to a man across the aisle—"did you know Mr. Randall is going off on a vacation to-morrow? In Lent, too."

With an inquiring glance at Stephen Randall, Mr. Mulligan, thus appealed to, folded his paper as they entered the Loop district and stood in the aisle close to his vivacious questioner.

"So, Randall, you've made it, eh? Grabbed both fists full when the grabbing was good, and now it's you for a nice little corner of your own to enjoy it. Well, well! I'm glad for you, mighty glad; that's what we are all trying to do—some of us not succeeding very well; but we're all trying to get, get, get, and then 'git.'

"Back to the soil for you, eh? Well, I'll have to keep grubbing along here. After all, it's not such a bad old burg. It's all that"—with a sweep of the hand toward the crowded buildings bordering the "L" line—"and this"—with a whimsical dab at the soot on his nose—"that fills the fist of those that are lucky."

Stephen Randall stepped from the car platform with lessened buoyancy. Perhaps the feather of his seatmate, threatening his eyes, was responsible, perhaps the usual crowd, perhaps the thoughts Mr. Mulligan had aroused.

"All of that—and this—that fills the fists."

Well, he had filled his honestly—shrewdly, perhaps, but honestly, little by little; and now he was off for a quiet corner. How Bertha would enjoy it all! Away from Chicago forever! Sixteen years now she had stood it with him—merrily at first, especially while the hope of Stephen, Jr., was ever ahead of them; then, when it was known that hope was never to be realized, she had still lived patiently the apartment

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life that her village-bred heart rebelled against.

Doggedly they had set the goal: When they had saved enough they would leave it all. The noise, the crowds, the hurry, the dirt, the misery, the poverty that thrust itself before one's aching eyes, the vanity, the competition, the vice, all, all of it would be a faded memory, and they would find a little house and big grounds, with the sea near enough to smell, the mountains near enough to see.

And now, thank God! the goal was in sight. How her eyes had sparkled as they looked into his when he kissed her good-by at the inner vestibule door.

"The very last time," she had laughed. "The very last time you will go to town in a rush for the nasty old 'Polly L,' leaving me here with my make-believe beam ceilings, my make-believe fireplace, my rubber-tread, smelly vestibule, my—oh, the whole of it! I'll pack hard to-day, and to-morrow we will go to find our dream house. Oh, Stephen, it seems too good to be true!"

It was this unusually long, unusually happy farewell that made it necessary for him to rush like the youth he wasn't and the enthusiast he was, to catch that last platform. And now he took the last two steps of the "L" stairs as one. Oh, it was good to be alive, and to be done—almost done—with the city!

He had told them at the store a month ago that he expected to resign at his vacation time, and they had urged him to reconsider.

"Think it over for the month. We won't take your word as final until then; and please don't let the possibility of a change get out yet. It is upsetting to the department. We hope you will reconsider your decision."

"Reconsider!" He smiled now at the thought. Why, the thing was settled years ago. Reconsider staying in the department store—in the department he had made such a states-wide success? No, he was done with it forever. But he would avoid any possibility of discussion by holding his formal resignation until closing time. Entering the building, he gave his morning paper to the elevator boy with the usual question, "How's the mother this morning, Will?"

"Better, thank you. She slept fine last night. Your idea about the milk and crackers works like a charm; and, Mr. Randall, she wanted I should tell you how glad she is you've got Harry in your department. She don't worry about him any more like she did."

In the office Randall found a very old friend, Mr. Reigand, with whom he had first dared the city. He smiled reminiscently now as he took off his gloves after greeting the man. That little place and this! Still, he had learned the foundations of his business in that little place, and it, too, had grown. Reigand & Co. had the largest store now in their thickly populated district. Many of the people there never

"IF HE COMES HERE, I'LL HAVE TO BE—DIFFERENT, OR QUIT MY JOB"

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came into the State Street shopping center.

Reigand was explaining his unusual visit. "I am up against it, Randall. I need help at once to tide me over. I can give you securities that you, knowing me, can trust. The bank won't touch them in time to help. I must have fifty thousand by to-morrow noon. You have plenty of gilt-edge security. Will you help me out, for, say, until January next?"

Stephen Randall remembered with a twinge Mulligan's reference to his "having both fists full." If he acceded to this request in the Quixotic fashion Reigand seemed to think possible, one of those fists would be pretty empty for a year, and—why, it would mean postponing their exodus to the promised land!

"IT'S A GREAT COMFORT TO US MOTHERS TO HAVE OUR GIRLS IN A DEPARTMENT LIKE THIS."

Almost without his will he found himself answering: "I am sorry, very sorry indeed, Mr. Reigand, but the fact is, I have made plans that will make it impossible for me to change any of my capital. I am leaving here for good to-night. I *am* sorry. I would like to see my way clear to help you out, but I can't."

As Reigand closed the ground-glass door behind him, Stephen Randall lifted his head with a quick, impatient gesture that was characteristic. "Why, the man looks old, almost feeble," he thought, "and he can't be near the sixty line yet. He was a young man when he gave me my first job, and what a hustler he was, and how kind to me and all the fellows! I suppose he has been too easy with some one and that's why he's in a hole. I wish I could see my way to help the old scout. He looked almost weepy when I told him how things were. It's all part of this beastly life here. Thank the Lord I'm done with it!"

As the morning wore on, the radiant look faded, as radiant looks are apt to in the stress of down-town life. Details that had on other days passed unnoticed brought to-day the quick gesture of impatience, and Randall's friendly greetings to his salespeople seemed automatic. Half unconsciously he asked one of his younger salesmen: "Well, Phil, how went the lesson last night?" But the boy's quick response failed to bring the usual appreciative smile.

"I knew you'd be after asking me that this morning, so when some of the fellows asked me to go set in at a game with them over Mike's Café, I turned them down so I could tell you I finished the series. Trust you, sir, not to forget to keep at a chap! but I'm sure I'm glad you do. I don't seem to have the nerve to stick at the lessons sometimes, and then I think you'll sure ask, and you're Johnny-on-the-spot every time. I'll bring you the new drawings in the morning if I may, sir."

As Mr. Randall passed on without answering this suggestion, he heard the boy say to another who had overheard: "Now what's eating him? Sure, though, he'll be all right soon. There's only one like him

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about this place, and that's himself. Me for him and the advertising course! I'm bound to make good if just because he keeps at me."

Later in the morning the secretary of a social settlement center called up Randall, asking for an appointment to talk over with him some low-rent apartment-houses in their crowded district.

"We are trying," he said, "to persuade the owner to remodel his buildings. They are wretchedly insanitary, though they escape the law, but he says you have heavy mortgages on the places and would not consent to alterations that might decrease the income. I wish you would go with me some time this week and see the places as we do. I am sure that you are not aware of the menace they are to health, especially the health of the many little children who live there."

As Randall hung up the receiver at the close of that talk, the last glimmer of the radiant look was gone. He frowned impatiently at a pretty little blonde girl who was waiting an interview with him. She was one of the salesgirls, who was rapidly making good in the department, placed, as she was, under the guidance of an acid, shrill-voiced veteran with quick hands and thin hair who, looking fondly at the glint of the sun-lighted braids and vainly trying to make her own dark tresses conceal the escaping rats, would confess: "I'm just dippy about that kid. She's too sweet and cute for anything, and that hair ain't any hand-me-down. It's *rooted*, every blonde bit of it, in her own head."

"STEVE, STEVE, I DREAD TO TELL YOU! I HAVE JANE HEMMEL'S TWINS HERE IN OUR FLAT."

The pretty little blonde met Mr. Randall's frown with tear-filled eyes. "Oh, Mr. Randall! Is it so you are going away, and Mr. Kumber from Caffort's is coming to take your place? You know I began there, and—well"—and here the pink and white cheeks burned rose—"it was on account of him I quit. If he comes here, I'll have to be—different, or else give up my job; and with father at the hospital and my brother running with the crowd he does—oh, it just seems like it's no use trying!" And the rounded, girlish form shook with sobs.

Mr. Stephen Randall had spent little time considering who would take his place. Somehow he had taken it for granted that Marvin Kirby would be promoted. He deserved it, and the advance would be especially opportune, for Kirby's wife had recently undergone a most serious operation and was even now but slowly recuperating, at a most expensive sanitarium. Kirby was a splendid fellow and knew the department thoroughly. They had worked most successfully together. There was not one inefficient person in the whole force, and, so far as they knew, not an indecent one.

If the little girl was justified in her fear; if the firm was planning to bring over Mr. Kumber—well, as far as business ability was concerned, the company could find no better man. But, once established here, he would install his brother-in-law, Wittaker, and, oh Lord! Marvin would have to go, and then Lena, and John, and Mrs. Roberts, and Miss Snediker. Mentally Randall reviewed a list of his best, most faithful workers. Kumber and Wittaker would change the whole combination. With a frown that outclassed the one which had greeted the little salesgirl, he walked slowly through his department, studying the salespeople in his charge.

His face did not lighten as he overheard a customer, a little woman in black, say to

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a salesgirl: "It's a great comfort to us mothers to have our girls in a department like this." Randall paused to catch the girl's reply as she leaned over toward the customer. But when she said, "Oh, but that's all to be changed now"—he hurried on, impatiently.

As he returned to his office, the telephone rang again. A girl suspected of shop-lifting had been searched, the voice reported, and goods apparently from his department had been found. Rather a sorry case—the girl was just eighteen and about to be married. She had stolen the lace, about a dollar's worth of cheap stuff, to trim her wedding clothes. Now she was scared nearly to death. She was too old for the Juvenile Court, but perhaps Randall would come to the court to-morrow and there refuse to testify against the girl or identify the lace. The fellow was anxious to marry her at once, and it really seemed a mistake to send her over.

Stephen Randall hung up the receiver with a bang. Damn it! This life was maddening. How had he stood it so long? A man had no chance here to live his own life cleanly. He looked out over the busy street. The traffic officer, with his shrill whistle and white-gloved hands, stayed and advanced the countless throngs hurrying, hurrying, with never a greeting to passers-by. He remembered how that had impressed him when he first came to Chicago. No one ever seemed to meet any one he knew on the crowded streets. Each for himself. How selfish they all were! Each trying to snatch his fists full of the harvest of all the labor in this city field and then, with no return, growing fat on the threshed grain. Stephen Randall, to whose lips oaths had come but epochally, stood at the great windows on this, his last day, and swore repeatedly under his breath.

When at last the day was over and his interview with the firm at an end, he walked slowly to his "Polly L" station. Gone was every vestige of the radiant look he had worn as he entered the car that morning. Weary, preoccupied, apprehensive, he listlessly opened his paper and turned to the pink sheet. At the third stop a shabby old scullery maid came and stood in the crush by his seat. She glanced wearily at the man who had always so promptly yielded her his place; now he stared, unseeing, at the sporting sheet.

"Thankee, sir," she muttered, when at last he rose guiltily to his feet. Then she added, speaking more than a "thank you" for the first time in their long months' little byplay over the seat: "I don't know, some nights, what I would do if it wasn't for ye, sir, always having a seat for me. My feet do be so tired, and supper and things to do for the childer when I gets home."

For the first time since morning Stephen Randall's face lighted with a smile. "I'm always very glad to be able to give you a seat, madam," he answered cheerily.

When he reached his station, he walked heavily down the long steps, and heavily he climbed the steps to his second-floor apartment. At the door, Bertha flung herself into his arms, sobbing hysterically: "Oh, Steve, Steve, I dread to tell you! I have Jane Hemmel's twins here in our flat. She was so good to me, you know, when we first came, and now her mother is dying. It will be a long, awful death—weeks, maybe months—and the children can't be there, and there is no one else to take them, and she can come here to see them. And oh, Steve, I just had to have them! I could not go off and leave her in such trouble. And then later this afternoon," she continued, almost incoherently, "I promised to take the chairmanship of that committee. Mrs. Jackson has worked so hard at it, and now she has broken down and the thought of no one to carry it on is keeping her from gaining, and her daughter begged me to take it for a while. Those young girls, you know, not living at home—the department store girls. Oh, I'm afraid you will not understand, Steve! All our beautiful plan spoiled; but I *could* not go away when I had so much to do here. Oh, Steve!"

Gently, tenderly, Stephen Randall lifted the wet face from his shoulder.

"Little woman," he said, while the eyes that were so radiant in the morning glowed with a deeper light, "*I told the firm to-night I would stay with them.* And now, dear, I must get old Dan Reigand on the 'phone as soon as I can, and then we will see what we can do to make the children happy."

As they passed into their little sitting-room, he drew her closer in his arms and said: "I never thought of it until to-day, but we used to say back home on the farm that the man that never fed the soil, but took and took from it, and then left it, was a robber. And it is just the same here."

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THE STATUE

BY CARL H. GRABO

IT WAS not admiration for "the bronze Saint Gaudens made" that led Mickey Callahan to pause beside it each morning on his way to work. His appreciation was rather of the stone seat which swept in a shallow semicircle around the statue. The builder of that seat had designed it for use. Even on a wet day, if you brought a newspaper with you to sit on, you could easily be comfortable.

On the back of it some one had practised up a bit on a few capital M's, D's, C's, and I's, and then had gone to work and cut "ABRAHAM LINCOLN" in nice, lean, straight letters without a mistake. On the bluff that the first letters had been cut purposely, the artist had followed up the name with a few more assorted capitals. But he had been careless, and Mickey, who had studied the matter out carefully, noted some striking discrepancies between the two groups.

Mickey stopped at the statue every morning after doing three or four miles of "road work" in the park and before continuing in a brisk walk down North Clark Street to South Water Street and the commission house of Georg Stavoradapoulos. Mickey had aspirations for the light-weight amateur championship of the North Side. When he won this he was going to indulge himself to the extent of licking that fat Greek, his boss, to a frazzle, and then seek another job along the "street."

His desire thus to misuse a fellow citizen proceeded in part from a strong and quite unreasonable dislike for Greeks in general and in part from an inflamed conscience. For his twelve "per," Mickey, among other more or less questionable duties, salted cases of A1 country eggs each with three dozen cold-storage eggs of ancient lineage. Peculiar are the workings of conscience. This minor piece of dishonesty preyed morbidly upon a sensibility comfortably toughened to other sins no less flagrant.

Under the present necessity of holding to his twelve dollars per week, Mickey, however, restrained himself from assault. Instead, he sought the sympathetic ear of Rosie Hofer, and to her made his kick against the difficulties of his lot. Rosie, unaware of the moral issues involved, and conservative by nature, counseled a slow but sure advance through industry and honesty to a place of trust and commensurate remuneration. She was accustomed to read the "advice to workers" in the supplement of the Sunday newspaper.

"You stick and maybe your boss will take you in for a partner," advised Rosie innocently.

Mickey felt the inadequacy of words to express the utter impossibility of such a catastrophe.

"Aw, I'm going in fer the championship and then I'll run fer president like him." Mickey waved his hand at the bronze figure of the martyred president.

"He wouldn't have been president if he'd been a prize-fighter," declared Rosie severely, anxious to throw cold water upon Mickey's pugilistic aspirations, which were a theme of frequent contention between the two.

"He wouldn't have been a good one," observed Mickey, studying the statue with the eye of an expert. "He had the reach, but his legs weren't good enough. He'd 'a' been slow on his feet."

It was not until some time later, when Mickey had made the one literary purchase of his life, that he came upon the answer which he should have made to Rosie's as-

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persions upon the pugilistic art. In a moment of mental derangement, driven thereto by the daily challenge—"Only Thirty-Five Cents," Mickey had bought a badly worn two-volume life of Lincoln, which had reposed undesired for months outside the windows of the second-hand bookstore of M. Trite. With the books under his arm, Mickey had felt so self-conscious, so much like one of those rah-rah college boys, that he finally buttoned them under his coat and proceeded tumorously down North Clark Street, guyed unmercifully by all the cops he met.

Thereafter Mickey took an occasional turn at the "Life," and after laboriously wading through the first few chapters of that somewhat dry work, suddenly perceived the belated opportunity of putting Rosie to rights on Abraham Lincoln and the manly art. He sought her out for that purpose.

Mysteriously he summoned her from the domestic duties pertaining to Hofer's Restaurant into the beer-garden adjoining. The garden was deserted but for Herr Hüssler, the noted trombone artist, who was enjoying a lonely stein. Mickey led the mystified Rosie down the most distant and tortuous gravel path and seated her behind the largest and healthiest rubber-tree, which, in its green tub, was designed to create a sylvan atmosphere. The situation possessed all the elements of North Side romance.

Rosie, quite embarrassed, as was inevitable under the circumstances, dropped her eyes and colored prettily.

"Say, Rosie," demanded Mickey in his most serious manner, "you remember when you told me Abraham Lincoln wouldn't 'a' been president if he'd 'a' been handy with the gloves?"

Rosie's air of expectancy became suddenly one of indifference. "Oh," said she vaguely, "I don't know as I do."

"You did," declared Mickey accusingly. "We was sitting in the park beside the monument. Well, I just read in a book that he was the amateur heavy-weight catch-as-catch-can champion wrestler of Illinois when he was a young feller."

"That isn't prize-fighting, anyway," answered Rosie, as if to dismiss the matter. And, though Mickey proceeded with a wealth of scientific detail to demonstrate that wrestling was a sport much rougher and morally much more reprehensible than pugilism, his discourse fell upon deaf ears. Said Rosie with finality:

"Well, anyway, if you want to please me you won't fight any more."

The argument thus having been shifted to purely feminine grounds, Mickey could only retort with equal personality: "Why don't you get that yellow-haired Fritz you're so stuck on, to quit his club swinging and his horizontal bars?"

"A *Turnverein*," replied Rosie, with dignity, "is different. Most likely Abraham Lincoln was in a *Turnverein*."

"Only Germans belong to them," said Mickey tolerantly. "He wasn't a German."

"Well, you talk to *Vater* about him," returned Rosie. "*Vater* was in the war, and he knows."

"I'd rather talk to you," declared Mickey gallantly.

But his effort was belated. Rosie no longer seemed in a mood for badinage.

"Say, Rosie," pleaded her admirer in desperation, as he noted her evident intention to depart, "wait a minute. I want to ast you to go with me to the gymnasium dance. I'm on the entertainment committee. It's going to be swell."

"When is it?" asked Rosie, displaying but mild interest.

"Two weeks from Saturday, the twenty-fourt'," said he eagerly.

"I don't know," murmured Rosie, as though bored by the idea. "Maybe I'll go somewhere with Fritz."

She walked gracefully up the curly path, conscious of the admiring and anguished gaze of Mr. Callahan, and passed into the house.

Mickey repaired unhappily to the park and his favorite seat beside the statue. He gazed at the bronze with a feeling of brotherly regard.

"I guess he had trouble with women, too. I suppose every man has," he reflected.

The thought that he was not the first to suffer through the unreliability of woman cheered him for the moment, but the influence of the statue was not wholly pleasant. It aroused in him certain qualms of conscience concerning the bad eggs of Mr. Stavoradapoulos, for the Lincoln biographer had laid rather undue emphasis upon the uprightness of his hero. The sight of an egg or a Greek fruit peddler or the statue was sufficient at times to arouse in Mickey the pangs of remorse. And the peculiarly irritating thing about them was the realiza-

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tion that to allay them he had to act quite in opposition to the dictates not only of self-interest, but, as well, of business sense.

Dark impulses to chuck all his troubles and become a "pro" assailed him. He pictured Rosie weeping over the picture of the light-weight champion as displayed in the pink pages of the sporting sheet. For it would be all off with Rosie then. It was really Papa Hofer who didn't approve of prize-fighting; he was a good old guy in general, but when he put his foot down he was immovable. Rosie would waste away in vain longings, and the future light-weight champion would go through life an embittered man. Mickey blinked back a pleasant tear and went home to supper.

When, however, Rosie next delivered herself of a few moral generalizations concerning the rewards of industry, Mickey surprised her by putting a hypothetical case.

"Suppose a guy had to do something crooked to hold his job, say, maybe, salt a case of eggs or something like that. What'd he ought to do then? I'm just faking the proposition, you understand."

"Put bad eggs in a box and sell them as good?" exclaimed Rosie.

Mickey nodded cynically, as one who knew the world.

"I wouldn't do it," declared Rosie.

"Then the boss'd fire you."

"Well, I wouldn't do it, but I wouldn't tell the boss I hadn't. Maybe he wouldn't never find out, or maybe he would get sorry after a while and not do it any more."

She felt she had ended weakly, and in Mickey's gaze she read a tolerance for the morally uncertain minds of women that irritated her extremely.

Mickey changed the subject, and Rosie, twirling her bracelet round and round on her pretty wrist, stole a troubled look at him now and again, but paid so little heed to his remarks that after a time he took himself off to the more congenial atmosphere of the gymnasium.

Rosie carried the problem to her father for solution. She sat on his knee and he pinched her cheek.

"Vat is it, Röslein?" he asked. "Money, dresses, hadts, junker?"

"Suppose," said his daughter, adopting the hypothetical method of Mickey, "suppose you had a boss who made you put bad eggs with good ones and sell them as good. What would you do?"

"I would go oudt of der egg business," answered her father promptly, "and run a nice beer-garden and have a *schönes Mädchen* to sit on my knee."

But Rosie did not respond to this facetiousness. She seemed troubled, and he pinched her chin with a large thumb and forefinger.

"Who is drying to sell bad eggs to you, Rosie?" he demanded.

"Mr. Callahan's boss makes him do that," said she.

"So-o? And Mr. Callahan tells you aboudt it?"

"He didn't tell me right out," replied Rosie, "but I knew what he meant, of course. He asked me what I'd do if I was the man he supposed."

"If you were the man—" began her father in mock surprise.

She shook him by the collar. "You know what I mean," she declared impatiently.

"Mr. Callahan—does he often come to ask such questions of you?" He looked gravely at her downcast eyes.

"Well, you see he is always threatening to quit his job, and I try to make him stick to it," she explained ingenuously.

"You wandt him to keep his job? So?" he grunted.

"I'm afraid he'll go into the prize-fighting if he leaves his job."

"H'm," replied her father thoughtfully. "You like him so much as that then?"

His eyes dared her to ask, "As much as what?"

She became prettily pink, and as he looked upon her confusion his eyes softened.

"I thoudt it was Fritz," he said.

Rosie tossed her head and curled her lip contemptuously.

"Of course, he is choost von of dose low Chermans, I know," he declared, nodding sagely and purposely exaggerating his accent to tease her. "Rosie is a fine American name. Und Callahan—it, too, is a nice American name—vat you call a Puritan or maybe old New Yorgk Dutch, *nicht wahr?*"

"*Vater!*" came the muffled protest of Rosie. Her face was buried in his coat to hide her embarrassment, but her shoulders shook with laughter.

"And vat advice did you give Mr. Callahan aboudt the eggs?"

"I told him he ought not to do what the boss wanted, but to go on without doing it and maybe the boss wouldn't find out."

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Her father turned her around on his knee the better to look into her eyes. He knit his brows and frowned in the fashion she could never be sure of interpreting correctly.

"My only daughter," said he, and shook his head sadly. "A child of mine. Dear, dear!"

"What is the matter with that?" demanded Rosie with irritation. "*Vater*, should I have told him to quit his job?" she pleaded. "Shall I tell him to?"

"Quide vidoudt a moral sense, dese vomen," said her father in his teasing manner. "No, Röslein, you let Mr. Callahan alone aboudt the eggs. When he is fired, you let me know."

Mickey was duly fired on the following Saturday in the forenoon. As an experience, it is scarcely worthy of record. Mickey had even no opportunity of starting a scrap, which would have greatly eased his feelings. Instead, with an affectation of nonchalance and with his week's pay in his pocket, he strolled from the building. He had so much time that he stopped to swing on the bridge and to watch a freighter pass down the river to the lake. Yet he did not enjoy himself as much as his unwonted sense of freedom seemed to warrant.

He drifted to the park and seated himself beside the statue to face the future. It was a dark future, and the sunshine that lay upon the stone and bronze and filtered through the trees was little solace. The statue was quite as at other times. One hand clutched the lapel of the coat, one was held behind the back, and the meditative gaze, as ever, sought the ground. The great bronze chair with its legs shaped to the likeness of a lion's paws and its back carved with an eagle, still awaited the speaker who had concluded his remarks but had not yet bethought him of rest.

It came to Mickey suddenly that the statue could *never* change. It was thus for always. "If a guy dies quick when he's made good, he's there for keeps," reflected Mickey gloomily. But when he couldn't make good?—Mickey strolled off in the direction of the beer-garden.

Rosie looked a polite but not surprised inquiry.

"Sure, taken into partnership and having a month off before I begin on the new job," said Mickey with delicate irony, in answer to her unspoken question.

Rosie led the way into the garden. No one was there but Friedrich, who was washing the tables. Mickey tilted back in his chair. His manner was one of reckless bravado.

"Living off my money," he continued cheerfully.

"Have you left your place?" inquired Rosie politely.

"That's one way of putting it," agreed Mickey. "Me 'n' the boss wasn't quite sociable at times."

It seemed to him that she took the news of his altered prospects with rather too much indifference. She seemed mainly concerned with drawing letters in the gravel with the toe of her shoe. And he had followed her advice!

"I guess I'll have to go into the fighting game," he said.

"You know I don't want you to," returned Rosie, provokingly unruffled at this statement.

"Well, I ain't like that monument in the park," said Mickey, exasperated. "I've got to have a meal once in a while. Honest, Rosie, I'd keep out of the game to please you if I could see a chance in anything else. But what can a mutt like me do, with no pull, no money, no nothin'? How can a feller keep going, and maybe get married, on twelve a week and not sure of that?"

She looked up at him shyly. He was quite serious. Never before had he spoken so openly of himself to her. She was glad.

"Listen," she said. "Will you promise to give up fighting if I give you the chance of a good place?"

"Want to give me a job as waiter?" he asked.

"Not that," she answered calmly; "but to help father."

He brought his chair down to its four legs with a thump. "On the level, Rosie?" he asked. "No kidding?"

"Uh-huh," said she.

"But your dad won't find me the goods," he said, and his tone conveyed a genuine modesty.

"Oh, father does what I tell him to," she answered. "No, really, he thinks you're all right. I told him about the eggs."

But Mickey appeared bent on other things. "How about Fritz?" he demanded, gazing hard upon her.

She raised her eyes to him and colored prettily. "Oh, Fritz?" said she indifferently. "He has nothing to do with—it."

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STRAIGHT TALK

THE MAGNIFICENTLY MAD KNIGHT-ERRANT.

IT HAD been flitting around in my mind for some time that the crying need of the age was something that wasn't of any use.

It has come. You started it with your absolutely sensible suggestion as to a censorship of the theatre.

Mr. Steffens, the magnificently mad knight-errant, has tossed it aloft on the point of his lance and bathed it in the flashing sunshine of sublime nonsense.

The courage that assails windmills is his. He has drawn his sword against the political windmills and the commercial windmills—and they go right on milling. And now he lowers his visor and charges a mightier windmill than any he has encountered heretofore—the windmill that keeps the universe in motion.

A good many years ago I became fond of Mr. Steffens. It was when he attributed the political corruption of New York to the strong Hibernian admixture in its population. My blood was of the Celtic strain and he got me. I knew he was going to change his mind later, and he did. He was put to it to find another reason for the corruption of politics in the Middle West, where the admixture was not Irish. He gave up the race theory altogether when he found native-American Rhode Island the rottenest of all our states. I think it was about that time that the truth began to dawn on him—the truth which had a partial revelation in the series of articles he called "It."

In all his articles on political and commercial corruption, Mr. Steffens believes with a splendid sincerity, and promotes with a thrilling enthusiasm, each idea the moment it has birth in his brain. He never weighs and measures it, or rings it against the counter of human experience. He is as confident of the truth of each conception as is the mother of the beauty of the babe that rests on her bosom. Now who can help loving a man like that?

What matters it to him that force, the force he hates so, is the law of the world and of all the worlds? That it pillars the sky and holds the stars in their courses? That it confines the ocean in its bed and lifts the mountain peak into the sunlight?

What matters it to him that the hand of God wrote on the tables of stone, This shalt thou do, and this not? And that what He commanded us to do was good, and what He forbade was evil?

It is all wrong, Mr. Steffens thinks. It is force; it is censorship! Jesus taught something else.

Did He? Where? And when? "Thou *shalt* love thy neighbor as thyself!" He said; not, "Thou *mayest* love thy neighbor as thyself."

The fine thing about this controversy is that you never will be able to silence Mr. Steffens with logic. You have had one experience; nay, two. You appealed to Jesus, and he calmly tells you Jesus sinned, because he can not distinguish, as Jesus did, between discipline and private vengeance. The other instance is where he sought to stop a loophole in his castle wall by saying you may use violence against things, but not against men. Now, that strikes me as the finest unreason. You may prohibit plays, but you must not prohibit men from presenting them. Jesus should have used force against the desecration of a holy place, but He was wrong in using force against the desecrators.

I wonder just what Mr. Steffens means by Christianity and what is the significance of his capitalized pronouns! The world recognizes the word "He" as the pronoun standing for the name of God. But Mr. Steffens speaks of Jesus as having erred, and there is no Christian conception of a God who can err. Rationalism, however, has produced, in these days, a school of thinkers to whom the part is greater than the whole, to whom less than all that Christ taught is the greatest and best Christianity. If I have not guessed wrong, Mr. Steffens is of this school. And he is not a mere member of it, he is a great leader of it. We have had the Christian-Socialist. He is the Christian-Anarchist—the *dernier cri* in hyphenated Christianity.

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He asked the question, "Who is to judge of the obscenity of a play? How are you going to determine what is obscenity and what is not?" The answer is so obvious that I hate to state it. We must do the best we can. That is all that can be expected of humanity. That is what you are doing when you ban from your columns certain business announcements which you fear may be harmful. You can not be sure that in every instance you are right, but you can be sure that in every instance you mean to be right. And in the larger view you will be right, because the instances that come within the confusing shadow of the line of demarcation are practically inconsiderable.

I am sure Mr. Steffens is going to have many followers. It is the way of the world joyfully to engage in some *new* way of reforming human nature, and stick to it until its novelty wears out.

Brooklyn, N. Y. J. A. H.

EDITOR'S NOTE—Mr. Steffens says: "This is bully. It's so darn true of me."

CENSORSHIP *VS.* FREE LANCES.

Mr. Steffens wishes full freedom of speech and urges free criticism as an adequate corrective for unwise use of freedom. Thus Milton contended for freedom of the press, being confident that truth was its own champion and guard.

Nevertheless, there is no unlimited freedom. Criticism has its canons. It cites rules, standards. It furnishes restraint. Rules are laws. A lawless realm is not. No objection to criticism as a force for regulating conduct is offered. Nay, criticism is most welcome. This only is urged: The contention between you and Mr. Steffens was really narrowed down to the alternatives of censorship by municipal authority and criticism by free lances.

Haverhill, Mass. O. C.

WHY NOT APPLY CHRISTIANITY?

Steffens voices the hope of millions when he says: "I believe that Christianity is a practicable theory of social conduct." And, knowing the man, I know that by "social" conduct Steffens means the industrial, political, economic, fiscal, and all other relations between men. I take it that by "Christianity" Steffens means the moral philosophy taught by Jesus, not the structure of debatable theology built upon that philosophy by ancient and modern theologians, and almost obscuring that moral code.

Jesus taught the natural moral law, which is as natural as the law of gravity, beautiful for its brevity and comprehensiveness; and in twenty centuries the wisdom of man has added nothing to it:

"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another." "Love one another"—a universal statute of three words, which was made the test by Jesus, for He added: "By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

That is the Law of Brotherhood, the Law of Love. The old Hebrews believed in the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Hebrews. Jesus expanded that idea into the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of all men. Love was thenceforth to include not only the Hebrew race, but the whole human race. No social conduct, no politics, no economics or industry can be true or good except the social conduct, the politics, economics, or industry, of love.

The commandment to love one another carries with it the law of service. Service demands service. Like the Golden Rule, it calls upon every one who receives the results of labor to do his full share of labor and repay in full what he receives, lest he be in debt to his Brother. The Law of Love, the Golden Rule, the Law of Service, the principles of Christianity, demand equality of opportunity. If we deny equality of opportunity to any one, do we not banish him from the Brotherhood? And if we banish one, do we not banish ourselves?

Equality of opportunity is essential for a Christian society. In the Christian society each one is free in all things to employ and enjoy himself in doing the Father's will. The Christian society is democratic; the democratic society can't be otherwise than Christian. The democratic system is resisted only by those who claim for themselves an exclusive franchise to certain attributes of deity.

The natural moral law, taught by Jesus, automatically punishes disobedience and automatically rewards obedience. That is not true of man-made laws. Violation of man-made laws sometimes brings punishment, but obedience to them is not rewarded. The Law of Brotherhood rewards.

Government is not a machine for ruling men, nor for controlling, suppressing, and repressing men in their natural will and acts. Government is our common-good machinery by which we do in common the things necessary for the common good that can not be done efficiently by individual action. It is the machinery through which we cooperate in the doing of common-good things. The Law of Brotherhood and the Golden Rule mean cooperation.

There can be no doubt that man is the most intelligent of animals. Yet he alone, of all creatures, has invented a chaos, lives in it, exerts more than half his energy to make it endurable, and subsidizes newspapers and professors to prove that the natural moral law is futile, inexpedient, and unconstitutional.

Isn't there a pocketbook reason for the acceptance of "Jesus" and the denial of the teachings of Jesus—speaking generally and not referring to "you"? The Law of Love forbids

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any kind of slavery. Special privilege is profitable. But special privilege is monopoly; monopoly is force; force is slavery; slavery is unChristian because it violates the Law of Love. There are millions of private profit from special privilege, which is private power of taxation. Hence private control of government, for without such private control of government there would be no private power of taxation.

It required no courage for Steffens to write that letter; for it's just like him. Perhaps it required some courage for you to publish the letter. At any rate, I think the publication of that letter is one of the best, if not the best, of the many good public services of EVERYBODY'S.

Portland, Oregon. W. G. EGGLESTON.

WE MUST USE FORCE.

Lincoln Steffens's philosophy may be termed the philosophy of inaction. It is Oriental. It has dominated China for centuries; now China is shaking it off. It still holds sway in India, and conditions there are intolerable.

To my mind, Mr. Steffens is wrong; the philosophy of inaction as to censorship of the press and theatres is wrong. For this reason: In the beginning of the human race there was no censorship, no restraint; men were wholly free. In time restraint came; the greatest need of a savage people is food, and food perhaps gave rise to the first great rule of law. A number of men, or apes if you will, having laid in a supply of food, the bully of the crowd took it for himself. The rest got together and formulated society's first rule, "Thou shalt not steal."

And the history of progress has been written in the story of *social restraint*. Let us not confound social restraint with the selfishness of the strong or cunning. I fear that Mr. Steffens has.

Man's instincts, whether he be educated or not, are right. Men want to do right, but weak wills or economic conditions may not be favorable, so men coolly enact laws to curtail their future actions—enact them because they know that in times of temptation they will need something to guide or deter; that something is law—restraint.

Education ought to be sufficient to point the moral way and enforce it. It is not. Either our system of education is wholly at fault or education is a very small factor.

Mr. Steffens takes the stand that the use of force is wrong. Is it? Men are by nature social beings. It must follow that the average intelligence of the majority is superior to that of each individual—not necessarily every individual.

We have a right to individual freedom only so long as that freedom does not conflict with the same rights in others. More than that would be anarchy or heaven. We must restrain merchants from selling poisoned foods; we must regulate and control monoplies and public carriers. We *must* do these things. Are these more urgent than the bodies and minds of our young people? I think not. I am for censorship—that censorship which a majority of the people are willing to enact for the protection of man against himself.

W. Duluth, Minn. S. J. R.

SHOULD THE MURDERER BE RESTRAINED?

The fallacy which underlies all that Mr. Steffens writes is the old one of Tolstoy and the Friends, of assuming and asserting that the law of love, as taught by Jesus, *excludes* violence in all cases, while it really *requires* violence in some cases. This can best be made clear, perhaps, by some specific instances. Here is a man raging in the delirium of typhoid; he wishes to get out of bed and throw himself from a fourth-story window. If Mr. Steffens is right, we ought to let him destroy himself. But our duty to love him requires us, on the contrary, to use all necessary violence to keep him in bed and save his life. Here is another man, assailing the minds of the innocent and clean with obscene and salacious words. Mr. Steffens loves him so much that he will do nothing violent to restrain him. But the rest of us love the innocent victims so much that we would use any force necessary to restrain the murderous assailant of spirit as well as him who assails only the body.

So you are clearly right, and Mr. Steffens is as clearly wrong, in the main issue. But as to the specific question of a censorship, I am not so sure that you are right. The same arguments that justify a censorship of the stage would justify a censorship of the press. It is a general conviction, I think, among Americans, that both stage and press ought to be uncensored, but that both should be held much more strictly to account than they now are for what they give to the public.

Chester, Pa. H. C. V.

THIS WOULD START SOMETHING.

Aside from the question of expediency—theoretically—I do not know any person, with the solitary exception of myself, to whom I should be willing to entrust the job of censorship; and I fancy that most authors would say the same.

If you still insist upon a censorship, let me suggest that you appoint a board consisting of, say, Theodore Roosevelt, G. Bernard Shaw, H. G. Wells, Eugene Walter, Anthony Comstock, Woodrow Wilson and Jack London; *then require a unanimous vote to condemn.*

Asheville, N. C. A. G. M.

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A ROW OF BOOKS

By J. B. KERFOOT

IT seems only fair to warn the readers of this department that this is not going to be what the magazines call a "fiction number." However, I once spent a few weeks of what is known as the dry season on an island near the equator, and was much puzzled and not a little "put upon" on the afternoon of my arrival when a sudden tropic downpour drenched me to the skin before I could find shelter. It was afterward explained to me that the difference between the dry and the wet seasons was merely that during the one the sun shone most of the time, but it rained every day; while during the other it rained most of the time, but the sun always got in a few sun-strokes between morning and evening.

A most unlikely event—one that any supposedly wise forecaster of probabilities would surely have called an excellent risk at one hundred to one against—has occurred in the book world. A philosophical work of such character and caliber as practically to transfer the headquarters of speculative thought from Germany to France and to make its author the most conspicuous figure in the intellectual arena of the times, has, within a month of its translation into English and publication in America, without the aid of critical oracles or of advertising, received so spontaneous and so relatively widespread a recognition from a class of readers who, whatever may be their philosophical abilities, are in no sense of the word philosophy-mongers, that it has become what one might call, with only a hint of facetiousness, a "best seller."

Now if Henri Bergson's "Creative Evolution" (Holt) were merely by the way of scoring a *succès de* high-brow, I should not think of asking the readers of A Row of Books to waste attention on it. Personally, I am fond of philosophical speculations, even when, as only too often happens, the net result is but the added mental suppleness that follows intellectual calisthenics. But just as I should hesitate to urge the claims of tennis upon a devotee of golf, so I should never think to champion one form of mere ratiocinative muscle-stretching against another on the ground of my fondness for it. It is precisely because this book of Henri Bergson's seems to me to be by the way of confounding the futile wisdom of the sages by directing our attention to those neglected sources of self-knowledge which babes and sucklings draw upon, that I ask consideration of it.

There is, it is true, metaphysics a-plenty in the volume. And its ultimate philosophical contention (that life as we know it, and the universe as we apprehend it, are not predetermined steps in a foreordained plan, but ever-

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changing aspects of a cosmic growth, representing the retrospectively conscious but not future foreseeing struggle of the divine spirit to express itself in concrete form) may appear either as a tremendously illuminating conception, or as a useless, self-contradictory, and question-begging speculation, according to the bias of the mind that follows it.

But it is neither the metaphysics nor the ultimate philosophical contention of the work that has won for it the spontaneous and widespread recognition of the class of readers and seekers after understanding above referred to. What gives the work its wide and practical human appeal is its searching yet simple analysis and exposition of the probable origins, the present limitations, and the possible development of our instincts and intuitions as opposed to our intellects; the exquisite yet almost colloquial deftness with which these differentiations are brought home to us by homely similes and familiar analogies; and the thousands of sidelights which the discussion constantly throws upon our self-deceptions and self-estimates.

Frankly, "Creative Evolution" is a work that no one wholly unpractised in philosophical study can read entire with adequate comprehension. But it is also a book that no man or woman with an inquiring mind and an active interest in self-knowledge should fail to find locally fascinating in its revealing clarity.

You have probably noticed that whenever a book by a foreign author scores a genuinely spontaneous and not a press-agent-manipulated success, there follows a sudden blossoming of local editions of his previously unimported works. This is one of the few literary signs that do not fail in a dry spell. The thing happened in the case of Arnold Bennett. It has already begun to happen in the case of Henri Bergson. And just as thousands of people took the quality of "The Old Wives' Tale" on faith, but read "Buried Alive" in person, so there will doubtless be many who will make acquaintance with the author of "Creative Evolution" by reading "Laughter, an Essay on the Meaning of the Comic" (Macmillan).

If one may judge by the documents in the case, it has proved a much easier task for man to outline the imagined construction of the cosmos and to codify the supposed intentions of the Creator, than to explain the nature of his own so-called sense of humor. Perhaps this is because, in the one case, the philosopher and the theologian are learnedly addressing the ignorant on the subject of the unknowable, while in the other the analyst is speaking on local topics to a Missouri audience. At any rate, the strange fact remains that there is never a man among us but resents being told he does not know what he is laughing at, while no philosopher of them all has ever wholly succeeded in proving that he knew.

Neither does Bergson wholly succeed. But he pushes the old inquiry very much deeper than it has ever been pushed before and does it in such a manner that we are enabled to tag along, fully persuaded that we are philosophers ourselves, that it is a delightful thing to be, and that we'd have tried it long ago if we'd known how easy it was. For Bergson is not only one of the keenest and most pertinaciously penetrating thinkers of the day, with a marvelous knack of putting nice distinctions into plain words; he is even more remarkable for the fact that he not only was a man before he was a philosopher, but that he actually remains human while being one.

I wonder what we'd think if we could turn a mental corner somewhere and come unexpectedly face to face with our own opinions as they were ten years or so ago? I imagine that it would be considerable of a shock. You see, we live with ourselves so uninterruptedly that we do not notice the change. We do not, for instance, notice that, as we are constantly—once every two years or so—being caught up with by a new generation, and having our old outlooks insensibly modified by their new points of view, we are forever, in effect, passing the "judgment of posterity" upon our own past attitudes of mind.

If you would like to turn such a corner, read Archibald Henderson's "George Bernard Shaw, His Life and Works" (Stewart and Kidd).

"What!" you will perhaps exclaim—"*another* book on Shaw?"

Exactly. Only, this time, written by what we may possibly call a member of Mr. Shaw's contemporaneous posterity. How long is it, by the way, since you have read "The Quintessence of Ibsenism" or the prefaces to "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant"? The truth is that most of us have absorbed Shaw by the slow and intermittent processes of intellectual digestion. That is to say, that of each snack we have snatched of him, we have assimilated a little (which we immediately began to regard as part of ourselves) and rejected the balance (of which we could make nothing at the moment and which we consequently have continued to regard as worthless). And although, by keeping this up for a considerable period, we have all become more or less Shavianized, we have continued to regard Shaw as, for the most part, indigestible.

On the other hand, Mr. Henderson, having come in late to dinner, has found all the courses on the table at once. And if his estimate of the

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feast does not enable us to see Shaw entire, at least it reveals him to us in perspective. And it is a rather startling revelation to discover how much we actually owe him and how much we might still borrow from him to our own advantage.

Another of the new books carries us back to the past in quite another fashion. Ten years ago, when Theodore Dreiser published "Sister Carrie," the impression that one carried away from that desperately earnest and hatchet-hewn piece of fiction was somewhat as follows:

Here, one felt, was a man with an inborn sense of the supreme interest and the overwhelming emotional and spiritual relevancy of human life as it is actually and obscurely lived; a man with unmistakable creative impulses and potentialities; a man who, had he lived in a more mature and less self-deluding community—a community that did not so rigorously confine its interest in facts to business and limit its demands upon art to the supplying of illusions—might humbly and patiently have schooled his gifts to the service of his vision. But here, one also felt, was a man who, living where he did, had been driven by a sort of ingrowing disgust with his intellectual environment into a premature and essentially vindictive artistic rebellion before he was able to bear arms. One felt, in short, in the author of "Sister Carrie," a grim and angry determination to tell the truth—the kind of determination that is more inclined to rip the veil of make-believe aside and say, "Look! Damn you!" than to lift it with a gesture of invitation; the kind of determination that is rendered brutal by the consciousness of its own technical limitations; the kind of determination that is apt either to go on uselessly butting its head against the wall of personal incapacity and public disfavor, or to shrug its shoulders, accept defeat, and compromise fruitlessly with commercialism.

The chances, therefore, that this rebellious, vindictive, and unpractised brandisher of the truth in the face of indifference would ever "find himself" in fiction appeared very small—quite as small as the idea that any American would devote ten silent years to that unremunerative search appeared fantastic. Yet Mr. Dreiser has not only sternly forced himself to refrain from publication for a decade, but has now published a novel that amply proves the period well employed.

"Jennie Gerhardt" (Harper) is one of the few novels of American origin that achieves a significant picture of reality through realism. But, more noteworthy than this, it is one of the far fewer novels of American origin and of American subject-matter that intrinsically transcend national boundaries by making their inescapable Americanism a mere incident of their fundamental humanness. Without the factitious aids of contrived coincidence or invented adventure, without explanatory comment or moral preachment, it places before us the drab record of two mishandled lives, blindly obeying Nature's law of personal self-fulfilment, and humbly glorified or irrevocably bedraggled in consequence without reference to man's codified conventions. The telling is often clumsy and sometimes crude to the point of setting esthetically sensitive teeth on edge. And, again, it attains a splendidly poignant simplicity. But the author, in spite of an uneven and at times oddly unplastic technique, has written a very big book.

One of the bits of information possessed by most small boys and forgotten by most big ones is that if you catch two grasshoppers—any two grasshoppers—it doesn't in the least matter whether they are both green with brown juice, or whether one is a winged one that rattles and the other is a squashy yellow one that just jumps—if you catch two grasshoppers and hold them firmly with their heads close together, they will pass rapidly from a tentative exchange of friendly caresses to an irritated interchange of vicious punches, and end by chewing each other's faces into a condition better left to the imagination.

Now some sociologists, remembering their boyhood's experiments, are inclined to hold that marriage tends to failure because the law, in catching two human beings and compelling them to a somewhat similar proximity, reproduces too closely these temper-trying conditions. And it is certain that any one who has ever made a long sea-voyage with a small ship's company, or sat too often in prolonged executive session with a permanent committee, will recognize, not only that all flesh is grass, but that most men are grasshoppers.

Mr. Hugh Walpole's story of English boarding-school life, "The Gods and Mr. Perrin" (Century), is an amusing and at the same time a tragically true-to-life study of the effect upon half a dozen helpless teachers of being held thus, year after year (with vacational intermissions) in enforced mental and temperamental contact. As an interesting story, as a bit of ably demonstrated psychology, and as an introduction to a group of not-quickly-to-be-forgotten characters, the novel is well worth singling out from the season's overplentiful offerings.

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UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE

EDITOR'S NOTE.—A good story is a treasure, and, like other precious things, hard to find. Our readers can assist us, if they will, by sending any anecdotes they find that seem to them good. Though the sign is the Chestnut Tree, no story is barred by its youth. The younger the better. We shall gladly pay for available ones. Address all manuscripts to "The Chestnut Tree," enclosing stamped, addressed envelope.

A little Central American republic was busily preparing for war, as a neighboring republic was daily threatening an invasion of her territory; and all available peons were being picked up and "recruited" in order that they might learn to fight and die, if need be, for their beloved country. A batch of twenty had just arrived on the scene, and their leader handed a note to the general in command of the government troops, which read as follows:

"Illustrious General:

"The bearer of this note will have the honor to turn over to you twenty volunteers. Please return the ropes."

The passengers in the Pullman were commenting on the winding river.

"Porter," inquired a lady, "is that the Missouri River?"

"Yes, ma'am, yes, ma'am, a portion of it," he replied.

The man who sometimes spoke his thoughts aloud had been more concerned with the things of the world than with things spiritual. One day by chance his hand fell upon a book containing the catechism of a certain Protestant church, and he was soon earnestly engaged in reading the Ten Commandments. For some time he pondered over the "Thou shalts" and "Thou shalt nots," which had been forgotten almost since childhood. Then, laying down the book with a sigh, he muttered, "Well, I've never killed anybody, anyway."

The teacher asked the class to give a compound sentence, and one girl offered the following:

"The girl milked the cow and strained it."

A stranger in Boston was once interested to discover, when dining with friends, that the dessert he would have classed as cream layer-cake at home, was known in Boston as Washington pie.. The next time he lunched at a restaurant he ordered the same thing; but the waiter put before him a rather heavy-looking square of cake covered with chocolate. A puzzled expression came over his face as he said reprovingly: "I ordered Washington pie, waiter."

"That is Washington pie, sir."

"Well," expostulated the disappointed man, "I did not mean Booker T. I want George."

A party of Manila army women were returning in an auto from a suburban excursion when the driver unfortunately collided with another vehicle. While a policeman was taking down the names of those concerned, an

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"English-speaking" Filipino law-student politely asked one of the ladies how the accident had happened.

"I'm sure I don't know," she replied; "I was asleep when it occurred."

Proud of his knowledge of the Anglo-Saxon tongue, the youth replied:

"Ah, madam, then you will be able to prove a lullaby."

After spending the greater part of the evening with friends, John decided that home was the place for him, and, arriving there, he elected to sleep in the front yard. Next morning, happening to look up, he saw his wife observing him from an open window. "Shu that window!" he yelled. "Do you want me to catch my death of cold?"

Teacher: "Give the meaning of veterinary surgeon."

Student: "A doctor for old soldiers."

There is a shrewd old farmer in Chenango County, New York, whose fame for driving a close horse-trade rivals that of David Harum.

"Wha'd ye git fer that old bay?" a friend asked him the other day.

"Well," said the old trader, after ruminating for a moment, "I didn't git what I cal'lated I would; but then I hardly cal'lated I would."

The man in the barber's chair squirmed so uneasily under the razor that the manipulator of the blade felt moved to careless inquiry:

"Does it hurt, Mr. Sanford?"

"Well," replied the defenseless victim, "that depends: if you're skinning me, it doesn't; but if you're shaving me, it does."

In a New York public institution attended by many races, during an examination in history the teacher asked a little chap who discovered America. The boy was evidently terrified, and hesitated, much to the teacher's surprise, to make any reply.

"Oh, please, ma'am," he finally stammered, "ask me something else."

"Something else, Jimmy? Why should I do that?"

"The fellers was talking 'bout it yesterday," replied Jimmy. "Pat McGee said it was discovered by an Irish saint, Olaf he said it was a sailor from Norway, and Giovanni said it was Columbus; an' if you'd 'a'seen what happened you wouldn't ask a little feller like me."

Two Harvard students went into the café of the Hotel Lenox, and, stepping up to the bar, said: "Give us two *pousses-cafés*." An old Irishman, standing near, liked the looks of the drinks, and when they were finished leaned over the bar and said: "Mister, make me a pussy-café too." "What?" said the barkeeper in surprise. "Ginger ale," replied Pat; "'tis twice I've told you."

A party of tourists in a small Filipino village were trying to make the native driver of a bull-cart understand that they wished their baggage transferred from the bungalow to the railway station at two P.M. But the native did not seem to comprehend either their gestures or their hybrid language.

Standing near the tourists was a recruit of the United States army who had been in the "Islands" just a month and was extremely proud of the few words of "Hog Spanish" that he had learned. So he offered his services as interpreter.

"Say, *hombre*," said he impressively to the Filipino, "when the clock on that steeple, yonder, strikes two, 'ding-ding,' you get your bull-cart, 'moo-moo', and carry these trunks to the station, 'toot-toot.' Savvy?"

"*Yo no sabe*," solemnly replied the native.

"Wha-at!" roared the interpreter. "Do you mean to tell me that you don't understand your own language?"

Teacher: "One beautiful autumn day, Little Red Riding Hood was walking along a path in the woods, when she came to a sharp turn; and whom do you think she saw standing there with a row of shining white teeth gleaming at her?"

Up went a little hand.

Teacher: "Who was it, Willie?"

Willie: "Teddy Roosevelt."

It is said that a gravestone in Maine bears this inscription:

"Here lies the body of Enoch Holden, who died suddenly and unexpectedly by being kicked to death by a cow. Well done, good and faithful servant!"

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Everybody's Magazine
Trumbull White Managing Editor
Published by The RIDGWAY COMPANY
Erman J. Ridgway President
Ray Brown Sec'y and Treasurer
Robert Brotherhood Adv. Manager

SPRING AND MACDOUGAL STREETS NEW YORK CITY

With EVERYBODY'S PUBLISHERS

IF YOU followed what we said in this department for December about our code in the matter of declining advertising that might be harmful to our readers in health or pocket or morals, you may care to listen to a few more remarks about advertising. It is a big subject, with many angles.

The most important factor in advertising is you—the reader.

Advertising is bought and paid for to get your eye and your attention. Your interest. Your confidence. Your patronage.

You see how important a factor you are.

A question:

Who, should you say, is responsible if advertising does not tell the truth? If it misleads you? If it tricks you? If it persuades you to buy to your loss and regret?

The advertiser, of course.

The publisher, of course.

If the advertiser is tricky, or dishonest, or otherwise conscienceless, the publisher should have discovered it before he accepted and ran the advertising.

But there is another man, about whom you may never have heard, whose responsibility is very great. The fact is, so many different people are responsible for advertising that it has suffered. Divided responsibility is always a temptation to laxity.

The other man is the advertising agent.

Advertisers, as a rule, do not place their business direct with the publishers. We get our orders from agents. And we have a right to expect only clean, honest advertising from an agent.

Advertising agents are business men who give all their time and thought to the one subject—advertising.

Advertisers, as you know, use advertising as a help to market their product. Their business is making the product, as well as marketing it. Advertising is only a branch of their business.

Advertising agents, giving all their lives to the one subject—advertising in all its phases—naturally have an opportunity to learn more about the subject than the advertisers could possibly learn.

Of course, many big advertisers, who have been advertising largely for years, know as much about their particular line as the agents; but a new advertiser, without such an experience, might easily squander a fortune in following his own ideas.

HOW WOULD YOU ADVERTISE?

Suppose you readers had an article that you wished to advertise. What would you say in your advertisement? How would you say it? How much space would you take? Would you use street cars, or newspapers, or bill-boards, or magazines?

Advertising agents are presumed to know the answers. And how much you ought to spend. And how to reach the widest audience for the minimum cost. And a hundred other things that they have learned by actual experience.

You see how necessary they are, and how important a place they occupy.

Now, suppose you consult one of these

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experts. He comes into your shop or office and learns all about your business. He must do that before he can intelligently advise you. He must know about your financial condition. The capacity of your plant. The quality of your goods, and your competitors' goods. Everything about your business.

Incidentally, he will learn a lot about you personally, will he not? And when his investigations are completed, he ought to know if you mean to give the public a square deal.

No one is in so good a position to safeguard the public from dishonest advertisers as the advertising agent.

His responsibility is unquestioned.

Certainly the publisher has nothing like the advertising agent's opportunity to get a line on the advertisers. The publisher, like the advertiser, is not in the advertising business. He is in the publishing business. He must edit and manufacture and circulate his product, his newspaper or his magazine.

He can send his representatives to see the advertiser, but he can't make anything like the thorough investigation the advertising agent must make.

A case in point:

An agent sends us an order for a page in EVERYBODY'S, advertising lands in Texas. The agent has sent the same order to a dozen magazines. None of the twelve publishers of these twelve magazines knows whether this page should be run or not. None has seen the land. None has talked to the owners.

A HARD PLACE FOR THE PUBLISHER

Now, should the twelve send their representatives all the way to Texas to investigate? Obviously, they could not afford to do it for a page, or a dozen pages.

Such business should be investigated by the advertising agent thoroughly before he sends out a single order. Investigated, first of all, by a land expert to make sure the value is in the land. Then by a financial expert to make sure there are no pitfalls in the scheme of selling.

The publisher can not evade his responsibility to his readers, however, by shifting it to the advertising agent. He must make sure that the agent has taken every precaution to safeguard the readers; and if he discovers that the agent has not, and if he can not himself afford to investigate the particular business, HE SHOULD OMIT THE ADVERTISING QUESTIONED.

That takes courage, when it is so easy to fall back on the agent's responsibility, and when some of one's competitors, not so particular, are sure to run the advertisement and thereby improve their showing and use the extra money thus secured to compete all the harder.

On the whole, it is not nearly so hard to do business honestly as it used to be. Most people are doing business honestly nowadays. But there are still some spots where the honest publisher suffers, and this is one of the spots.

IT'S UP TO YOU, TOO

There is some one else responsible for dishonest and generally undesirable advertising.

Can you imagine who it is?

YOU:

The readers!

The readers know when they are sold. They know when they get a crooked deal. Sometimes they grin and bear it. Usually they just bear it. They *ought* to make things mighty uncomfortable for the publisher, and the advertiser, and the advertising agent.

And they can.

The readers can clean up every newspaper and magazine, drive out every line of questionable business, in thirty days, if they will.

With the publisher, canceled subscriptions reach a vital spot.

Look through your magazine. If the advertising is not clean, write the publishers. Look through your newspapers, and drop a card to the publishers.

How can a publisher respect himself and run such business?

How can you respect him?

How can you permit his paper or magazine in your home?

How about your local newspapers?

Are the owners honored and respected? If so, are they among those who deserve it? Or are they respected in spite of the fact that they make their money by running patent-medicine advertising, and fake mining-stocks, and swamp lands, and vile stuff your boys should never see?

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